

SHAKESPEARE'S LIBRARY.

*PART I.—VOL. I.*



LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

ROMEO AND JULIET KING RICHARD II

HENRY IV. HENRY V.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA

~~MERCHANT OF VENICE. TWELFTH NIGHT.~~

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# Shakespeare's Library

*A COLLECTION OF THE*

PLAYS ROMANCES NOVELS POEMS  
AND HISTORIES

EMPLOYED BY

SHAKESPEARE

IN THE COMPOSITION OF HIS ~~WORKS~~

With Introductions and Notes

SECOND EDITION

The Text now first formed  
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*VOLUME THE FIRST*

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1875

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[*MR COLLIER'S PREFACE TO THE  
EDITION OF 1844.*]

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THE following work supplies an important deficiency in our literature as regards Shakespeare : it brings into one view all that has been recovered of the sources he employed, in various degrees, in the composition of such of his dramas as are not derived from Grecian, Roman, or English History, or were not formed upon some earlier play. The romances, novels, and poems to which he resorted are scattered over many volumes, some of them of the rarest occurrence, existing only in our public libraries : these are included in the ensuing pages. We have ventured to call the work "Shakespeare's Library," since our great dramatist, in all probability, must have possessed the books to which he was indebted, and some of which he applied so directly and minutely to his own purposes. Until now the ordinary reader of Shakespeare's plays has enjoyed very imperfect means of judging how far, and in what respects, our most original poet was obliged to others, and what he owed only to the exhaustless resources of his own mind. He employed the materials supplied by some of his predecessors and contemporaries merely as a great

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painter uses what is called a lay-figure : he borrowed the position, but invested it himself with drapery, colour, character, and sentiment. He exceeded all art, by communicating to it life and action.

It is remarkable, after all that has been written and accumulated regarding Shakespeare during the last century and a half, that it should have been left to us, and to our time, to perform this undertaking, so necessary to the formation of a just estimate of his productions. An unsatisfactory attempt of the kind was made about a century ago, and the commentators have here and there furnished extracts from most of the pieces we have reprinted ; but those extracts afford no adequate opportunity of judging of the works as a whole.

The Editor has had time to do little more than to afford a general superintendence, and to prepare the introductory notices : the intelligent publisher, who has devoted so much time and study to Shakespearian literature, has often saved him the trouble of searching for materials in public and private depositories, and of collating the reprints with the originals. For this part of the task, therefore, Mr Rodd is responsible ; and in the performance of it he gladly, and thankfully, acknowledges the ready assistance he has received from the Rev. Dr Bandinel, of the Bodleian Library, Oxford, and from the Rev. Mr Smith, of Trinity College Library, Cambridge.

J. P. C.

KENSINGTON, *July* 14, 1843.

## PREFACE.

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IN his preface attached to the six foundation-plays, which he published in 1779 at the suggestion of George Steevens, in two octavo volumes, Nichols puts the matter both neatly and happily where, in explaining the object in view, he states :—

“Their claim to be preserved is built on their having suggested such plans as his [Shakespeare’s] superior genius and judgment enabled him to improve. A basket placed by accident over a weed, and covered with a tile, is recorded by Vitruvius as the origin of the Corinthian capital.”

The facilitation of access, in a convenient form, to the materials and foundation-stories, which Shakespeare employed, in a greater or less degree, in the composition of his plays, cannot fail to be of utility and value, and the idea of such a literary undertaking occurred to Mr Collier thirty years ago, and was embodied by him in the publication so well known as “Shakespeare’s Library.”

“Shakespeare’s Library” was, unfortunately, imperfect in its range, and not accurate in its texts. As regards its incompleteness, it may be suggested that,

in Mr Collier's view, some of the matter which constitutes part of the present series was within reach of scholars in other shapes; and so far as the texts are concerned, it is due to Mr Collier to say that he left the correction of the proofs to his publisher, who discharged the trust unmercifully ill. The collation of the old copies has proved a laborious, but a productive, operation.

But, once for all, it is proper to guard the reader against the idea that "Shakespeare's Library" at all supersedes such publications as the *Illustrations of Douce*, and the *New Illustrations of Hunter*. It is a companion to those two admirable works, and should be consulted and read with them; for, in fact, it would be simply impracticable, if it were not also beside the object, to assemble together in the following sheets all the detached scraps and passages from books which shed an incidental light on places in the plays—that is, of course, the province of the Editors. I am only afraid that, by having admitted into the collection a few such items, either unknown or widely scattered, I have laid myself open to a charge of inconsistency and of want of a definite plan. But those who have worked, as I have, at these matters, know how hard it is to draw the line.

It is doubtful if I have not gone beyond my commission a little in admitting "The Northern Lord," a ballad containing the story of the bond, and the ballad of "Lear and his Three Daughters;" but these weak productions, though in all likelihood never beheld by Shakespeare, and even (almost to a certainty)

later than his day, originated in the popularity and celebrity of his contributions to the theatre, and so have for us an interest of a reflected kind.

To this division of the subject and inquiry belong, of course, the drolls of "Bottom the Weaver" and "The Bouncing Knight," formed out of particular scenes in the plays, as well as the altered versions of the plays in their entirety, which were introduced on the boards after the Restoration, and that singular example of a novel built upon a dramatic composition, "The Adventures of Pericles, Prince of Tyre," 1608, by the younger Wilkins, which has the special interest of preserving portions of the drama which were allowed to drop out of the old printed copy.

It has been thought that the ballad-poem of the "Cruel Uncle," of which the oldest edition extant (or known) is dated 1670, should be treated as a traditional popular transmission of the historical tragedy which has blackened the name of Richard III. It is the same story as the "Babes in the Wood." How long before 1670 it existed in print, we seem to have no present evidence. My friend Mr Furnivall urged me very strongly to include the shorter extracts from Holinshed, illustrating the Histories, but I have arrived at the conclusion that those prose parallels should rather find a place in an edition of the poet, where they would enjoy the advantage of immediate juxtaposition.

Another group of productions there is, which are apt to secure a certain share of our attention by reason of being analogues, or of being derivatives from a

common source, rather than as originals, to which the bard of Stratford was immediately under obligations. This remark applies perhaps especially to those Italian stories which we have printed hereinafter in connection with the "Merry Wives of Windsor," but of which no English renderings have so far come to light.

When Shakespeare first commenced his professional career as a playwright—probably as an improver and polisher of other men's labours—pitifully slender was the stock of material capable of being turned by him to practical account, and such as it was, it was raw. The poet saw himself surrounded by abundance of books, but could discern very little literature. In fact, until Shakespeare's sun rose above the horizon, no writer of first-rate original powers had appeared in England, save Spenser, since the death of the author of the "Canterbury Tales," though Scotland, in the long interval, had produced Dunbar, to whom, perhaps, we should add Lyndsay.

Great, however, as was the dearth of the real imaginative and poetical faculty, there neither had been, nor was, any lack of men of fair ability, whose literary efforts might supply hints, outlines, and *sub-strata*, not to mention here and there cleverly-managed incidents and well-conceived passages; and of all these Shakespeare knew how to avail himself in the fullest measure, sifting the ore from the dross with the hand and eye of a true master. The process of transformation differed (with the circumstances) both in character and in degree. In one case, as in the early revision of the Henry VI. series, the great literary artist satisfied him-

self with a few touches and a little patchwork ; while, in dealing with the stories of Hamlet and Lear, he took the widely different course of pulling the old fabrics to pieces, and rebuilding them up in a manner consonant with his own theories of human nature and dramatic art.

Shakespeare also found it possible to create out of such crude stuff as Greene's "Pandosto" and Lodge's "Rosalind" such masterpieces of structure and fancy as the "Winter's Tale" and "As You Like It." Much the same is to be said of his metamorphosis of "Romeo and Juliet," where his only ostensible resource lay between Painter's dull tale and Broke's duller poem. Mr Collier has adduced testimony in favour of the supposition that the dramatist made considerable use of Broke ; for the rest, in the absence of better information, we are bound to conclude that he went to the novel almost exclusively.

Those interesting and eminently useful men, the early Italian novelists and story-tellers, produced an immense stock of workable and improvable matter, derived from middle-age apologues, actual adventures, and other sources, which (filtered for the most part through French strainers) found its way to English readers and students of and before Shakespeare's day ; nor, in estimating that poet's ways and means, should it be forgotten that there was, ready to an author's hand, a certain proportion of what (from long naturalisation) might be fairly treated as native folk, fairy, and romantic lore, both in an oral and a printed shape, as it had come down, transmitted from age to age.

Mr Furnivall remarks to me, I think justly, in regard to such plays as "Love's Labour's Lost," where the scantiness of materials is at first sight rather striking, that there being no plot or dramatic development, but the drama named (for instance) being a conversation-piece, consisting almost exclusively of dialogue and character, we are not to look for any distinct or specific model or precursor, but should regard such compositions as the product of the writer's personal experiences, gleaned from gossip and "many-tongued" report.

It has already been pointed out that in another of the Shakespeare series—the "Midsummer Night's Dream," for which we equally want any original, the FAIRIES constitute the prominent feature, and occupy the foreground; and although Plutarch's "Life of Theseus" has been reprinted as one of the Shakespeare Lives from North's book, it cannot be concealed that the dramatist made very little use of it, and indeed, for the general notion of the Greek hero and his spouse, is just as likely to have been indebted to the account of Theseus and Hippolyta in the "Knight's Tale" of Chaucer, which likewise enters into our series, as the prototype of "The Two Noble Kinsmen."<sup>1</sup>

As to the order in which the matter is here arranged, it has to be said, that it is, in the main, the order settled in Mr Furnivall's pamphlet. I have not entered into this question myself; and I agree with

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<sup>1</sup> "Fairy Tales, &c., illustrating Shakespeare," 1875, *Preface*.

the opinion lately expressed by Mr Halliwell, that it is one which continues, and will continue to be, surrounded by uncertainty, until some absolute evidence as to the chronological succession of the plays shall be discovered.

In preserving the original spelling, I have not so much followed my own convictions, as deferred to what I understand to be the wishes and convenience of those for whose use these volumes are intended, and who seem to regard a faithful representation of the old copies with greater favour, in a work of reference like the present, than a critical text with modernised orthography.

The re-edition now in the hands of the public of "Shakespeare's Library," as we must continue to call it, for the sake of identification, probably embraces within its limits all that will ever reach us in the shape of Shakespeare's sources of information—his debt, not a very heavy one, to other pens and other minds; and the volumes will place us in a better position to form an estimate of the extent to which "our ever-living poet" evolved from his miraculous brain works which are a glory to England and English-speaking men everywhere, exceeding a million-fold in worth the "Golden Legacy" of the dull and pedantic Euphues.

My best thanks are due, in the first place, to Mr Collier and Mr Halliwell, who, with their habitual liberality, accorded me leave to make whatever use I pleased of their *Prefaces* and *Notes*; secondly, to Mr Furnivall and Mr Simpson, who supplied



me with a variety of useful suggestions in further amplification of a plan already amplified somewhat beyond my original design, and, again, to Mr Henry Huth, who confided to me, for the purposes of collation, several precious and all but unique books.

But I must not omit to record the obligations of an equally important character under which I have lain to Mr B J Jeffrey, of the Department of MSS. British Museum, whose scrupulous accuracy and superior intelligence render his services as a copyist or collater of exceptional value. Mr Jeffrey verified for me a large proportion of the texts introduced here, and the volumes owe to him the correction of innumerable errors in the former edition.

W. C. H.

KENSINGTON, *April* 1875.

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[It seems eminently probable that Shakespeare's play was indebted in some degree to an earlier one on

the same subject (no longer known) by Dekker and Chettle, but the foundation-story was undoubtedly Chaucer's; nor is it, on the whole, very likely that Shakespeare resorted either to Caxton's *Recueil* or to Lydgate. See further what is said in the Introduction.]

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LOVE'S LABOUR'S LOST.



As in the case of "Henry VIII.," "Troilus and Cressida," "Much Ado about Nothing," and "The Tempest," the labours of three generations of editors and commentators have so far failed to discover any one production from which the poet could have framed his own play ; and we must look upon "Love's Labour's Lost" as, to a large extent, an evolution from his own brain, and the embodiment of certain scattered and detached reading. Flouio, the translator of Montaigne, is supposed to have sat for the portrait of Ilofernes, and Shakespeare had no difficulty in finding hints or models for Don Adriano de Armado in the literature and hearsay of his time. The heroines are largely his own creations.

The annexed extract from Monstrielet, translated by Johnes, 1807, i. 54, is given here in pursuance of a suggestion found in Dyce's edition of Shakespeare, 1868, ii. 161. But compare Hunter's "New Illustrations," i. 256.

## “ CHAPTER XVII.

*“ Charles, King of Navarre, negotiates with the King of France, and obtains the Duchy of Nemours.*

“ At this same season, Charles, King of Navarre, came to Paris to wait on the king. He negotiated so successfully with the king and his privy council, that he obtained a gift of the castle of Nemours, with some of its dependent castlewicks, which territory was made a duchy. He instantly did homage for it, and at the same time surrendered to the king the castle of Cherbourg, the county of Evreux, and all other lordships he possessed within the kingdom of France, renouncing all claim and profit in them to the king and to his successors, on consideration that with this Duchy of Nemours the King of France engaged to pay him two hundred thousand gold crowns of the coin of our lord the king ”

A  
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

THE "Life of Theseus," from North's Plutaich, is the only *distinct* production known to be in print at the time of the composition of this play, to which the poet is likely to have resorted ; but there were several tales and legends then current on the subject of Robin Goodfellow, the faeries, and that class of folk-lore, which may have furnished hints. See "Fairy Tales, Legends, and Romances, Illustrating Shakespeare," &c. 1875, 2 vols 12.

It is sufficiently well known that out of the interlude, which constitutes no uninteresting part of "A Midsummer Night's Dream," though a subordinate one, was formed the droll of *Bottom the Weaver*, printed by Kirkman in his "Sport upon Sport."



## *The Life of Theseus.*



LIKE as the historians which do set forth the description of countries in figure (my friend Sossius Senecio), are wont to place in the lowermost part of their maps the far-distant regions unknown unto them, and to mark in the margin such like notes and reasons as these :—Beyond these countries are nothing but deep dry sands without water, full of foul, ill-favoured, venomous beasts, or much mud unnavigable, or Scythia forsaken for cold, or else the sea frozen with ice. Even so in this my history I could speak of strange things, and more ancient and further off from men's memory. But herein I have compared the lives of some noble men, the one with the other, having followed all those times, whereof the monuments remain yet so whole, that men may speak of very great likelihood, or rather write a very troth. What hath been written before is but of strange feignings, and full of monstrous fables, imagined and devised by poets, which are altogether uncertain, and most untrue. Howbeit, having heretofore set forth the lives of Lycurgus (which established the laws of the Lacedæmonians) and of King Numa Pompilius, methought I might with reason also ascend unto the time of Romulus, since I was come so near unto his time. Wherefore, having long debated with myself what Æschylus the poet said—

*What champion may with such a man compare ?  
 Or who (thinks I) shall be against him set ?  
 Who is so bold ? or who is he that dare  
 Defend his force in such encounter met ?*

In the end I resolved to compare him which did set up the noble and famous city of Athens unto him which founded the glorious and invincible city of Rome, wherein I would have wished that the fables of her antiquity had been set out so in our writings, that we might yet have graced them with some appearance of historical narration. But if by chance in some places they range a little too boldly out of the bounds or limits of true appearance, and have no manner of conformity with any credibleness of matter, the readers in courtesy must needs hold me excused, accepting in good part that which may be written and reported of things so extremely old and ancient. Now, surely methinks that Theseus in many things was much like unto Romulus. For being both begotten by stealth, and out of lawful matrimony, they were both bruited to be born of the seed of gods.

*Both valiant were, as all the world doth know.*

Both were very wise, and strong besides of body. The one of them built Rome, and the other the city of Athens, two of the most noble cities of the world. The one and the other were ravishers of women ; and neither the one nor the other could avoid the mischief of quarrel and contention with their friends, and to defile themselves with the blood of their nearest kinsmen. Moreover, they say that both the one and the other in the end did get the hate and ill-will of their citizens. At the least, if we believe those things which are left written, and carry greatest show of troth, Theseus, of his father's side, was descended of the right lineage of Erichtheus the Great, and of the first inhabitants which

occupied the country of Attica, the which since were called Autocthones, as much as to say, as born of themselves. For there is no memory, or other mention made, that they came out of any other country than that. And of his mother's side he came of Pelops, who was in his time the mightiest king of all the country of Peloponnesus; not so much for his goods and riches, as for the number of children which he had. For his daughters, which were many in number, he bestowed them on the greatest lords of all the country: his sons also, which likewise were many, he dispersed into every city and free town, finding means to make them governors and heads of the same. Pitheus, grandfather to Theseus on the mother's side, was one that founded the little city of Troezen, and was reputed to be one of the best learned and wisest men of his time. But the knowledge and wisdom which only carried estimation at that time, consisted altogether in grave sentences and moral sayings. As those are which won the poet Hesiodus such fame for his book entitled "The Works and Days:" in the which is read, even at this present, this goodly sentence, which they father upon Pitheus—

*Thou shalt perform thy promise and thy pay  
To hired men, and that without delay.*

And this doth Aristotle the philosopher himself testify: and the poet Euripides also, calling Hippolitus the scholar of the holy Pitheus, doth sufficiently declare of what estimation he was. But Ægeus, desiring (as they say) to know how he might have children, went into the city of Delphes, to the oracle of Apollo, where, by a nun of the temple, this notable prophecy was given him for an answer. The which did forbid him to touch or know any woman, until he was returned again to Athens. And because the words of this prophecy were somewhat dark and hard,

he returned by the city of Troezen, to tell it under Pitheus. The words of the prophecy were these—

*O thou, which art a gem of perfect grace,  
Pluck not the tap out of thy trusty tun :  
Before thou do, return unto thy place  
In Athens' town, from whence thy race doth run.*

Pitheus, understanding the meaning, persuaded him, or rather cunningly by some device deceived him, in such sort, that he made him to lie with his daughter, called Æthra. Ægeus, after he had accompanied with her, knowing that she was Pitheus' daughter with whom he had lain, and doubting that he had gotten her with child, left her a sword and a pair of shoes, the which he hid under a great hollow stone, the hollowness whereof served just to receive those things which he laid under it, and made no living creature privy to it but her alone, straitly charging her, that if she happened to have a son, when he were come to man's estate, and of strength to remove the stone, and to take those things from under it which he left there : that she should then send him unto him by those tokens, as secretly as she could, that nobody else might know of it. For he did greatly fear the children of one called Pallas, the which lay in wait and espial by all the means they could to kill him, only of despite because he had no children, they being fifty brethren, and all begotten of one father. This done, he departed from her. And Æthra within few months after was delivered of a goodly son, the which from that time was called Theseus : and, as some say, so called because of the tokens of knowledge his father had laid under the stone. Yet some others write that it was afterwards at Athens, when his father knew him and avowed him for his son. But in the meantime, during his infancy and childhood, he was brought up in the house of his



grandfather Pitheus, under the government and teaching of one called Connidas, his schoolmaster: in honour of whom the Athenians to this day do sacrifice a wether, the day before the great feast of Theseus, having more reason to honour the memory of this governor, than of a Silanion and of a Parrhasius, to whom they do honour also, because they painted and cast moulds of the images of Theseus. Now there was a custom at that time in Greece, that the young men, after their infancy and growth to man's state, went unto the city of Delphes, to offer part of their hairs in the temple of Apollo. Thescus also went thither as others did: and some say that the place where the ceremony of this offering was made hath ever since kept the old name (and yet continueth) Theseia. Howbeit he did not shave his head, but before only, as Homer saith, like the fashion of the Abantes in old time; and this manner of shaving of hairs was called, for his sake, Theseida. And as concerning the Abantes, in troth they were the very first that shaved themselves after this fashion; nevertheless they learned it not of the Arabians, as it was thought of some, neither did they it after the imitation of the Missians. But because they were warlike and valiant men, which did join near unto their enemy in battle, and above all men of the world were skilfullest in fight hand to hand, and would keep their ground: as the poet Archilochus witnesseth in these verses—

*They use no slings in foughten fields to have,  
Nor bended bows; but swords and trenchant blades,  
For when fierce Mars beginneth for to rave  
In bloody field, then every man invades  
His fiercest foe, and fighteth hand to hand,  
Then do they deeds right cruel to recomfort.  
For in this wise the brave and warlike band  
Do show their force, which come from Negropont.*

The cause why they were thus shaven before was, for that their enemies should not have the advantage to take them by the hairs of the head while they were fighting. And for this selfsame consideration Alexander the Great commanded his captains to cause all the Macedonians to shave their beards; because it is the easiest hold, and readiest for the hand, a man can have of his enemy in fighting, to hold him fast by the same. But to return to Theseus. *Aethra*, his mother, had ever unto that time kept it secret from him who was his true father. And *Pitheus* also had given it out abroad that he was begotten of Neptune, because the *Troezenians* have this god in great veneration, and do worship him as patron and protector of their city, making offerings to him of their first-fruits; and they have for the mark and stamp of their money the three-piked mace which is the sign of Neptune, called his trident. But after he was come to the prime and lustiness of his youth, and that with the strength of his body he showed a great courage, joined with a natural wisdom and staidness of wit, then his mother brought him to the place where this great hollow stone lay, and telling him truly the order of his birth, and by whom he was begotten, made him to take his father's tokens of knowledge, which he had hidden there, and gave him counsel to go by sea to Athens unto him. Theseus easily lift up the stone, and took his father's tokens from under it; howbeit he answered plainly that he would not go by sea, notwithstanding that it was a great deal the safer way, and that his mother and grandfather both had instantly entreated him, because the way by land from *Troezen* to Athens was very dangerous, all the ways being beset by robbers and murderers. For the world at that time brought forth men which for strongness in their arms, for swiftness of feet, and for a general strength of the whole body, did far pass the common

force of others, and were never weary for any labour or travail they took in hand. But for all this, they never employed these gifts of nature to any honest or profitable thing, but rather delighted villanously to hurt and wrong others; as if all the fruit and profit of their extraordinary strength had consisted in cruelty and violence only, and to be able to keep others under and in subjection, and to force, destroy, and spoil all that came to their hands; thinking that the more part of those which think it a shame to do ill, and commend justice, equity, and humanity, do it of faint, cowardly hearts, because they dare not wrong others, for fear they should receive wrong themselves, and therefore, that they which by might could have vantage over others had nothing to do with such quiet qualities. Now Hercules, travelling abroad in the world, drew away many of those wicked, thievish murderers, and some of them he slew and put to death; other, as he passed through those places where they kept, did hide themselves for fear of him, and gave place; insomuch as Hercules, perceiving they were well tamed and brought low, made no further reckoning to pursue them any more. But after that by fortune he had slain Iphitus with his own hands, and that he was passed over the seas into the country of Lydia, where he served Queen Omphale a long time, condemning himself unto that voluntary pain for the murder he had committed. All the realm of Lydia, during his abode there, remained in great peace and security from such kind of people. Howbeit in Greece, and all thereabouts, these old mischiefs began again to renew, growing hotter and violenter than before; because there was no man that punished them, or that durst take upon him to destroy them. By which occasion, the way to go from Peloponnesus to Athens by land was very perilous. And therefore Pitheus, declaring unto Theseus what man-

ner of thieves there were that lay in the way, and the outrages and villanies they did to all travellers and wayfaring men, sought the rather to persuade him thereby to take his voyage across the seas. Howbeit, in mine opinion, the fame and glory of Hercules' noble deeds had long before secretly set his heart on fire, so that he made reckoning of none other but of him, and lovingly hearkened unto those which would seem to describe him what manner of man he was, but chiefly unto those which had seen him, and been in his company when he had said or done anything worthy of memory. For then he did manifestly open himself, and he felt the like passion in his heart which Themistocles long time afterwards endured when he said that the victory and triumph of Miltiades would not let him sleep. For even so, the wonderful admiration which Theseus had of Hercules' courage, made him in the night that he never dreamed but of his noble acts and doings, and in the day-time pricked forwards with emulation and envy of his glory, he determined with himself one day to do the like, and the rather because they were near kinsmen, being cousins removed by the mother's side. For Æthra was the daughter of Pitheus, and Alcmena, the mother of Hercules, was the daughter of Lysidices, the which was half-sister to Pitheus, both children of Pelops and of his wife Hippodamia. So he thought he should be utterly shamed and disgraced that Hercules, travelling through the world in that sort, did seek out those wicked thieves, to rid both sea and land of them, and that he, far otherwise, should fly occasion that might be offered him to fight with them that he should meet on his way. Moreover he was of opinion he should greatly shame and dishonour him whom fame and common bruit of people reported to be his father, if, in shunning occasion to fight, he should convey himself by sea, and should carry to his true father also a pair

of shoes (to make him known of him), and a sword not yet bathed in blood. Where he should rather seek cause, by manifest tokens of his worthy deeds, to make known to the world of what noble blood he came, and from whence he was descended. With this determination Theseus holdeth on his purposed journey, with intent to hurt no man, yet to defend himself, and to be revenged of those which would take upon them to assault him. The first, therefore, whom he slew within the territories of the city of Epidaurum, was a robber called Periphetes. This robber used for his ordinary weapon to carry a club, and for that cause he was commonly surnamed Corynetes, that is to say, a club-carrier. So he first strake at Theseus to make him stand; but Theseus fought so lustily with him that he killed him. Whereof he was so glad, and chiefly for that he had won his club, that ever after he carried it himself about with him, as Hercules did the lion's skin. And, like as this spoil of the lion did witness the greatness of the beast which Hercules had slain, even so Theseus went all about, showing that this club, which he had gotten out of another's hands, was in his own hands invincible. And so, going on further, in the Straits of Peloponnesus, he killed another, called Sinnis, surnamed Pityocamtes, that is to say, a wreather or bower of pineapple-trees, whom he put to death in that self cruel manner that Sinnis had slain many other travellers before. Not that he had experience thereof, by any former practice or exercise; but only to show that clean strength could do more than either art or exercise. This Sinnis had a goodly fair daughter called Perigouna, which fled away when she saw her father slain, whom he followed and sought all about. But she had hidden herself in a grove full of certain kinds of wild pricking rushes called stæbe, and wild sparage, which she simply like a child entreated to hide her, as if they had heard

and had sense to understand her, promising them with an oath that if they saved her from being found, she would never cut them down nor burn them. But Theseus finding her, called her, and swore by his faith he would use her gently, and do her no hurt nor displeasure at all. Upon which promise she came out of the bush and lay with him, by whom she was conceived of a goodly boy, which was called Menalippus. Afterwards Theseus married her unto one Deionceus, the son of Euritus the Œchalian. Of this Menalippus, the son of Theseus, came Ioxus, the which with Ornytus brought men into the country of Caria, where he built the city of Ioxides. And hereof cometh that old ancient ceremony, observed yet unto this day by those of Ioxides, never to burn the briers of wild sparage, nor the stæbe, but they have them in some honour and reverence. Touching the wild savage Sow of Crommyon, otherwise surnamed Phæa, that is to say, overgrown with age, she was not a beast to be made light account of, but was very fierce and terrible to kill. Theseus, notwithstanding, tarried for her, and killed her in his journey, to the end it should not appear to the world that all the valiant deeds he did were done by compulsion and of necessity, adding thereto his opinion also that a valiant man should not only fight with men, to defend himself from the wicked, but that he should be the first to assault and slay wild hurtful beasts. Nevertheless others have written that this Phæa was a woman-robber, a murderer, and naught of her body, which spoiled those that passed by the place called Crommyonia, where she dwelt, and that she was surnamed a Sow for her beastly, brutish behaviour and wicked life, for the which in the end she was also slain by Theseus. After her he killed Sciron, entering into the territories of Megara, because he robbed all travellers by the way, as the common report goeth, or, as others say,

for that of a cruel, wicked, and savage pleasure, he put forth his feet to those that passed by the seaside and compelled them to wash them. And then, when they thought to stoop to do it, he still spurned them with his feet till he thrust them headlong into the sea, so Theseus threw him headlong down the rocks. Howbeit the writers of Megara, impugning this common report, and desirous (as Simonides saith) to overthrow it, that had continued by prescription of time, did maintain that this Sciron was never any robber nor wicked person, but rather a pursuer and punisher of the wicked, and a friend and a kinsman of the most honest and justest men of Greece. For there is no man but will confess that *Æacus* was the most virtuous man among the Grecians in his time, and that *Cychreus* the Salamanian is honoured and revered as a god at Athens; and there is no man also but knoweth that *Peleus* and *Telamon* were men of a singular virtue. Now it is certain that this Sciron was the son-in-law of *Cychreus*, father-in-law of *Æacus*, and grandfather to *Peleus* and of *Telamon*, the which two were the children of *Endeida*, the daughter of the said Sciron and of his wife *Chariclo*. Also it is not very likely that so many good men would have had affinity with so naughty and wicked a man, in taking of him and giving him that which men love best of all things in the world. And therefore the historiographers say that it was not the first time, when Theseus went unto Athens, that he killed Sciron, but that it was many days after, when he took the city of Eleusin, which the Megarians held at that time, where he deceived the governor of the city called *Diocles*, and there he slew Sciron. And these be the objections the Megarians alleged touching this matter. He slew also *Cercyon* the Arcadian, in the city of Eleusin, wrestling with him. And going a little further, he slew *Damastes*, otherwise surnamed *Procrustes*, in the

city of Hermionia, and that by stretching of him out, to make him even with the length and measure of his beds, as he was wont to do unto strangers that passed by. Theseus did that after the imitation of Hercules, who punished tyrants with the self-same pain and torment which they had made others suffer. For even so did Hercules sacrifice Busiris. So he stifled Antheus in wrestling. So he put Cycrus to death, fighting with him man to man. So he brake Termerus's head, from whom this proverb of Termerus's evil came, which continueth yet unto this day; for this Termerus did use to put them to death in this sort whom he met, to roll his head against theirs. Thus proceeded Theseus after this self-manner, punishing the wicked in like sort, justly compelling them to abide the same pain and torments which they before had unjustly made others abide. And so he held on his journey until he came to the river of Cephissus, where certain persons of the house of the Phyalides were the first which went to meet him to honour him, and at his request they purified him according to the ceremonies used at that time, and afterwards having made a sacrifice of propitiation unto their gods, they made him great cheer in their houses, and this was the first notable entertainment he found in all his journey. It is supposed he arrived in the city of Athens the eighth day of the month of June, which then they called Cronius. He found the commonwealth turmoiled with seditions, factions, and divisions, and particularly the house of Ægeus in very ill terms also, because that Medea (being banished out of the city of Corinth) was come to dwell in Athens, and remained with Ægeus, whom she had promised by virtue of certain medicines to make him to get children. But when she heard tell that Theseus was come, before that the good King Ægeus, who was now become old, suspicious, and afraid of sedition, by



reason of the great factions within the city at that time, knew what he was, she persuaded him to poison him at a feast which they would make him as a stranger that passed by. Theseus failed not to go to this prepared feast whereunto he was bidden, but yet thought it not good to disclose himself. And the rather to give Ægeus occasion and means to know him, when they brought the meat to the board, he drew out his sword, as though he would have cut withal, and showed it unto him. Ægeus, seeing it, knew it straight, and forthwith overthrew the cup with poison which was prepared for him; and after he had inquired of him, and asked things, he embraced him as his son. Afterwards, in the common assembly of the inhabitants of the city, he declared how he avowed him for his son. Then all the people received him with exceeding joy, for the renown of his valiantness and manhood. And some say that when Ægeus overthrew the cup, the poison which was in it fell in that place, where there is at present a certain compass enclosed all about within the temple, which is called Delphinium. For even there, in that place, in the old time, stood the house of Ægeus, in witness whereof they call yet at this present time the image of Mercury (which is on the side of the temple looking towards the rising of the sun) the Mercury gate of Ægeus. But the Pallantides, which before stood always in hope to recover the realm of Athens, at the least after Ægeus's death, because he had no children, when they saw that Theseus was known and openly declared for his son and heir, and successor to the realm, they were not able any longer to bear it, seeing that not only Ægeus (who was but the adopted son of Pandion, and nothing at all of the blood royal of the Erictheides) had usurped the kingdom over them, but that Theseus also should enjoy it after his death. Whereupon they determined to make war with them both, and dividing

themselves into two parts, the one came openly in arms with their father, marching directly towards the city; the other lay close in ambush in the village Gargettus, meaning to give charge upon them in two places at one instant. Now they brought with them a herald born in the town of Agnus, called Leos, who betrayed unto Theseus the secret and device of all their enterprise. Theseus, upon this intelligence, went forth, and did set on those that lay in ambush, and put them all to the sword. The other, which were in Pallas's company, understanding thereof, did break and disperse themselves incontinently. And this is the cause, as some say, why those of Pallena do never make affinity nor marriage with those of Agnus at this day, and that in their town when any proclamation is made, they never speak these words which are cried everywhere else throughout the whole country of Attica, *Acouete Leos* (which is as much to say as, Hearken, O people) they do so extremely hate this word Leos, for that it was the herald's name which wrought them that treason. This done, Theseus, who would not live idly at home and do nothing, but desirous therewithal to gratify the people, went his way to fight with the bull of Marathon, the which did great mischiefs to the inhabitants of the country of Tetropolis. And having taken him alive, brought him through the city of Athens, to be seen of all the inhabitants. Afterwards he did sacrifice him unto Apollo Delphias. Now, concerning Ifecale, who was reported to have lodged him, and to have given him good entertainment, it is not altogether untrue. For in the old time, those towns and villages thereabouts did assemble together, and make a common sacrifice which they called Hecalesion, in the honour of Jupiter Hecalian, where they honoured this old woman, calling her by a diminutive name, Hecalena; because that when she received Theseus into her house, being

then but very young, she made much of him, and called him by many pretty-made names, as old folks are wont to call young children. And forasmuch as she had made a vow to Jupiter to make him a solemn sacrifice if Theseus returned safe from the enterprise he went about, and that she died before his return ; in recompense of the good cheer she had made him, she had that honour done unto her by 'Theseus' commandment, as Philochorus hath written of it. Shortly after this exploit, there came certain of King Minos's ambassadors out of Creta to ask tribute, being now the third time it was demanded, which the Athenians paid for this cause : Androgeus, the eldest son of King Minos, was slain by treason within the country of Attica ; for which cause Minos, pursuing the revenge of his death, made very hot and sharp wars upon the Athenians, and did them great hurt. But besides all this, the goddess did sharply punish and scourge all the country as well with barrenness and famine as also with plague and other mischiefs, even to the drying up of their rivers. The Athenians, perceiving these sore troubles and plagues, ran to the oracle of Apollo, who answered them that they should appease Minos, and when they had made their peace with him, that then the wrath of the goddess would cease against them, and their troubles should have an end. Whereupon the Athenians sent immediately unto him, and entreated him for peace, which he granted them, with condition that they should be bound to send him yearly into Creta seven young boys, and as many young girls. Now thus far all the historiographers do very well agree, but in the rest not. And they which seem farthest off from the truth do declare, that when these young boys were delivered in Creta they caused them to be devoured by the Minotaure within the Labyrinth ; or else that they were shut within this Labyrinth, wandering up and down, and could find

no place to get out until such time as they died, even famished for hunger. And this Minotaure, as Euripides the poet saith, was

*A corps combin'd, which monstrous might be deem'd:  
A boy, a bull, both man and beast it seem'd.*

But Philochorus writeth that the Cretans do not confess that, but say that this Labyrinth was a jail or prison in the which they had no other hurt saving that they which were kept there under lock and key could not fly nor start away, and that Minos had in the memory of his son Androgeus instituted games and plays of prize, where he gave unto them that won the victory, those young children of Athens, the which in the meantime notwithstanding were carefully kept and looked unto in the prison of the Labyrinth, and that at the first games that were kept one of the king's captains called Taurus, who was in best credit with his master, won the prize. This Taurus was a churlish and naughty natured man of condition, and very hard and cruel to these children of Athens. And to verify the same, the *scholiast* Aristotle himself, speaking of the . . . of the Botticicians, declareth very well that he never thought that Minos did at any time cause the children of Athens to be put to death; but saith that they poorly toiled in Creta, even to crooked age, earning their living by true and painful service. For it is written that the Cretans (to satisfy an old vow of theirs which they had made of ancient time) sent sometime the first-born of their children unto Apollo in the city of Delphes, and that amongst them they also mingled those which were descended of the ancient prisoners of Athens, and they went with them. But because they could not live there, they directed their journey first into Italy, where for a time they remained in the realm of Puglia, and after-

wards from thence went into the confines of Thracia, where they had this name of Bottieians. In memory whereof, the daughters of the Bottieians, in a solemn sacrifice they make, do use to sing the foot of this song, "Let us to Athens go." But thereby we may see how perilous a thing it is to fall in displeasure and enmity with a city which can speak well, and where learning and eloquence doth flourish. For ever since that time Minos was always blazed and disgraced throughout all the theatres of Athens. The testimony of Hesiodus, who calleth him the most worthy king, doth nothing help him at all, nor the praise of Homer, who nameth him Jupiter's familiar friend, because the tragical poets got the upper hand in disgracing him, notwithstanding all these. And upon their stages, where all the tragedies were played, they still gave forth many ill-favoured words and foul speeches of him, as against a man that had been most cruel and unnatural. Yet most men think that Minos was the king which established the laws, and Radamanthus the judge and preserver of them, who caused the same also to be kept and observed. The time now being come about for payment of the third tribute, when they came to compel the fathers which had children not yet married to give them to be put forth to take their chance and lot, the citizens of Athens began to murmur against Ægeus, alleging for their griefs that he who only was the cause of all this evil, was only alone exempted from this grief. And that to bring the government of the realm to fall into the hands of a stranger his bastard, he cared not though they were bereft of all their natural children, and were unnaturally compelled to leave and forsake them. These just sorrows and complaints of the fathers whose children were taken from them, did pierce the heart of Theseus, who, willing to yield to reason, and to run the self-same fortune as the citizens did, willingly offered himself to be sent

thither, without regard taking to his hap or adventure. For which the citizens greatly esteemed of his courage and honourable disposition, and dearly loved him for the good affection he seemed to bear unto the commonalty. But Ægeus, having used many reasons and persuasions to cause him to turn and stay from his purpose, and perceiving in the end there was no remedy but he would go, he then drew lots for the children which should go with him. Hellanicus, notwithstanding, doth write, that they were not those of the city which drew lots for the children they should send, but that Minos himself went thither in person and did choose them, as he chose Theseus the first, upon conditions agreed between them—that is, to wit, that the Athenians should furnish them with a ship, and that the children should ship and embark with him, carrying no weapons of war, and that after the death of the Minotaure this tribute should cease. Now before that time there was never any hope of return, nor of safety of their children, therefore the Athenians always sent a ship to convey their children with a black sail, in token of assured loss. Nevertheless Theseus, putting his father in good hope of him, being of a good courage, and promising boldly that he would set upon this Minotaure, Ægeus gave unto the master of the ship a white sail, commanding him that at his return he should put out the white sail if his son had escaped, if not, that then he should set up the black sail, to show him afar off his unlucky and unfortunate chance. Simonides, notwithstanding, doth say that this sail which Ægeus gave to the master was not white but red, dyed in grain, and of the colour of scarlet, and that he gave it him to signify afar off their delivery and safety. The master was called Phereclus Amarsiadas, as Simonides saith. But Philochorus writeth, that Sirius the Salamanian gave to Theseus a master called Nausitheus, and another

mariner to tackle the sails, who was called Phæas, because the Athenians at that time were not greatly practised to the sea. And this did Scirus, for that one of the children on whom the lot fell was his nephew, and thus much the chapels do testify which Theseus built afterwards in honour of Nausitheus and of Phæas, in the village of Phaleus, joining to the temple of Scirus. And it is said, moreover, that the feast which they call Cybernesia, that is to say, the feast of patrons of the ships, is celebrated in honour of them. Now after the lots were drawn, Theseus, taking with him the children allotted for the tribute, went from the palace to the temple called Delphinion, to offer up to Apollo for him and for them an offering of supplication which they call Hiceteria, which was an olive bough hallowed, wreathed about with white wool. After he had made his prayer, he went down to the seaside to embark, the sixth day of the month of March, on which day at this present time they do send their young girls to the same temple of Delphinion, there to make their prayers and petitions to the goddess. But some say that the oracle of Apollo in the city of Delphes had answered him, that he should take Venus for his guide, and that he should call upon her to conduct him in his voyage ; for which cause he did sacrifice a goat unto her upon the seaside, which was found suddenly turned into a ram, and that therefore they surnamed this goddess Epitragia, as one would say, the goddess of the rain. Furthermore, after he was arrived in Creta, he slew there the Minotaure (as the most part of ancient authors do write) by the means and help of Ariadne, who, being fallen in fancy with him, did give him a clue of thread, by the help whereof she taught him how he might easily wind out of the turnings and cranks of the Labyrinth. And they say, that having killed this Minotaure, he returned back again the same way he went, bringing with him those

other young children of Athens, whom with Ariadne also he carried afterwards away. Thercides saith, moreover, that he brake the keels or bottoms of all the ships of Creta, because they should not suddenly set out after them. And Demon writeth, that Taurus, the captain of Minos, was killed in a fight by Theseus, even in the very haven mouth as they were ready to ship away and hoist up sail. Yet Philochorus reporteth, that King Minos, having set up the games, as he was wont to do yearly in the honour and memory of his son, every one began to envy captain Taurus, because they ever looked that he should carry away the game and victory, as he had done other years before; over and above that, his authority got him much ill-will and envy, because he was proud and stately, and had in suspicion that he was great with Queen Pasiphaë. Wherefore when Theseus required he might encounter with Taurus, Minos easily granted it. And being a solemn custom in Creta that the women should be present, to see these open sports and sights, Ariadne being at these games amongst the rest, fell further in love with Theseus, seeing him so goodly a person, so strong and invincible in wrestling, that he far exceeded all that wrestled there that day. King Minos was so glad that he had taken away the honour from captain Taurus, that he sent him home frank and free into his country, rendering to him all the other prisoners of Athens, and for his sake clearly released and forgave the city of Athens the tribute which they should have paid him yearly. Howbeit Clidemus, searching out the beginning of these things to the utmost, reciteth them very particularly, and after another sort. For he saith, about that time there was a general restraint throughout all Greece, restraining all manner of people to bear sail in any vessel or bottom wherein there were above five persons, except only Jason, who was chosen captain of the great ship *Argus*, and had com-



mission to sail everywhere, to chase and drive away rovers and pirates, and to scour the seas throughout. About this time Dædalus, being fled from Creta to Athens in a little bark, Minos, contrary to this restraint, would needs follow him with a fleet of divers vessels with oars, who being by force of weather driven with the coast of Sicily, fortune'd to die there. Afterwards his son Deucalion, being marvellously offended with the Athenians, sent to summon them to deliver Dædalus unto him, or else he would put the children to death which were delivered to his father for hostages. But Theseus excused himself, and said he could not forsake Dædalus, considering he was his near kinsman, being his cousin-german, for he was the son of Merope, the daughter of Erichtheus. Howbeit by and by he caused many vessels secretly to be made, part of them within Attica itself, in the village of Thymetades, far from any highways, and part of them in the city of Troezen, by the sufferance of Pitheus his grandfather, to the end his purpose should be kept the secretlier. Afterwards, when all his ships were ready and rigged out, he took sea before the Cretans had any knowledge of it; insomuch as when they saw them afar off, they did take them for the barks of their friends. Theseus landed without resistance, and took the haven. Then having Dædalus and other banished Cretans for guides, he entered the city self of Gnosus, where he slew Deucalion in a fight before the gates of the Labyrinth, with all his guard and officers about him. By this means the kingdom of Creta fell by inheritance into the hands of his sister Ariadne. Theseus made league with her, and carried away the young children of Athens which were kept as hostages, and concluded peace and amity between the Athenians and the Cretans, who promised and swore they would never make wars against them. They report many other things also touching this

matter, and specially of Ariadne, but there is no truth nor certainty in it. For some say that Ariadne hung herself for sorrow when she saw that Theseus had cast her off. Others write that she was transported by mariners into the Isle of Naxos, where she was married unto Cénarus, the priest of Bacchus, and they think that Theseus left her because he was in love with another, as by these verses should appear—

*Ægles the nymph was loved of Theseus,  
Who was the daughter of Panopeus.*

Hereas the Megarian saith that these two verses in old time were among the verses of the poet Hesiodus, howbeit Pisistratus took them away, as he did in like manner add these other here in the description of the hells in Homer, to gratify the Athenians—

*Bold Theseus, and Pirithous stout,  
Descended both from gods' immortal race,  
Triumphing still this weary world about  
In feats of arms, and many a comely grace.*

Others hold opinion that Ariadne had two children by Theseus: the one of them was named Cénopion, and the other Staphylus. Thus amongst others the poet Ion writeth it, who was born in the Isle of Chio, and speaking of this city, he saith thus—

*Cénopion, which was the son of worthy Theseus,  
Did cause men build this stately town, which now  
triumpheth thus.*

Now what things are found seemly in poets' fables, there is none but doth in manner sing them. But one Pænon, born in the city of Amathunta, reciteth this clean after another sort, and contrary to all other, saying that Theseus by tempest was driven with the Isle of Cyprus, having with him Ariadne, which was great with child, and so sore sea-sick that she was not

able to abide it. Insomuch as he was forced to put her a-land, and himself afterwards returning aboard, hoping to save his ship against the storm, was forthwith compelled to loose into the sea. The women of the country did courteously receive and entreat Ariadne, and to comfort her again, for she was marvellously out of heart to see she was thus forsaken, they counterfeited letters, as if Theseus had written them to her. And when her groaning-time was come, and she to be laid, they did their best by all possible means to save her; but she died notwithstanding in labour, and could never be delivered. So she was honourably buried by the ladies of Cyprus. Theseus, not long after, returned thither again, who took her death marvellous heavily, and left money with the inhabitants of the country to sacrifice unto her yearly, and for memory of her, he caused two little images to be molten, the one of copper and the other of silver, which he dedicated unto her. This sacrifice is done the second day of September, on which they do yet observe this ceremony; they do lay a young child upon a bed, which pitifully crieth and lamenteth, as women travailing with child. They say also that the Amathusians do yet call the grove where her tomb is set up, the wood of Venus Ariadne. And yet there are of the Naxians that report this otherwise, saying there were two Minoses, and two Ariadnes, whereof the one was married to Bacchus in the Isle of Naxos, of whom Staphylus was born, and the other, the youngest, was ravished and carried away by Theseus, who afterwards forsook her, and she came into the Isle of Naxos with her nurse, called Corcyna, whose grave they do show yet to this day. The second Ariadne died there also, but she had no such honour done to her after her death as to the first was given. For they celebrate the feast of the first with all joy and mirth, where the sacrifices done in memory of the second be mingled

with mourning and sorrow. Theseus, then departing from the Isle of Creta, arrived in the Isle of Delos, where he did sacrifice in the temple of Apollo, and gave there a little image of Venus, the which he had gotten of Ariadne. Then with the other young boys that he had delivered, he danced a kind of dance, which the Delians keep to this day, as they say, in which there are many turns and returns, much after the turnings of the Labyrinth. And the Delians call this manner of dance the crane, as Dicæarcus saith. And Theseus danced it first about the altar, which is called Ceraton—that is to say, horn-staff, because it is made and builded of horns only, all on the left hand well and curiously set together without any other binding. It is said also that he made a game in this Isle of Delos, in which at the first was given to him that overcame a branch of palm for reward of victory. But when they drew near the coast of Attica, they were so joyful, he and his master, that they forgot to set up their white sail, by which they should have given knowledge of their health and safety unto Ægeus, who, seeing the black sail afar off, being out of all hope ever more to see his son again, took such a grief at his heart, that he threw himself headlong from the top of a cliff and killed himself. So soon as Theseus was arrived at the port named Phalerus, he performed the sacrifices which he had vowed to the gods at his departure, and sent a herald of his before unto the city to carry news of his safe arrival. The herald found many of the city mourning the death of King Ægeus. Many others received him with great joy, as may be supposed. They would have crowned him also with a garland of flowers, for that he had brought so good tidings, that the children of the city were returned in safety. The herald was content to take the garland, yet would he not in anywise put it on his head, but did wind it about his herald's rod he

bore in his hand, and so returneth forthwith to the sea, where Theseus made his sacrifices, who, perceiving they were not yet done, did refuse to enter into the temple, and stayed without for troubling of the sacrifices. Afterwards, all ceremonies finished, he went in and told him the news of his father's death. Then he and his company, mourning for sorrow, hasted with speed towards the city. And this is the cause why to this day at the feast called Oscophoria (as who would say the feast of boughs) the herald hath not his head but his rod only crowned with flowers, and why the assistants also after the sacrifice done, do make such cries and exclamations: *Ele, leuf, iou, iou*, whereof the first is the cry and voice they commonly use one to another to make haste, or else it is the foot of some song of triumph, and the other is the cry and voice of men as it were in fear and trouble. After he had ended the obsequies and funerals for his father, he performed also his sacrifices unto Apollo which he had vowed the seventh day of the month of October, on which they arrived at their return into the city of Athens. Even so the custom which they use at this day to seethe all manner of pulse, cometh of this, that those which then returned with Theseus did seethe in a great brass pot all the remains of their provision, and therewith made good cheer together. Even in such sort as this came up the custom to carry a branch of olive, wreathed about with wool, which they call Iresione, because at that time they carried boughs of supplication, as we have told ye before. About which they hang all sorts of fruits; for then barrenness did cease, as the verses they sang afterwards did witness:—

*Bring him good bread that is of savoury taste,  
With pleasant figs, and drops of dulcet mell,  
Then supple oil, his body for to baste,  
And pure good wine, to make him sleep full well.*

Howbeit there are some which will say that these verses were made for the Heraclides—that is to say, those that descended from Hercules—which, flying for their safety and succour unto the Athenians, were entertained and much made of by them for a time. But the most part hold opinion they were made upon the occasion aforesaid. The vessel in which Theseus went and returned was a galliot of thirty oars, which the Athenians kept until the time of Demetrius the Phalerian, always taking away the old pieces of wood that were rotten, and ever renewing them with new in their places. So that ever since, in the disputations of the philosophers, touching things that increase—to wit, whether they remain always one, or else they be made others—this galliot was always brought in for example of doubt. For some maintained that it was still one vessel, others to the contrary defended it was not so. And they hold opinion also that the feast of boughs, which is celebrated at Athens at this time, was then first of all instituted by Theseus. It is said, moreover, that he did not carry all the wenches upon whom the lots did fall, but chose two fair young boys, whose faces were sweet and delicate as maidens' be, that otherwise were hardy and quick spirited. But he made them so oft bathe themselves in hot baths, and keep them in from the heat of the sun, and so many times to wash, anoint, and rub themselves with oils, which serve to supple and smooth their skins, to keep fresh and fair their colour, to make yellow and bright their hairs, and withal did teach them so to counterfeit the speech, countenance, and fashion of young maids, that they seemed to be like them, rather than young boys. For there was no manner of difference to be perceived outwardly, and he mingled them with the girls, without the knowledge of any man. Afterwards, when he was returned, he made a procession, in which both he and the other young boys were

appareled then as they be now, which carry boughs on the day of the feast in their hands. They carry them in the honour of Bacchus and Ariadne, following the fable that is told of them, or rather because they returned home just at the time and season when they gather the fruit of those trees. There are women which they call *Deipnophores*—that is to say, supper-carriers, which are assistants to the sacrifice done that day, in representing the mothers of those upon whom the lots did fall, because they in like sort brought them both meat and drink. There they tell tales, for so did their mothers tattle to their children, to comfort and encourage them. All these particularities were written by Demon, the historiographer. There was, moreover, a place chosen out to build him a temple in, and he himself ordained that those houses which had paid tribute before unto the King of Creta, should now yearly thenceforth become contributories towards the charges of a solemn sacrifice which should be done in the honour of him, and he did assign the order and administration of the same unto the house of the *Phyalides*, in recompense of the courtesy which they showed him when he arrived. Furthermore, after the death of his father *Ægeus*, he undertook a marvellous great enterprise, for he brought all the inhabitants of the whole province of Attica to be within the city of Athens, and made them all one corporation which were before dispersed into divers villages, and by reason thereof were very hard to be assembled together when occasion was offered to establish any order concerning the common state. Many times also they were at variance together, and by the ears, making wars one upon another. But Theseus took the pains to go from village to village, and from family to family, to let them understand the reasons why they should consent unto it. So he found the poor people and private men ready to obey and follow his will,

but the rich, and such as had authority in every village, all against it. Nevertheless he won them, promising that it should be a commonwealth, and not subject to the power of any sole prince, but rather a popular state, in which he would only reserve to himself the charge of the wars and the preservation of the laws; for the rest, he was content that every citizen in all and for all should bear a like sway and authority. So there were some that willingly granted thereto. Others who had no liking thereof, yielded notwithstanding for fear of his displeasure and power, which then was very great. So they thought it better to consent with good-will unto that he required, than to tarry his forcible compulsion. Then he caused all the places where justice was ministered, and all their halls of assembly, to be overthrown and pulled down. He removed straight all judges and officers, and built a town-house and a council-hall in the place where the city now standeth, which the Athenians call Asty, but he called the whole corporation of them, Athens. Afterwards he instituted the great feast and common sacrifice for all of the country of Attica, which they call Panathenæa. Then he ordained another feast also upon the sixteenth day of the month of June, for all strangers which should come to dwell in Athens, which was called Metæcia, and is kept even to this day. That done, he gave over his regal power, according to his promise, and began to set up an estate or policy of a commonwealth, beginning first with the service of the gods. To know the good success of his enterprise, he sent at the very beginning to the oracle of Apollo in Delphes, to inquire of the fortune of this city; from whence this answer was brought unto him—

*O thou which art the son of Ægeus,  
Begot by him on Pitheus' daughter dear*



*The mighty Jove, my father glorious,  
 By his decree hath said there shall appear  
 A fatal end of every city here.  
 Which end he will shall also come adown,  
 Within the walls of this thy stately town.  
 Therefore show thou a valiant, constant mind,  
 And let no care nor cark thy heart displease.  
 For like unto a bladder blown with wind  
 Thou shalt be tost upon the surging seas.  
 Yet let no dint of dolours thee disease.  
 For why? thou shalt nor perish nor decay,  
 Nor be o'ercome, nor yet be cast away.*

It is found written also, that Sibylla afterwards gave out such a like oracle over the city of Athens—

*The bladder blown may fleet upon the flood,  
 But cannot sink, nor stick in filthy mud.*

Moreover, because he would further yet augment his people and enlarge his city, he enticed many to come and dwell there by offering them the selfsame freedom and privileges which the natural-born citizens had. So that many judge that these words which are in use at this day in Athens, when any open proclamation is made, All people, come ye hither, be the selfsame which Theseus then caused to be proclaimed when he in that sort did gather a people together of all nations. Yet for all that, he suffered not the great multitude that came thither, tag-and-rag, to be without distinction of degrees and orders. For he first divided the noblemen from husbandmen and artificers, appointing the noblemen as judges and magistrates to judge upon matters of religion, and touching the service of the gods; and of them also he did choose rulers, to bear civil office in the commonweal, to determine the law, and to tell all holy and divine things. By this means he made the noblemen and the two

other estates equal in voice. And as the noblemen did pass the other in honour, even so the artificers exceeded them in number, and the husbandmen them in profit. Now that Theseus was the first who of all others yielded to have a commonweal or popular estate (as Aristotle saith), and did give over his regal power: Homer's self seemeth to testify it, in numbering the ships which were in the Grecians' army before the city of Troy. For amongst all the Grecians he only calleth the Athenians people. Moreover, Theseus coined money, which he marked with the stamp of an ox, in memory of the bull of Marathon, or of Taurus, the captain of Minos, or else to provoke his citizens to give themselves to labour. They say also that of this money they were since called Hetacombœon, and Decabœon, which signifieth worth a hundred oxen, and worth ten oxen. Furthermore, having joined all the territory of the city of Megara unto the country of Attica, he caused that notable four-square pillar to be set up for their confines within the Strait of Peloponnesus, and engraved thereupon this superscription, that declareth the separation of both the countries which confine there together. The superscription is this—

*Where Titan doth begin his beams for to display,  
Even that way stands Ionia, in fertile wise alway:  
And where again he goeth adown to take his rest,  
There stands Peloponnesus' land, for there I compt it  
west.*

It was he also which made the games called Isthmia, after the imitation of Hercules, to the end that as the Grecians did celebrate the feast of games called Olympia, in the honour of Jupiter, by Hercules's ordinance, so that they should also celebrate the games called Isthmia, by his order and institution, in the honour of Neptune. For those that were done

in the Straits in the honour of Melicerta, were done in the night, and had rather form of sacrifice or of a mystery than of games and open feast. Yet some will say that these games of Isthmia were instituted in the honour and memory of Sciron, and that Theseus ordained them in satisfaction of his death, because he was his cousin-german, being the son of Canethus and of Heniocha, the daughter of Pitheus. Others say that it was Sinnis and not Sciron, and that for him Theseus made these games, and not for the memory of the other. Howsoever it was, he especially willed the Corinthians that they should give unto those that came from Athens to see their games of Isthmia so much place to sit down before them (in the most honourable part of the feast-place) as the sail of their ship should cover in the which they came from Athens; thus do Hellenicus and Andron Halicarnasæus write hereof. Touching the voyage he made by the sea, Major, Philochorus, and some others, hold opinion that he went thither with Hercules against the Amazons, and that to honour his valiantness Hercules gave him Antiopa the Amazon. But the more part of the other historiographers, namely, Hellenicus, Pherecides, and Herodotus, do write that Theseus went thither alone after Hercules's voyage, and that he took this Amazon prisoner, which is likeliest to be true. For we do not find that any other who went this journey with him had taken any Amazon prisoner besides himself. Bion also, the historiographer, this notwithstanding, saith that he brought her away by deceit and stealth. For the Amazons (saith he) naturally loving men, did not flee at all when they saw them land in their country, but sent them presents, and that Theseus enticed her to come into his ship, who brought him a present, and so soon as she was aboard, he hoisted his sail, and so carried her away. Another historiographer, Mene-

crates, who wrote the history of the city of Nicea, in the country of Bythinia, saith that Theseus, having this Amazon Antiopa with him, remained a certain time upon those coasts, and that amongst others, he had in his company three younger brethren of Athens, Euneus, Thoas, and Solois. This last, Solois, was marvellously in love with Antiopa, and never betrayed it to any of his other companions, saving unto one with whom he was most familiar, and whom he trusted best, so that he reported this matter unto Antiopa. But she utterly rejected his suit, though otherwise she handled it wisely and courteously, and did not complain to Theseus of him. Howbeit, the young man, despairing to enjoy his love, took it so inwardly, that desperately he leapt into the river and drowned himself; which when Theseus understood, and the cause also that brought him to this desperation and end, he was very sorry and angry also. Whereupon he remembered a certain oracle of Pythia, by whom he was commanded to build a city in that place in a strange country where he should be most sorry, and that he should leave some that were about him at that time to govern the same. For this cause, therefore, he built a city in that place, which he named Pythopolis, because he had built it only by the commandment of the nun Pythia. He called the river in the which the young man was drowned Solois, in memory of him, and left his two brethren for his deputies, and as governors of this new city, with another gentleman of Athens, called Hermus. Hereof it cometh that at this day the Pythopolitans call a certain place of their city Hermus's house. But they fail in the accent, by putting it upon the last syllable; for in pronouncing it so Hermus signifieth Mercury. By this means they do transfer the honour due to the memory of Hermus unto the god Mercury. Now hear what was the occasion of the wars of the

Amazons, which methinks was not a matter of small moment, nor an enterprise of a woman. For they had not placed their camp within the very city of Athens, nor had not fought in the very place itself (called Pnyce) adjoining to the temple of the Muses, if they had not first conquered or subdued all the country thereabouts ; neither had they all come at the first so valiantly to assail the city of Athens. Now, whether they came by land from so far a country, or that they passed over an arm of the sea which is called Bosphorus Cimmericus, being frozen, as Hel-  
lanicus saith, it is hardly to be credited. But that they camped within the precincts of the very city itself, the names of the places which continue yet to this present day do witness it, and the graves also of the women which died there. But so it is, that both armies lay a great time one in the face of the other ere they came to battle. Howbeit, at the length Theseus, having first made sacrifice unto Fear, the goddess, according to the counsel of a prophecy he had received, he gave them battle in the month of August, on the same day in the which the Athenians do even at this present solemnise the feast which they call Boedromia. But Clidemus, the historiographer, desirous particularly to write all the circumstances of this encounter, saith that the left point of their battle bent towards the place which they call Amazonion, and that the right point marched by the side of Chrysa, even to the place which is called Pnyce, upon which the Athenians, coming towards the temple of the Muses, did first give their charge. And for proof that this is true, the graves of the women which died in the first encounter are found yet in the great street which goeth toward the gate Piraica, near unto the chapel of the little god Chalclodus. And the Athenians (saith he) were in this place repulsed by the Amazons, even to the place where the images

of Eumenides are, that is to say, of the furies. But on the other side also, the Athenians, coming towards the quarters of Palladium, Ardetus and Lucium drave back their right point even to within their camp, and slew a great number of them. Afterwards, at the end of four months, peace was taken between them by means of one of the women called Hyppolita. For this historiographer calleth the Amazon which Theseus married Hyppolita, and not Antiopa. Nevertheless, some say that she was slain (fighting on Theseus's side) with a dart, by another called Molpadia. In memory whereof the pillar which is joined to the temple of the Olympian ground was set up in her honour. We are not to marvel if the history of things so ancient be found so diversely written. For there are also that write that Queen Antiopa sent those secretly which were hurt then into the city of Calcide, where some of them recovered and were healed, and others also died, which were buried near to the place called Amazonion. Howsoever it was, it is most certain that this war was ended by agreement. For a place adjoining to the temple of Theseus doth bear record of it, being called Orcomosium, because the peace was there by solemn oath concluded. And the sacrifice also doth truly verify it which they have made to the Amazons, before the feast of Theseus, long time out of mind. They of Megara also do show a tomb of the Amazons in their city, which is as they go from the market-place to the place they call Rhus, where they find an ancient tomb, cut in fashion and form of a lozenge. They say that there died others of the Amazons also, near unto the city of Chæronea, which were buried all alongst the little brook passing by the same, which in the old time (in mine opinion) was called Thermodon, and is now named Hæmon, as we have other places written in the life of Demosthenes. And it seemeth also that they did not pass

through Thessaly without fighting ; for there are seen yet of their tombs all about the city of Scotusa, hard by the rocks, which be called the dog's head. And this is that which is worthy memory (in mine opinion) touching the wars of these Amazons. How the poet telleth that the Amazons made wars with Theseus to revenge the injury he did to their Queen Antiopa, refusing her to marry with Phædra, and for the murder which he telleth that Hercules did, that methinks is altogether but device of poets. It is very true that after the death of Antiopa Theseus married Phædra, having had before of Antiopa a son called Hippolytus, or as the poet Pindarus writeth, Demophon. And for that the historiographers do not in anything speak against the tragical poets, in that which concerneth the ill-hap that chanced to him in the persons of this his wife and of his son, we must needs take it to be so as we find it written in the tragedies. And yet we find many other reports touching the marriages of Theseus, whose beginnings had no great good honest ground, neither fell out their ends very fortunate ; and yet for all that they have made no tragedies of them, neither have they been played in the theatres. For we read that he took away Anaxo, the Troezenian, and that after he had killed Sinnis and Cercyon, he took their daughters perforce ; and that he did also marry Peribæa, the mother of Ajax, and afterwards Pherebæa, and Joppa, the daughter of Iphicles. And they blame him much also for that he so lightly forsook his wife Ariadne for the love of Ægles, the daughter of Panopæus, as we have recited before. Lastly, he took away Helen : which ravishment filled all the realm of Attica with wars, and finally was the very occasion that forced him to forsake his country, and brought him at the length to his end, as we will tell you hereafter. Albeit in his time other princes of Greece had done many goodly

and that Hercules was accepted and received into the brotherhood of the mysteries of Eleusin, by the means of the countenance and favour which Theseus showed unto him, and that his purification also was thereby allowed of, who was to be purged of necessity of all his ill deeds and cruelties before he could enter into the company of those holy mysteries. Furthermore, Theseus was fifty years old when he took away Helen and ravished her, which was very young, and not of age to be married, as Hellanicus saith. By reason whereof, some seeking to hide the ravishment of her as a heinous fact, do report it was not he, but one Idas and Lynceus that carried her away, who left her in his custody and keeping, and that Theseus would have kept her from them, and would not have delivered her to her brethren Castor and Pollux, which afterwards did demand her again of him. Others again say it was her own father Tyndarus who gave her him to keep, for that he was afraid of Enarsphorus the son of Hippocoon, who would have had her away by force. But that which cometh nearest to the truth in this case, and which indeed by many authors is testified, was in this sort. Theseus and Pirithous went together to the city of Lacedæmon, where they took away Helen (being yet very young), even as she was dancing in the temple of Diana surnamed Orthia, and they fled for life. They of Lacedæmon sent after her, but those that followed went no further than the city of Tegea. Now when they were escaped out of the country of Peloponnesus, they agreed to draw lots together which of them two should have her, with condition that whose lot it were to have her, he should take her to his wife, and should be bound also to help his companion to get him another. It was Theseus's hap to light upon her, who carried her to the city of Aphidnes, because she was yet too young to be married. Whither he caused his mother to come to bring



her up, and gave his friend called Aphidnus the charge of them both, recommending her to his good care, and to keep it so secretly that nobody should know what was become of her. Because he would do the like for Pirithous (according to the agreement made betwixt them), he went into Epirus with him to steal the daughter of Aidoneus, King of the Molossians, who had surnamed his wife Proserpina, his daughter Proserpina, and his dog Cerberus, with whom he made them fight which came to ask his daughter in marriage, promising to give her to him that should overcome his Cerberus. But the king, understanding that Pirithous was come, not to request his daughter in marriage, but to steal her away, he took him prisoner with Theseus: and as for Pirithous, he caused him presently to be torn in pieces with his dog, and shut Theseus up in close prison. In this meantime there was one at Athens called Menestheus, the son of Peteus, which Peteus was the son of Orneus, and Orneus was the son of Erictheus. This Menestheus was the first that began to flatter the people, and did seek to win the favour of the commonalty by sweet, enticing words, by which device he stirred up the chiefest of the city against Theseus (who indeed long before began to be weary of him) by declaring unto them how Theseus had taken from them their royalties and signiories, and had shut them up in such sort within the walls of a city, that he might the better keep them in subjection and obedience in all things, after his will. The poor, inferior sort of people he did stir up also to rebellion, persuading them that it was no other than a dream of liberty which was promised them, and how contrariwise they were clearly dispossessed and thrown out of their own houses, of their temples, and from their natural places where they were born, to the end only that in lieu of many good and loving lords which they were wont to have before,

they should now be compelled to serve one only head, and a strange lord. Even as Menestheus was very hot about this practice, the war of the Tyndarides fell out at that instant, which greatly furthered his pretence. For these Tyndarides (to wit, the children of Tyndarus) Castor and Pollux, came down with a great army against the city of Athens, and some suspect sore that Menestheus was cause of their coming thither. Howbeit at the first entry they did no hurt at all in the country, but only demanded restitution of their sister. To whom the citizens made answer that they knew not where she was left, and then the brethren began to make spoil, and offer war indeed. Howbeit there was one called Academus, who having knowledge (I cannot tell by what means) that she was secretly hidden in the city of Aphidnes, revealed it unto them. By reason whereof the Tyndarides did always honour him very much so long as he lived, and afterwards the Lacedæmonians, having oft burnt and destroyed the whole country of Attica throughout, they would yet never touch the Academy of Athens for Academus's sake. Yet Dicearchus saith that in the army of the Tyndarides there were two Arcadians, Echedemus and Marathus, and how of the name of one of them it was then called the place of Echedemie, which since hath been called Academia, and after the name of the other there was a village called Marathon, because he willingly offered himself to be sacrificed before the battle, as obeying the order and commandment of a prophecy. So they went and pitched their camp before the city of Aphidnes, and having won the battle, and taken the city by assault, they razed the place. They say that Alycus, the son of Sciron, was slain at this field, who was in the host of the Tyndarides, and that after his name a certain quarter of the territory of Megara was called Alycus, in the which his body was buried. Howbeit Hereas writeth that

Theseus' self did kill him before Aphidnes, in witness whereof he allegeth certain verses which speak of Alycus—

*While as he fought with all his might and main  
(In thy defence, fair Helen, for to fight)  
In Aphidnes upon the pleasant plain,  
Bold Theseus to cruel death him dight.*

Howbeit it is not likely to be true that Theseus being there, the city of Aphidnes and his mother also were taken. But when it was won, they of Athens began to quake for fear, and Menestheus counselled them to receive the Tyndarides into the city, and to make them good cheer, for they would make no wars but upon Theseus, which was the first that had done them the wrong and injury, and that to all other else they should show favour and good-will. And so it fell out. For when the Tyndarides had all in their power to do as they listed, they demanded nothing else but that they might be received into their corporation, and not to be reckoned for strangers, no more than Hercules was, the which was granted the Tyndarides, and Aphidnus did adopt them for his children, as Pylus had adopted Hercules. Moreover, they did honour them as if they had been gods, calling them Anaces. Either because they ceased the wars, or for that they ordered themselves so well that their whole army being lodged within the city, there was not any hurt or displeasure done to any person; but as it became those that have the charge of anything, they did carefully watch to preserve the good quiet thereof. All which this Greek word Anacos doth signify, whereof perchance it comes that they call the kings Anactes. There are others also who hold opinion that they were called Anaces because of their stars which appeared in the air. For the Attican tongue saith Anacas and Anecathen, where the com-

mon people say Ano and Anothén, that is to say, above. Nevertheless Æthra, Theseus' mother, was carried prisoner to Lacedæmon, and from thence to Troy with Helen, as some say, and as Homer himself doth witness in his verses, where he speaketh of the women that followed Helen—

*Æthra, the daughter dear of Pitheus' aged sire,  
And with her fair Clymene, she whose eyes most men  
desire.*

Yet there are others who as well reject these two verses, and maintain they are not Homer's, as also they reprove all that is reported of Munychus. To wit, that Laocide being privily conceived of him by Demophon, he was brought up secretly by Æthra within Troy. But Hester the historian, in his thirteenth of his histories of Attica, maketh a recital far contrary to others, saying that some hold opinion that Paris Alexander was slain in battle by Achilles and Patroclus in the country of Thessaly, near to the river of Sperchius, and that his brother Hector took the city of Troezen, from whence he brought away Æthra, in which there is no manner of appearance or likelihood. But Ædoneus, King of the Molossians, feasting Hercules one day as he passed through his realm, descended by chance into talk of Theseus and of Pirithous, how they came to steal away his daughter secretly, and after told how they were also punished. Hercules was marvellous sorry to understand that one of them was now dead, and the other in danger to die, and thought with himself that to make his moan to Ædoneus it would not help the matter; he besought him only that he would deliver Theseus for his sake. And he granted him. Thus Theseus, being delivered of his captivity, returned to Athens, where his friends were not altogether kept under by his enemies, and at his return he did dedicate to Hercules all the temples

which the city had before caused to be built in his own honour. And where first of all they were called Thesea, he did now surname them all Herculea, excepting four, as Philochorus writeth. Now when he was arrived at Athens, he would immediately have commanded and ordered things as he was wont to do; but he found himself troubled much with sedition, because those who had hated him of a long time had added also to their old cankered hate a disdain and contempt to fear him any more. And the common people now were become so stubborn, that where before they would have done all that they were commanded, and have spoken nothing to the contrary, now they looked to be borne with and flattered. Whereupon Theseus thought at the first to have used force, but he was forced by the faction and contention of his enemies to let all alone, and in the end, despairing he should ever bring his matters to pass to his desire, he secretly sent away his children unto the Isle of Eubœa, to Elphenor, the son of Chalcodus. And himself, after he had made many wishes and curses against the Athenians, in the village of Gargettus, in a place which for that cause to this day is called Aratierod (that is to say, the place of cursings), he did take the seas, and went into the Isle of Sciros, where he had goods, and thought also to have found friends. Lycomedes reigned at that time, and was king of the isle, unto whom Theseus made request for some land, as intending to dwell there; albeit some say that he required him to give him aid against the Athenians. Lycomedes, were it that he doubted to entertain so great a personage, or that he did it to gratify Menestheus, carried him up to the high rocks, feigning as though he would from thence have showed him all his country round about. But when he had him there, he threw him down headlong from the top of the rocks to the bottom, and put him thus unfortunately to death.

Yet others write that he fell down of himself by an unfortunate chance, walking one day after supper, as he was wont to do. There was no man at that time that did follow or pursue his death; but Menestheus quietly remained King of Athens, and the children of Theseus, as private soldiers, followed Elphinor in the wars of Troy. But after the death of Menestheus, who died in the journey to Troy, Theseus' sons returned unto Athens, where they recovered their state. Since there were many occasions which moved the Athenians to reverence and honour him as a demigod. For in the battle of Marathon many thought they saw his shadow and image in arms, fighting against the barbarous people. And after the wars of the Medes (the year whereon Phædon was Governor of Athens) the nun Pithia answered the Athenians, who had sent to the oracle of Apollo, that they should bring back the bones of Theseus, and putting them in some honourable place, they should preserve and honour them devoutly. But it was a hard matter to find his grave, and if they had found it, yet had it been a hard thing to have brought his bones away for the malice of those barbarous people which inhabited that isle, which were so wild and fierce that none could trade or live with them. Notwithstanding Cimon, having taken the island (as we have written in his life) and seeking his grave, perceiving by good hap an eagle pecking with her beak and scraping with her claws in a place of some pretty height, straight it came into his mind (as by divine inspiration) to search and dig the place, where was found the tomb of a great body, with the head of a spear which was of brass, and a sword with it. All which things were brought to Athens by Cimon in the admiral's galley. The Athenians received them with great joy, with processions and goodly sacrifices, as if Theseus himself had been alive, and had returned into the city again. At this day all

these relics lie yet in the midst of the city, near to the place where the young men do use all their exercises of body. There is free liberty of access for all slaves and poor men (that are afflicted and pursued by any mightier than themselves) to pray and sacrifice in remembrance of Theseus, who while he lived was protector of the oppressed, and did courteously receive their requests and petitions that prayed to have aid of him. The greatest and most solemn sacrifice they do unto him is on the eighth day of October, in which he returned from Creta, with the other young children of Athens. Howbeit they do not leave to honour him every eighth day of all other months, either because he arrived from Troezen at Athens the eighth day of June, as Diodorus the cosmographer writeth, or for that they thought that number to be meetest for him, because the bruit ran he was begotten of Neptune. They do sacrifice also to Neptune the eighth day of every month, because the number of eight is the first cube made of even number, and the double of the first square, which doth represent a steadfastness immovable, properly attributed to the might of Neptune, whom for this cause we surname *Asphalius*, and *Gæiochus*, which by interpretation doth signify the safe-keeper and the stayer of the earth.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.



W. W.'s translation of the "Mencœchmi" of Plautus, 1595, supplied Shakespeare with the plot, outline, and part of the material for this drama, but he was also indebted to other scattered information, and possibly the story which is printed from Goulart here may have been seen by him in some earlier publication. Goulart has collected a few other cases of the same kind, but only that selected is of any immediate relevance. Warner's version of the "Mencœchmi," though not published till 1595, had been completed some time before, and handed about among the translator's friends. Probably Shakespeare may have seen it in MS.

No early English version, in print or MS., of the "Amphitruo" of Plautus is known ever to have existed; but the same idea is to be found in it, as indeed is pointed out in the following extract; and Dryden has founded his play of "The Two Sosias" on the story as dramatised by Plautus.

## THE STORY OF THE TWO BROTHERS OF AVIGNON.

(From Goulart's "*Admirable and Memorable  
Histories*," 1607.)

—o—

IN our time there were in Avignon two gentlemen brethren, one resembling another, both born at one birth, sons to an audiercer of the Pope's court. They lived long, well-limbed and strong, flaxen-haired, both short-sighted, of a sweet speech, gentle spirits, and pleasing aspect. They were both learned, affecting to follow great men, and to deal in affairs. They played both of the lute, sung their parts, and did write one like unto another ; the sound of their voice, words, gesture, going, and all their actions were so like, as their father, mother, and brethren were deceived to show the difference. John Willemin, a learned man, hath confessed unto me, that living usually with these two brethren, and talking in a manner hourly unto them, yet he could not distinguish them, so as thinking to impart some secret unto the one, he found afterwards that it was the other ; so as it was a reviving of Sosias in Plautus Amphitrio. Moreover, these two brethren have been surprised at one instant, and separated one from another, they have been touched with one desire, and thought upon the like design. Besides, one being sick, the other did likewise feel the apprehension, and did suffer some

part of his brother's grief. Moreover, the one not knowing anything of the other, being both affected to one great woman, she made them the like answers, but severally, and at diverse hours, unknown one unto another, to whom the gentlewoman answered, sometimes to the one, thinking it had been the other, then to the second, whom she made much of under this veil, which deceived her by the report of his countenance with his brother's. To conclude, the difference could never be known but by themselves; the one having a certain mark on his neck which he brought from his mother's womb, by the impression whereof nature would make some difference, thereby to take away that perfect resemblance, and to hold her propriety, which is to rejoice in the diversity of things.—*In the 2d tome of "Prodigious Histories," Part II. Hist. 1.*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

THE two chief sources of Shakespeare's obligation in respect to his "Romeo and Juliet," are Arthur Broke's novel, translated from *Bandello*, and printed in 1562 and 1587, and the story of "Romeus and Julietta," included in Paynter's "*Palace of Pleasure*," 1566-7.

Mr F. W. Cosens has lately favoured his friends with a private impression of two Spanish plays on the same story, in an English dress, by Lope de Vega, and *Rojas y Zorilla*; but these works, though founded on the old family feuds of the two great Italian families, handed down by tradition, and first embodied in a poetical form by Luigi da Porto, differ in the conduct of the narrative, and in the catastrophe.

Mr Halliwell's "*Dictionary of Old Plays*," 8°, 1860, takes no notice of the Latin play on this favourite story anterior to Shakespeare's, and also in all probability to Broke's novel, of which a fragment is in Sloane MS., 1775. It is not likely, however, to have served Shakespeare.

## MR COLLIER'S INTRODUCTION.

—o—

THE present publication consists of two portions—the one a poem by Arthur Broke, the other a prose narrative by William Paynter. The first purports to be a translation from Bandello; the second is a literal version of a story in Belleforest's "*Histoires Tragiques*." It will be more convenient to speak of them separately.

Only three copies of the earliest edition of the poem by Broke are known; one at Oxford, in Malone's Collection, from which our re-impression has been made, a second in the library of Mr Huth, and another at Cambridge, among Capell's books. The latter is defective in the preliminary matter, wanting the prose address "To the Reader;" so that the only known perfect exemplars are Mr Huth's and that in the Bodleian Library. Our heartiest acknowledgments are due to the Rev. Dr Bandinel for the very kind assistance he afforded in collating our transcript, by which means some glaring and important errors committed by Malone in his reprint (first given in his "*Supplement*," 1780, i., 276) have been corrected, and the work is now presented to the reader as nearly as possible as it issued from the press of Richard Tottle in 1562.<sup>1</sup> It consists of eighty-four

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<sup>1</sup> [The text of 1844 has been carefully collated with the copy of the edit. of 1562 in Mr Huth's possession.]

numbered leaves, besides four of introduction. We have not thought it right to correct even the obvious errors of the early press, in order that the poem might be read in its most genuine state: thus, on p. 92, l. 18, the word "befylde" occurs, instead of *defylde*: on p. 175, we meet with "tempted" for *tempered*, &c. It was again entered by Tottell on the books of the Stationers' Company in 1582; but if any such edition were published, we have never had an opportunity of examining it. It was reprinted by R. Robinson in 1587, with the following explanatory addition to the title, which Ritson supposed to be the first title ("Bibliogr. Poet." p. 144), "contayning in it a rare example of true constancie, with the subtill counsellis and practises of an old fryer, and their ill event." "A new ballad of Romeo and Juliett" was entered on the Stationers' books in 1596 by Edward White, but no copy of it is known, and it was probably a different and a shorter publication. Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet" was first printed in 1597, and it has been conjectured by Malone that it was written in the preceding year; it is therefore possible, though not probable, that White, in the indefinite language of the time, meant the play when he called it a "ballad," and that he wished to establish some prior claim to the publication of Shakespeare's tragedy.

It will be observed that on the title-page of Broke's poem, the story is said to have been "written first in Italian by Bandell," as if Broke had versified the novel as he found it in Bandello; but such is by no means the case, for he much more closely follows the authority which we shall presently see that Paynter employed a few years afterwards. However, he is not at all faithful to any preceding narrative that has ever been pointed out, or that we have been able to consult: the truth is, that Broke's poem reads more like an original work than a translation, though in

the body of it he several times (in imitation of the romance writers of Italy) speaks of his author, and inserts such expressions as "the written story saith." In some places Broke writes as if in the character of a minstrel addressing a listening auditory :—

*" If any man be here whom love hath clad with care  
To him I speake," &c.*

It is a production of singular beauty for the time, full of appropriate and graceful imagery ; and although the similes and other figures may now and then be a little too highly wrought, or not quite in the best taste, it places Broke, in this style of writing, above any known competitor. Bernard Garter's "Tragicall and true History, which happened betwene two English Lovers" (printed by R. Tottell in 1565) was composed in decided imitation of Arthur Broke's "Romeus and Juliet," perhaps in consequence of the success of it, but it is inferior in every poetical quality. Those who have hitherto spoken of Broke's poem have not spoken of it as it deserves ; and the commentators on Shakespeare seem scarcely to have ventured (even if they had formed) an opinion upon its merits. Here and there the author employs a few archaisms, such as "gleade" for *fire*, "blyn" for *cease*, &c. ; but in general the tale is told with much simplicity, and the descriptions are sometimes elaborately minute, and afford very striking and graceful pictures. One of these, in a single couplet, may be quoted from p. 142, where Romeo and Juliet, in their grief at his banishment, are standing together—

*" But on his brest her hed doth joylesse Juliet lay,  
And on her slender necke his chyn doth ruthfull  
Romeus stay :"*

which would afford an excellent and a touching subject for any modern artist with taste and talent for



illustration. It is, at all events, much more pleasing and poetical than Dante's simile in his "Inferno," canto xxix., where he likens two weeping lovers, leaning against each other, to two pans reared up to drain at a cottage door. Broke's versification consists throughout of alternate lines of twelve and fourteen syllables, a measure that was frequently thus divided, for the convenience of printing :—

*" There is beyonde the Alps  
A towne of auntient fame,  
Whose bright renoune yet shineth cleare,  
Verona men it name."*

In our impression, as the width of the page would allow it, the lines are printed at length. It will be found that the author was partial to double rhymes, which he introduces without constraint, and with considerable judgment, in order to lighten the weight of monosyllabic terminations. In this, and some other respects, he writes like a practised versifier ; and in the introductory lines "To the Reader" he tells us that he had composed other works "in divers kindes of styles," adding—

*" The eldest of them, loe,  
I offer to the stake; my youthfull woerke," &c.*

The whole passage reads as if Broke intended by it to apologise for the imperfections of an early production, which, later in life, he thought fit to publish.

How old he might be in 1562 we have no means of knowing ; but he tells us himself, in our reprint, where he speaks in his own person, that he was unmarried. He was dead in 1563 : in that year came out, "An Agreement of sundry places of Scripture," collected by Arthur Broke, and in some verses prefixed, and subscribed Thomas Brooke, we are informed that the author had perished by shipwreck. George Turberville, among his "Epitaphs and other

Poems," 1567, has one "On the death of Maister Arthur Brooke, drownde in passing to Newhaven." That it was the same Arthur Broke cannot be doubted, because Turbervile mentions the story of "Romeus and Juliett" as a proof that the person who was drowned "for metre did excel." This epitaph supplies the only certain evidence that "The Tragicall Historye of Romeus and Juliet" was by Broke; for, as our readers will perceive, the title-page merely states "and nowe in Englishe, by Ar. Br."

All it is necessary to say of William Paynter, and of his portion of the following work, may be put in a shorter compass. He was Clerk of the Armoury (Lansd. MS., No. 5) to Queen Elizabeth, not long after she came to the throne, and he published "The goodly history of the true and constant love betwene Rhomeo and Julietta," as part of "the second tome" of his "Palace of Pleasure," a collection of stories derived from various sources, ancient and modern. He dates the dedication of this "second tome," the 4th of November 1567, five years after Broke's poem had appeared, and "two years almost" after the first tome of "The Palace of Pleasure" had been published. Paynter's novel, as we have already stated, is a literal translation from Belleforest's "Histoires Tragiques, extraictes des Œuvres de Bandel, et mises en langue Françoisse, les six premières par Pierre Boaistuau, &c., et les suyantes par François Belleforest;" and as it forms the third history in that collection, it follows that it was *mis en langue Françoisse* by Boaistuau, and not by Belleforest. It is there called "Histoire de deux Amans, dont l'un mourut de venin, l'autre de tristesse;" but it differs from Bandello in more respects than amplification: in his work it forms the ninth novel of the second part, and is entitled "La sfortunata morte di dui infelicissimi Amanti, che l'uno di veleno, e l'altro di dolore morirono."

The original narrator of the story of Romeo and Juliet, as far as has yet been ascertained, was Luigi da Porto, of Vincenza, who died in 1529, and whose novel was not printed until six years afterwards in Venice. It was reprinted in 1539, and again in 1553, and obtained great notoriety. Whence Luigi da Porto derived his materials is uncertain, but Douce ("Illustrations of Shakespeare," ii. 198) has pointed out a strong resemblance between some of the chief incidents in "Romeo and Juliet" and those in the Greek romance of Xenophon of Ephesus, called "The Love Adventures of Abrocomas and Anthia." It is pretty clear, however, that Bandello borrowed from Luigi da Porto, and we are quite sure that Boaistuau followed Bandello (varying the conclusion), and that Paynter translated Boaistuau. Boaistuau asserts that in his day the remembrance of the incidents was so recent, *qu'à peine en sont essuies les yeux de ceux qui ont veu ce piteux spectacle*; which Paynter thus renders:—"The memory whereof to thys day is so wel known at Verona, as unneths their blubbred eyes be yet dry, that saw and beheld that lamentable sight." This assertion seems to have been merely gratuitous on the part of Boaistuau, for Bandello says nothing of the kind, knowing, perhaps, how much older the story really was than such a statement would lead readers to imagine. Bandello merely observes, *verrà à dirvi un pietoso caso ed infortunio grandissimo, che à dui nobilissimi amanti avvenne*. Paynter was only a servile copyist of his French original, and there is certainly little grace or ease of style to recommend his translation. Unlike Broke, Paynter invented and added nothing.

It was natural, therefore, that Shakespeare, when he took up the story of "Romeo and Juliet" as a fit subject for the stage, should turn from Paynter's hard, cold, and dry narrative to Broke's more attractive and interesting poem. To those who read the play with

an eye to the two pieces now reprinted, it will be evident that Shakespeare was more indebted to Broke than to Paynter, and Malone has thus enumerated his reasons for thinking so.

"1. In the poem, the Prince of Verona is called *Escalus*; so also in the play. In Paynter's translation from Boaistuau, he is named *Signor Escala*, and sometimes Lord Bartholomew of *Escala*. 2. In Paynter's novel, the family name of Romeo are called the *Montesches*; in the poem and in the play, the *Montagues*. 3. The messenger employed by Friar Lawrence to carry a letter to Romeo, to inform him when Juliet would awake from her trance, is in Paynter's translation called *Anselme*; in the poem and in the play, Friar *John* is employed in this business. 4. The circumstance of Capulet's writing down the names of the guests whom he invites to supper is found in the poem and in the play, but is not mentioned by Paynter, nor is it found in the original Italian novel. 5. The residence of the Capulets in the original and in Paynter is called *Villa Franca*; in the poem and in the play, *Freetown*. 6. Several passages of 'Romeo and Juliet' appear to have been formed on hints furnished by the poem, of which no traces are found either in Paynter's novel or in Boaistuau, or in the original; and several expressions are borrowed from thence, which will be found in their proper places."—*Malone's Shakespeare, by Boswell*, vi. 3.

These "proper places" are, of course, the notes to Malone's edition of "Romeo and Juliet," and it is needless to repeat them here. The result is to render it pretty clear that Shakespeare made comparatively little use of Paynter's version, while his obligations to Broke were numerous and considerable.

To what degree our great dramatist might also be indebted to some earlier and now lost tragedy must

be matter of mere conjecture. One point is quite certain from Arthur Broke's address "To the Reader," viz., that prior to 1562 the subject had been brought upon the English stage: his words are the more remarkable, because he gives extraordinary commendation to the piece, and the excellence of his own work shows that he must have been a competent judge. "Though," he says, "I saw the same argument lately set forth on stage with more commendation than I can looke for, being there much better set forth then I have or can dooe." Thus we see that there was not only a play, but, in the estimation of Broke, a good play, upon the history of "Romeo and Juliet" in the very commencement of the reign of Elizabeth,<sup>1</sup> for the term "lately" would scarcely warrant us in going back beyond the year 1558. This fact furnishes the strongest evidence of the popularity of the incidents, even before Broke made use of them; and the possibility that Shakespeare availed himself, in 1596, of the work of some older playwright is considered in "The History of English Dramatic Poetry and the Stage," ii. 416.

It ought to be mentioned that, two years before Paynter published his translation, what may be called the "argument" of it, was thus stated by T. Peend, or Delapeend, in his "Pleasant Fable of Hermaphroditus and Salmacis," 1565:—"A noble mayden of the cytye Verona, in Itayle, whyche loved Romeus, eldest soone of the Lorde Montesche, and beinge pryvely maryed togyther, he at last poysoned hymselfe for love of her. She, for sorowe of his death, slewe selfe in the same tombe with hys dagger." This is inserted by way of explanation of a passage in the

<sup>1</sup> [Perhaps the Latin play, supposed by Hunter to be anterior to Shakespeare, of which an imperfect copy is among the Sloane MSS.]

poem, in which the names "Juliet and Romeus" are introduced.

In truth, the story must have been very familiar to everybody long before Shakespeare thought fit to adopt it for the company to which he belonged. One early notice of it, three-and-twenty years older than the date of the first edition of "*Romeo and Juliet*," is to be found in "*A right excellent and pleasant Dialogue betwene Mercury and a Souldier*," 8°, 1574; and there the author, Barnabe Rich, informs us that, "the pittifull history of Romeus and Julietta" was represented upon tapestry, as if it were then not an uncommon subject for that species of domestic illustration. The next allusion to it is in "*The Gorgeous Gallery of Gallant Inventions*," 1578; and in the following year we find it spoken of in "*A Poor Knight his Palace of Private Pleasure*;" while Stanyhurst, in his Epitaph at the end of his hexametrical translation of "*The first foure bookes of Virgil's Æneis*," 1582, places Juliet in the same line with Dido and Cleopatra. The last instance to which it is necessary to allude is contained in Melbancke's "*Philotimus—the Warre betwixt Nature and Fortune*," 1583.

It will be observed that Broke, Paynter, and Shakespeare all conclude the story in the same manner: Juliet does not wake from her trance in the tomb until Romeo is dead; but in Luigi da Porto's narrative, and in Bandello's novel founded upon it, she recovers her senses in time to hear him speak, and to see him expire: instead of stabbing herself with his dagger, she dies, as it were, of a broken heart, on the body of her lover.

*THE TRAGICALL HIS  
torye of Romeus and Iuliet, writ-  
ten first in Italian by Bandell,  
and nowe in Englishe by  
Ar. Br.*

*In ædibus Richardi Tottelli.  
Cum Privilegio.*

## TO THE READER.



THE God of all glorye created universallie all creatures, to sette forth his prayse, both those whiche we esteme profitable in use and pleasure, and also those whiche we accompte noysome and lothsome. But principally he hath appointed man, the chiefest instrument of his honour, not onely, for ministryng matter thereof in man himselfe : but as well in gatheryng out of other, the occasions of publishing Gods goodnes, wisdomes, & power. And in like sort, everie dooing of man hath by Goddes dyspensacion some thyng, whereby God may, and ought to be honored. So the good doynge of the good, & the evill actes of the wicked, the happy successe of the blessed, and the wofull proceedinges of the miserable, doe in diveis sorte sound one prayse of God. And as eche flower yeldeth hony to the bee : so every example ministreth good lessons to the well disposed mynde. The glorious triumphe of the continent man upon the lustes of wanton fleshe, encourageth men to honest restraynt of wyld affections, the shamefull and wretched endes of such, as have yelded their libertie thrall to fowle desires, teache men to withholde them selves from the hedlong fall of loose dishonestie. So, to lyke effect, by sundry meanes, the good mans example byddeth men to be good, and the evill mans mischefe, warneth men not to be evyll. To this good ende, serve all ill endes, of yll begynnynge. And to



this ende (good Reader) is this tragicall matter written to describe unto thee a coople of unfortunate lovers, thralling themselves to unhonest desire, neglecting the authoritie and advise of parents and frendes, conferring their principall counsels with drunken gossypes, and superstitious friers (the naturally fitte instrumentes of unchastitie) attemptyng all adventures of peryll, for thattaynyng of their wished lust, usyng auricular confession (the key of whoredome and treason) for furtheraunce of theyr purpose, abusyng the honorable name of lawefull marriage, to cloke the shame of stolne contractes, finallye, by all meanes of unhonest lyfe, hastyng to mostunhappye deathe. This president (good Reader) shalbe to thee, as the slaves of Lacedemon, oppressed with excesse of drinke, deformed and altered from likenes of men, both in mynde, and use of body, were to the free borne children, so shewed to them by their parentes, to thintent to rayse in them an hatefull lothyng of so filthy beastlynes. Hereunto if you applye it, ye shall deliver my dooing from offence, and profit your selves. Though I saw the same argument lately set foorth on stage with more commendation, then I can looke for: (being there much better set forth then I have or can dooe) yet the same matter penned as it is, may serve to lyke good effect, if the readers do brynge with them lyke good myndes, to consider it, which hath the more encouraged me to publishe it, suche as it is. Ar. Br.

TO THE READER.



AMID the desert rockes, the mountaine beare  
Bringes forth unform, unlyke herselfe her yonge ;  
Nought els but lumpes of fleshe, withouten heare.  
In tract of time, her often lycking tong  
Geves them such shape, as doth (ere long) delight  
The lookers on ; or when one dogge doth shake  
With moosled mouth, the joyntes too weake to fight,  
Or when upright he standeth by his stake,  
(A noble creast,) or wylde in savage wood,  
A dosyn dogges one holdeth at a baye,  
With gaping mouth, and stayned jawes with blood.  
Or els, when from the farthest heavens, they  
The lode starres are, the wery pilates marke,  
In stormes to gyde to haven the tossed barke ;—

Right so my muse  
Hath (now at length) with travell long brought forth  
Her tender whelpes, her divers kindes of style,  
Such as they are, or nought, or little woorth,  
Which carefull travell and a longer whyle  
May better shape. The eldest of them'loe,  
I offer to the stake ; my youthfull woorke,  
Which one reprochefull mouth might overthrowe :  
The rest (unlickt as yet) a whyle shall lurke,  
Tyll tyme geve strength, to meete and match in fight  
With slaunders whelpes. Then shall they tell of stryfe,  
Of noble tryumphes, and deedes of martial might,  
And shall geve rules of chast and honest lyfe.  
The whyle, I pray, that ye with favour blame,  
Or rather not reprove the laughing game

Of this my muse.

### *THE ARGUMENT.*

---

Love hath inflamed twayne by sodayn sight,  
And both do graunt the thing that both desyre ;  
They wed in shrift by counsell of a frier ;  
Yong Romeus clymes fayre Juliets bower by night.  
Three monthes he doth enioy his cheefe delight :  
By Tybalts rage, provoked unto yre,  
He payeth death to Tybalt for his hyre.  
A banisht man he scapes by secret flight :  
New mariage is offred to his wyfe :  
She drinkes a drinke that seemes to reve her breath  
They bury her, that sleping yet hath lyfe.  
Her husband heares the tydinges of her death ;  
He drinkes his bane , and she with Romeus knyfe,  
When she awakes, her selfe (alas) she sleath.



## *Romeus and Iuliet.*



THERE is beyonde the Alps, a towne of auncient  
fame,  
Whose bright renoune yet shineth cleare, Verona men  
it name ;  
Bylt in an happy time, bylt on a fertile soyle :  
Mayntained by the heavenly fates, and by the townish  
toyle.  
The fruitfull hilles above, the pleasant vales belowe,  
The silver streame with chanell depe, that through the  
towne doth flowe ;  
The store of springes that serve for use, and eke for  
ease :  
And other moe commodities, which profite may and  
please ;  
Eke many certaine signes of thinges betyde of olde,  
To fyll the houngrы eyes of those that curiously be-  
holde ;  
Doe make this towne to be preferde above the rest  
Of Lumbard townes, or at the least compared with the  
best.

In which whyle Escalus as prince alone dyd raigne,  
To reache rewarde unto the good, to paye the lewde  
with payne,

Alas (I rewe to thinke) an heavy happe befell:  
Which Boccace skant (not my rude tong) were able  
forth to tell.

Within my trembling handle, my penne doth shake for  
feare,

And on my colde amased head, upright doth stand my  
heare.

But sith shce doth commaunde, whose hest I must  
obaye,

In moorning verse, a wofull chaunce to tell I will assaye.  
Helpe learned Pallas, helpe, ye Muses with your arte,  
Helpe all ye damned feends to tell, of joyes retourned  
to smart.

Helpe eke ye sisters three, my skillesse pen tindyte:  
For you it causd which I (alas) unable am to wryte.

There were two auncient stockes, which Fortune  
high dyd place

Above the rest, indewd with welth, and nobler of their  
race,

Loved of the common sort, loved of the prince alike,  
And like unhappy were they both, when Fortune list  
to strike.

Whose prayse with equal blast, Fame in her trumpet  
blew;

The one was cliped Capelet, and thother Montagew.

A wonted use it is, that men of likely sorte,

(I wot not by what furye forsd) envye eche others  
porte.

So these, whose egall state bred envye pale of hew,  
And then of gudging envyes roote, blacke hate and  
rancor grewe.

As of a little sparke, oft ryseth mighty fyre,  
So of a kyndled sparke of grudge, in flames flashe out  
theyr yre:

And then theyr deadly foode, first hatchd of trifling  
stryfe,

Did bathe in bloud of smarting woundes, it reved  
breth and lyfe.

No legend lye I tell, scarce yet theyr eyes be drye,  
That did behold the grisly sight, with wet and weping  
eye.

But when the prudent prince, who there the scepter  
helde,

So great a new disorder in his common weale behelde ;  
By jentyll meane he sought, their choler to asswage ;  
And by perswasion to appease, their blameful furious  
rage.

But both his woords and time, the prince hath spent  
in vayne ;

So rooted was the inward hate, he lost his buysy  
payne.

When frendly sage advise, ne jentyll woords avayle ;  
By thondring threats, and princely powre their courage  
gan he quayle.

In hope that when he had the wasting flame supprest,  
In time he should quyte quench the sparks that boornd  
within their brest.

Now whilst these kyndreds do remayne in this estate,  
And eche with outward frendly shew dooth hyde his  
inward hate :

One Romeus, who was of race a Montague,  
Upon whose tender chyn, as yet, no manlyke beard  
there grewe,

Whose beauty and whose shape so farre the rest did  
stayne :

That from the cheefe of Veron youth he greatest fame  
dyd gayne,

Hath founde a mayde so fayre (he found so foule his  
happe)

Whose beauty, shape, and comely grace, did so his  
heart entrappe,

That from his owne affayres, his thought she did  
remove ;

Onely he sought to honor her, to serve her, and to love.  
To her he writeth oft, oft messengers are sent,  
At length (in hope of better speede) himselfe the lover  
went ;

Present to pleade for grace, which absent was not  
founde :

And to discover to her eye his new receaved wounde.  
But she that from her youth was fostred evermore  
With vertues foode, and taught in schole of wisdomes  
skillfull lore :

By aunswere did cutte of thaffections of his love,  
That he no more occasion had so vayne a sute to  
move.

So sterne she was of chere, (for all the payne he tooke)  
That in reward of toyle, she would not geve a frendly  
looke.

And yet how much she did with constant minde retyre :  
So much the more his fervent minde was prickt fourth  
by desyre.

But when he many monthes, hopelesse of his recure,  
Had served her, who forced not what paynes he did  
endure :

At length he thought to leave Verona, and to prove  
If chaunge of place might chaunge awaye his ill-be-  
stowed love ;

And speaking to himselfe, thus gan he make his mone:  
“ What booteth me to love and serve a fell unthank-  
full one,

Sith that my humble sute and labour sowed in vayne,  
Can reape none other fruite at all but scorne and  
proude disclayne ?

What way she seekes to goe, the same I seeke to  
runne :

But she the path wherein I treade, with speedy flight  
doth shunne.

I can not live, except that nere to her I be ;  
 She is ay best content when she is furthest of from me.  
 Wherefore henceforth I will farre from hei take my  
 flight ;

Perhaps mine eye once banished by absence from her  
 sight,

This fyre of myne, that by her pleasant cyne is fed,  
 Shall little and little weare away, and quite at last be ded."

But whilest he did decree this purpose still to kepe,  
 A contrary repugnant thought sanke in his breast so  
 depe :

That douteful is he now which of the twayne is best :  
 In sighs, in teares, in plainte, in care, in sorow and  
 unrest,

He mones the daye, he wakes the long and wery  
 night ;

So deepe hath love with pearcing hand, ygravd her  
 bewty bright

Within his brest, and hath so mastred quite his hart :  
 That he of force must yeld as thrall ; no way is left to  
 start.

He can not staye his steppc, but forth still must be  
 ronne,

He languisheth and melts awaye, as snow against the  
 sonne.

His kyndred and alyes do wonder what he ayles,  
 And eche of them in frendly wise his heavy hap be-  
 wayles.

But one emong the rest, the trustiest of his fecres,  
 Farre more than he with counsel fild, and ryper of his  
 yeeres,

Gan sharply him rebuke, suche love to him he bare :  
 That he was felow of his smart, and partner of his care.

"What meanst thou Romeus (quoth he) what doting  
 rage

Dooth make thee thus consume away, the best parte  
 of thine age,



In seeking her that scornes, and hydes her from thy  
sight,  
Not forsing all thy great expence, ne yet thy honor  
bright,  
Thy teares, thy wretched lyfe, ne thine unspotted  
truth:  
Which are of force (I weene) to move the hardest hart  
to ruth.  
Now for our frendships sake, and for thy health I  
pray ;  
That thou hencefoorth become thine owne ; O geve  
no more away  
Unto a thankeles wight, thy precious free estate :  
In that thou lovest such a one, thou seemst thy selfe  
to hate.  
For she doth love els where (and then thy time is  
lorne)  
Or els (what bootest thee to sue) Loves court she hath  
forsworne.  
Both yong thou art of yeres, and high in Fortunes  
grace :  
What man is better shapd then thou ? who hath a  
swetter face ?  
By painfull studies meane, great learning hast thou  
wonne :  
Thy parentes have none other heyre, thou art theyr  
onely sonne.  
What greater grieve (trowst thou ?) what wofull dedly  
smart  
Should so be able to distraine thy seely fathers hart ?  
As in his age to see thee plunged deepe in vyce,  
When greatest hope he hath to heare thy vertues fame  
arise.  
What shall thy kinsmen thinke, thou cause of all theyr  
ruth ?  
Thy dedly foes do laugh to skorne thy yll employed  
youth.

Wherefore my counsell is, that thou henceforth be-  
ginne

To knowe and flye the errour which to long thou  
livedst in.

Remove the veale of love, that keepes thine eyes so  
blynde,

That thou ne canst the ready path of thy forefathers  
fynde.

But if unto thy will so much in thrall thou art,

Yet in some other place bestowe thy witles wandering  
hart.

Choose out some worthy dame, her honor thou and  
serve,

Who will geve eare to thy complaint, and pittie ere  
thou sterue.

But sow no more thy paynes in such a barrayne soyle !  
As yeldes in harvest time no crop, in recompence of  
toyle.

Ere long the townishe dames together will resort :

Some one of bewty, favour, shape, and of so lovely  
porte,

With so fast fixed eye, perhaps thou mayst beholde :

That thou shalt quite forget thy love, and passions  
past of olde."

The yong mans lystning eare recivde the holesome  
sounde,

And reasons truth yplanted so, within his head had  
grounde ;

That now with healthy coole ytempred is the heate,  
And piecemcale weares away the greefe that erst his  
heart dyd freate.

To his approved frend, a solemne othe he plight,

At every feast ykept by day, and banquet made by  
night,

At pardons in the churche, at games in open streate,

And every where he would resort were Ladies wont  
to meete ;

Eke should his savage heart lyke all indifferently,  
For he would view and judge them all with unallured  
eye.

How happy had he been, had he not been forsworne;  
But twyse as happy had he been, had he been never  
borne.

For ere the Moone could thryse her wasted hornes  
renew,  
False Fortune cast for him, poore wretch, a myschiefe  
newe to brewe.

The wery winter nightes restore the Christmas  
games,  
And now the season doth invite to banquet townish  
dames.

And fyrst in Capels house, the chiefe of all the kyn  
Sparth for no cost, the wonted use of banquets to  
begyn.

No Lady fayre or fowle was in Verona towne,  
No knight or gentleman of high or lowe renowne;  
But Capilet himselfe hath byd unto his feast,  
Or by his name in paper sent, appoynted as a geast.  
Yong damsels thether flocke, of bachelers a rowte,  
Not so much for the banquets sake, as bewties to  
searche out.

But not a Montagew would enter at his gate,  
For as you heard, the Capilets and they were at  
debate.

Save Romeus, and he, in maske with hidden face:  
The supper done, with other five dyd prease into the  
place.

When they had maskd a whyle, with dames in courtly  
wise,

All did unmaske, the rest dyd shew them to theyr  
ladies eyes;

But bashfull Romeus, with shamefast face forsooke  
The open prease, and him withdrew into the chambers  
nooke.

But brighter then the sunne, the waxen torches shone :  
That mauger what he could, he was espyd of every one.  
But of the women cheefe, theyr gasing eyes that threwe  
To woonder at his sightly shape and bewties spotles  
hewe ;

With which the heavens him had and nature so bedect,  
That Ladies thought the fayrest dames were fowle in  
his respect.

And in theyr head beside, an other woonder rose,  
How he durst put himselfe in throng among so many  
foes.

Of courage stoute they thought his cumming to  
procede :

And women love an hardy hart as I in stories rede.  
The Capilets disdayne the presence of theyr foe,  
Yet they suppress the styreed yre, the cause I do  
not knowe :

Perhaps toffend theyr gestic the courteous knights are  
loth,

Perhaps they stay from sharpe revenge, dreading the  
Princes wroth.

Perhaps for that they shamd to exercise theyr rage :  
Within their house, gainst one alone, and him of tender  
age.

They use no taunting talke, no harme him by theyr  
deede :

They neyther say, what makst thou here, no yet they  
say God speede.

So that he freely might the Ladies view at ease :  
And they also behelding him, their chaunge of fansies  
please.

Which Nature had him taught to doe with such a grace,  
That there was none but joyed at his being there in  
place.

With upright beame he wayd the bewty of eche dame,  
And judgd who best, and who next her, was wrought  
in natures frame.

At length he saw a mayd, right fayre of perfect shape,  
Which Theseus or Paris would have chosen to their  
rape.

Whom erst he never sawe, of all she pleasde him most :  
Within himselfe he sayd to her, thou justly mayst thee  
boste

Of perfit shapes renoune, and beauties sounding prayse,  
Whose like ne hath, ne shalbe seene, ne liveth in our  
dayes.

And whilst he fixd on her his partiall perced eye,  
His former love, for which of late he ready was to dye,  
Is nowe as quite forgotte, as it had never been :  
The proverbe saith, unminded oft are they that are  
unseene.

And as out of a planke a nayle a nayle doth drive,  
So novell love out of the minde the auncient love doth  
rive.

This sodain kindled fyre in time is wox so great,  
That onely death and both theyr blouds might quench  
the fiery heate.

When Romeus saw himselfe in this new tempest tost,  
Where both was hope of pleasant port, and daunger  
to be lost :

He doubtfull, skasely knew what countenance to  
keepe ;

In Lethies floud his wonted flames were quenched  
and drenched deepe.

Yea he forgets himselfe, ne is the wretch so bolde  
To aske her name, that without force hath him in  
bondage folde.

Ne how tunloose his bondes doth the poore foole  
devise,

But onely seeketh by hersight to feede his houngrы eyes :  
Through them he swalloweth downe loves sweete  
empoysonde baite :

How surely are the wareless wrapt by those that lye in  
wayte ?

So is the poyson spred throughout his bones and  
vaines,  
That in a while (alas the while) it hasteth deadly  
paines.

Whilst Juliet (for so this gentle damsell hight)  
From syde to syde on every one dyd cast about her  
sight :

At last her floting eyes were ancored fast on him,  
Who for her sake dyd banishe health and fredome  
from eche limme.

He in her sight did seeme to passe the rest as farre  
As Phoebus shining beames do passe the brightnes of  
a starre.

In wayte laye warlike Love with golden bowe and  
shaft,  
And to his eare with steady hand the bowstring up he  
raft.

Till now she had escapde his sharpe inflaming darte :  
Till now he listed not assaulte her yong and tender  
hart.

His whetted arrow loosde, so touchd her to the  
quicke,  
That through the eye it strake the hart, and there the  
hedde did sticke.

It booted not to strive, for why, she wanted strength ;  
The weaker aye unto the strong of force must yeld at  
length.

The pomps now of the feast her heart gyns to despyse ;  
And onely joyeth when her eyen meete with her  
lovers eyes.

When theyr new smitten heartes had fed on loving  
gleames :

Whilst passing too and fro theyr eyes ymingled were  
theyr beames.

Eche of these lovers gan by others lookes to knowe,  
That frendship in their brest had roote, and both  
would have it grow.

When thus in both theyr harts had Cupide made his  
breache :  
And eche of them had sought the meane to end the  
warre by speache,  
Dame Fortune did assent theyr purpose to advaunce :  
With torche in hand a comly knight did fetch her  
foorth to daunce ;  
She quit herselfe so well, and with so trim a grace,  
That she the cheefe prayse wan that night from all  
Verona race.  
The whilst our Romeus a place had warely wonne,  
Nye to the seate where she must sit, the daunce once  
beyng donne.  
Fayre Juliet tourned to her chayre with pleasantcheere,  
And glad she was her Romeus approched was so neere.  
At thone syde of her chayre her lover Romeo,  
And on the other syde there sat one cald Mercutio ;  
A courtier that eche where was highly had in pryce,  
For he was coorteous of his speche, and pleasant of  
devise.  
Even as a Lyon would among the lambes be bolde,  
Such was among the bashfull maydes, Mercutio to  
beholde.  
With frendly gripe he ceasd fayre Juliets snowish  
hand :  
A gyft he had that Nature gave him in his swathing  
band,  
That frosen mountayne yse was never halfe so cold,  
As were his handes, though nere so neer the fire he  
dyd them holde.  
As soone as had the knight the vyrgins right hand  
raught,  
Within his trembling hand her left hath loving Romeus  
caught.  
For he wist well himselfe for her abode most payne,  
And well he wist she loved him best unless she list to  
fayne.

Then she with tender hand his tender palme hath prest;  
What joy trow you was graffed so in Romeus cloven  
brest?

The soodain sweete delight had stopped quite his tong,  
Ne can he claime of her his right, ne crave redresse of  
wrong.

But she espyd straight waye, by chaunging of his hewe  
From pale to red, from red to pale, and so from pale  
anewe;

That vehment love was cause, why so his tong dyd stay,  
And so much more she longde to heare what Love  
could teache him saye.

When she had longed long, and he long held his peace,  
And her desire of hearing him, by sylence dyd encrease,  
At last with trembling voyce and shamefast chere, the  
mayde

Unto her Romeus tournde her selfe, and thus to him  
she sayde :

O blessed be the time of thy arrivall here :

But ere she could speake forth the rest, to her Love  
drew so nere :

And so within her mouth, her tonge he glewed fast,  
That no one woord could scape her more, than what  
already past.

In great contented ease the yong man straight is rapt :  
What chaunce (q.<sup>1</sup> he) unware to me O lady myne is  
hapt?

That geves you worthy cause, my cumming here to  
blisse?

Fayre Juliet was come agayne unto her selfe by this :  
Fyrst ruthfully she lookd, then sayd with smylyng chere:  
Mervayle no whit my heartes delight, my only knight  
and fere,

Mercutious ysy hande had all to frosen myne,  
And of thy goodnes thou agayne hast warmed it with thine.

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<sup>1</sup> [*i.e.*, Quoth.]



Whereto with stayed brow, gan Romeus to replye  
If so the gods have graunted me suche favour from  
the skye,

That by my being here, some service I have donne  
That pleaseth you I am as glad, as I a realme had  
wonne.

O wel bestowed tyme, that hath the happy hyre,  
Which I woulde wysh if I might have, my wished harts  
desire.

For I of God woulde crave, as pryse of paynes forpast,  
To serve, obey, and honour you, so long as lyfe shall  
last :

As prooffe shall teache you playne, if that you like to  
trye

His faltles truth, that nill for ought unto his ladye lye.  
But if my tooched hand, have warmed yours some  
dele,

Assure yourself the heat is colde, which in your hand  
you fele,

Compard to such quick sparks and glowing furious  
gleade

As from your bewties pleasaunt eyne, Love caused to  
proceede ;

Which have so set on fyre, eche feling parte of myne,  
That lo, my mynde doeth melt awaye, my utwerd parts  
doe pyne.

And but you helpe all whole, to ashes shall I toorne ;  
Wherefore (alas) have ruth on him, whom you do  
force to boorne.

Even with his ended tale, the torches daunce had  
ende,

And Juliet of force must part from her new chosen  
frend.

His hand she clasped hard, and all her partes did  
shake,

When laysureles with whispring voyce thus did she  
aunswer make :

You are no more your owne (deare friend) then I am  
yours

(My honour saved) prest to day your will, while life  
endures.

Lo, here the lucky lot that sild true lovers finde,  
Eche takes away the others hart, and leaves the owne  
behinde.

A happy life is love if God graunt from above,  
That hart with hart by even waight doo make ex-  
chaunge of love.

But Romeus gone from her, his hart for care is colde ;  
He hath forgot to aske her name that hath his hart in  
holde.

With forged careles cheere, of one he seekes to knowe,  
Both how she hight, and whence she camme, that him  
enchanted so.

So hath he learnd her name, and knowth she is no  
geast,

Her father was a Capilet, and master of the feast.

Thus hath his foe in choyse to geve him lyfe or death,  
That scarcely can his wofull brest keepe in the lively  
breath.

Wherefore with piteous plaint fecie Fortune doth he  
blame,

That in his ruth and wretched plight doth seeke her  
laughing game.

And he reproveth love, cheefe cause of his unrest,  
Who ease and freedome hath exilde out of his youth-  
full brest.

Twyse hath he made him serve, hopeles of his rewarde ;  
Of both the ylles to choose the lesse, I weene the  
choyse were harde.

Fyrst to a ruthlesse one he made him sue for grace,  
And now with spurre he forceth him to ronne an  
endles race.

Amyd these stormy seas one ancor doth him holde,  
He serveth not a cruell one, as he had done of olde.

And therefore is content, and chooseth still to serve :  
'Though hap should sweare that guerdonles the  
wretched wight should sterve.

The lot of Tantalus is Romeus lyke to thine ;  
For want of foode amid his foode, the myser styll doth  
pine.

As carefull was the mayde what way were best  
devise  
To learne his name, that intertaind her in so gentle  
wise ;

Of whome her hart received so deepe, so wyde a  
wounde,

An auncient dame she calde to her, and in her eare  
gan rounde :

This olde dame in her youth, had nurst her with her  
mylke,

With slender nedle taught her sow, and how to spin  
with silke.

What twayne are those (quoth she) which prease unto  
the doore,

Whose pages in theyr hand doe beare, two tooches  
light before ?

And then as eche of them had of his houshold name,  
So she him namde yet once agayne the yong and  
wylly dame.

And tell me who is he with vysor in his hand,  
That yender doth in masking weede besyde the win-  
dow stand.

His name is Romeus (sayd she) a Montegewe,  
Whose fathers pryde first styrd the strife which both  
your housholdes rewe.

The woord of Montegew, her joyes did overthrow,  
And straight in steade of happy hope, despayre began  
to growe.

What hap have I, quoth she, to love my fathers foe ?  
What, am I wery of my wele ? what, doe I wishe my  
woe ?

But though her grievous paynes distraind her tender  
 hart,  
 Yet with an outward shewe of joye she cloked inward  
 smart ;  
 And of the courtlyke dames her leave so courtly tooke,  
 That none dyd gesse the sodain change by changing  
 of her looke,  
 That at her mothers hest to chamber she her hyde,  
 So well she faynde, mother ne nurce, the hidden harme  
 descride.  
 But when she should have slept as wont she was, in  
 bed,  
 Not halfe a winke of quiet slepe could harbor in her  
 hed.  
 For loe, an hugy heape of dyvers thoughtes arise,  
 That rest have banisht from her hart, and slumber  
 from her eyes.  
 And now from side to side she tosseth and she turnes,  
 And now for feare she shevereth, and now for love  
 she burnes.  
 And now she lykes her choyse, and now her choyse  
 she blames,  
 And now eche houre within her head, a thousand  
 fansies frames.  
 Sometime in mynde to stop, amynd her course be-  
 gone,  
 Sometime she vowes what so betyde, that tempted  
 race to ronne.  
 Thus dangers dred and love, within the mayden fought :  
 The fight was feerce, continuyng long by their con-  
 trary thought.  
 In tourning mase of love she wandreth too and fro,  
 Then standeth doutfull what to doe, last overprest  
 with woe.  
 How so her fansies cease, her teares did never blyn,  
 With heavy cheere and wringed hands, thus doth her  
 plaint begyn.

Ah sily foole (quoth she) ycought in soottill snare :  
Ah wretched wench, bewrapt in woe, ah caytife clad  
with care.

Whence come these wandring thoughtes to thy uncon-  
stant brest ?

By straying thus from raysons lore, that reve thy wonted  
rest.

What if his suttell brayne, to fayne have taught his  
tong ?

And so the snake that lurkes in grasse, thy tender hart  
hath stong ?

What if with frendly speache the traytor lye in wayte ?  
As oft the poysond hooke is hid, wrapt in the pleasant  
bayte ?

Oft under cloke of truth, hath falshood served her lust ;  
And toornd theyr honor into shame, that did so slightly  
trust.

What, was not Dido so, a crowned queen, defamd ?  
And eke for such an heynous cryme, have men not  
Theseus blamd ?

A thousand stories more, to teach me to beware,  
In Boccace, and in Ovids bookes too playnely written  
are.

Perhaps the great revenge he cannot woorke by  
strength :

By suttel sleight (my honor staynde) he hopes to worke  
at length.

So shall I seeke to finde my fathers foe his game ;  
So I befylde, report shall take her trompe of blacke  
defame,

Whence she with puffed cheeke shall blowe a blast so  
shrill

Of my dispraye, that with the noyse Verona shall she fill.  
Then I a laughing stocke through all the towne be-  
comme,

Shall hide my selfe, but not my shame, within an  
hollowe toombe.

Straight underneth her foote, she treadeth in the  
dust

Her troublesom thought, as wholly vaine, ybred of  
fond distrust.

No no by God above, I wot it well, quoth shee,  
Although I rashely spake before, in no wise can it bee,  
That where such perfet shape, with pleasant bewty  
restes,

There crooked craft and trayson blacke, should be  
appoynted gestic.

Sage writers say, the thoughts are dwelling in the  
eyne ;

Then sure I am, as Cupid raignes, that Romeus is  
myne.

The tong the messenger, eke call they of the mynd ;

So that I see he loveth me, shall I then be unkynd ?

His faces rosy hew, I saw full oft to seeke ;

And straight againe it flashed foorth, and spred in  
eyther cheek.

His fyxed heavenly eyne, that through me quite did  
perce

His thoughts unto my hart, my thoughts thei semed  
to rehearce.

What ment his foltring tunge, in telling of his tale ?

The trembling of his joynts, and eke his cooler waxen  
pale ?

And whilst I talke with him, hym self he hath exylde

Out of him self (as seemed me) ne was I sure begylde.

Those arguments of love, Craft wrate not in his face,

But Natures hande, when all deceyte was banishd out  
of place.

What other certain signes seke I of his good wil ?

These doo suffice ; and stedfast I will love and serve  
him still,

Till Attropos shall cut, my fatall thread of lyfe,

So that he mynde to make of me his lawfull wedded  
wyfe.

For so perchaunce this new alliance may procure  
Unto our houses suche a peace as ever shall endure."

Oh how we can perswade, our self to what we like,  
And how we can diswade our mynd, if ought our mynd  
mislyke.

Weake arguments are stronge, our fansies streyght to  
frame

To pleasing things, and eke to shonne, if we mislike  
the same.

The mayde had scarsely yet ended the very warre,  
Kept in her heart by striving thoughtes, when every  
shining starre

Had payd his borrowed light, and Phœbus spred in skies  
His golden rayes, which seemd to say, now time it is  
to rise.

And Romeus had by this forsaken his wery bed,  
Where restles he a thousand thoughts had forged in  
his hed.

And while with lingring step by Juliets house he past,  
And upwards to her windowes high his gredy eyes did  
cast :

His love that looked for him, there gan he straight  
espic.

With pleasant cheere eche greeted is, she followeth  
with her eye

His parting steppes, and he oft looketh backe againe,  
But not so oft as he desyres, warely he doth refrayne.

What life were lyke to love, if dred of jeopardy  
Ysowred not the sweete ; if love were free from jelosy.

But she more sure within, unseene of any wight,  
When so he come, lookes after him, till he be out of  
sight.

In often passing so, his busy eyes he threw,  
That every pane and tooting hole the wily lover knew.  
In happy houe he doth a garden plot espye,  
From which except he warely walke, men may his love  
descrye ;

For lo, it fronted full, upon her leaning place,  
Where she is woont to shew her heart by cheerefull  
frendly face.

And lest the arbors might theyr secret love bewraye,  
He doth keepe backe his forward foote from passing  
there by daye ;

But when on earth the night her mantel blacke hath  
spred,

Well armd he walketh foorth alone, ne dreadfull foes  
doth dred.

Whom maketh love not bold, naye whom makes he  
not blynde ?

He reveth daungers dread oft times out of the loves  
minde.

By night he passeth here, a weeke or two in vayne ;  
And for the missing of his marke, his grieve hath hym  
nye slaine.

And Juliet that now doth<sup>1</sup> lacke her hearts releefe :  
Her Romeus pleasant eyen (I meene) is almost dead  
for greefe.

Eche day she chaungeth howres, (for lovers keepe an  
howre)

When they are sure to see theyr love, in passing by  
their bowre.

Impacient of her woe, she hapt to leane one night  
Within her window, and anon the Moone did shine  
so bright,

That she espyde her love, her hart revived, sprang  
And now for joy she clappes her handes, which erst  
for woe she wrang.

Eke Romeus when he sawe his long desired sight,  
His moorning cloke of mone cast off, hath clad him  
with delight.

Yet dare I say, of both that she rejoyced more :  
His care was great, hers twice as great, was all the  
time before ;

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<sup>1</sup> *Both* in text.



For whilst she knew not why he dyd himselfe<sup>r</sup> absent,  
Ay douting both his health and lyfe, his death she dyd  
lament.

For love is fearefull oft, where is no cause of feare,  
And what love feares, that love laments, as though it  
chaunced weare.

Of greater cause alway is greater woorke ybred;  
While he nought douteth of her helth, she dreads lest  
he be ded.

When onely absence is the cause of Romeus smart,  
By happy hope of sight agayne he feedes his faynting  
hart.

What woonder then if he were wrapt in lesse annoye?  
What marvel if by sodain sight she fed of greater  
joy?

His smaller greefe or joy no smaller love doo prove;  
Ne for she passed him in both, did she him passe in  
love:

But eche of them alike dyd burne in equall flame,  
The welbeloving knight, and eke the welbeloved dame.  
Now whilst with bitter teares her eyes as fountaynes  
ronne,

With whispering voyce ybroke with sobs, thus is her  
tale begonne:

O Romeus (of your lyfe) too lavas sure you are,  
That in this place, and at thys tyme, to hasard it you  
dare.

What if your dedly foes, my kynsmen, saw you here?  
Lyke lyons wylde, your tender partes asonder would  
they teare.

In ruth and in disdayne, I, weary of my lyfe,  
With cruell hand my moorning hart would perce with  
bloudy knyfe.

For you myne owne once dead, what joy should I  
have heare?

And eke my honor staynde which I then lyfe doe holde  
more deare.

Fayre lady myne dame Juliet my lyfe (quod he)  
Even from my byrth committed was to fatall sisters  
three.

They may in spyte of foes, draw foorth my lively  
threed ;  
And they also, who so sayth nay, a sonder may it  
shreed.

But who, to reave my lyfe, his iage and force would  
bende,  
Perhaps should trye unto his payne how I it could  
defende.

Ne yet I love it so, but alwayes for your sake,  
A sacrifice to death I would my wounded corps betake.  
If my mishappe were such, that here before your  
sight,

I should restore agayne to death, of lyfe my borrowde  
light,

This one thing and no more my parting sprite would  
rewe,

That part he should, before that you by certaine triall  
knew

The love I owe to you, the thrall I languish in,  
And how I dread to loose the gayne which I doe hope  
to win :

And how I wishe for lyfe, not for my propre ease,  
But that in it, you might I love, you honor, serve and  
please,

Tyll dedly pangs the sprite out of the corps shall  
send :

And thereupon he sware an othe, and so his tale had  
ende.

Now love and pittie boyle, in Juliets ruthfull brest ;  
In windowe on her leaning ayme, her weary hed cloth  
rest :

Her bosome bathd in teares, to witnes inward payne,  
With dreay chere to Romeus, thus aunswerd she  
agayne :

Ah my deere Romeus, keepe in these woords (quod she)  
For lo, the thought of such mischaunce, already  
maketh me

For pittie and for dred welnigh to yelde up breath ;  
In even ballance peysed are my life and eke my death.  
For so my heart is knitte, yea, made one selfe with  
yours,

That sure there is no greefe so small, by which your  
mynde endures,

But as you suffer payne, so I doe beare in part  
(Although it lessens not your greefe) the halfe of all  
your smart.

But these thinges overpast, if of your health and myne  
You have respect, or pittie ought my teary weping  
eyen,

In few unfained woords, your hidden mynd unfold,  
That as I see your pleasant face, your heart I may  
beholde.

For if you doe intende my honor to defile,  
In error shall you wander still, as you have done this  
whyle :

But if your thought be chaste, and have on vertue  
ground,

If wedlocke be the end and marke which your desire  
hath found,

Obedience set aside, unto my parentes dewe,  
The quarrell eke that long agoe betwene our hous-  
holdes grewe,

Both me and myne I will all whole to you betake,  
And following you where so you goe, my fathers  
house forsake.

But if by wanton love, and by unlawfull sute,  
You thinke in ripest yeres to plucke my maydenhods  
dainty frute,

You are begylde, and now your Juliet you beseeckes  
To cease your sute, and suffer her to live emong her  
likes.

Then Romeus, whose thought was free from fowle  
desyre,  
And to the top of vertues haight, did worthely as-  
pyre,  
Was fild with greater joy than can my pen expresse,  
Or till they have enjoyd the like, the hearers hart can  
gesse.

And then with joynd hands heavd up into the skies,  
He thanks the Gods, and from the heavens for  
vengeance downe he cries,  
If he have other thought, but as his lady spake;  
And then his looke he toornd to her, and thus did  
aunswer make :

Since Lady that you like to honor me so much,  
As to accept me for your spouse, I yeld my selfe for  
such.

In true witnes wherof, because I must depart,  
Till that my deede do prove my woord, I leave in  
pawne my hart.

Tomorrow eke bestimes, before the sunne arise,  
To fryer Lawrence will I wende, to learne his sage  
advise.

He is my gostly syre, and oft he hath me taught  
What I should doe in things of wayght, when I his  
ayde have sought.

And at this selfe same houre, I plyte you here my  
fayth,  
I wil be here (if you thinke good) to tell you what he  
sayth.

She was contented well; els favour found he none,  
That night at lady Juliets hand, save pleasant woordes  
alone.

This barefoote fryer gyrt, with cord his grayish  
weede,  
For he of Frauncis order was, a fryer as I reede.  
Not as the most was he, a grosse unlearned foole,  
But doctor of divinitie proceded he in schoole.

The secretes eke he knew, in Natures woorkes that  
loorke ;

By magiks arte most men supposd that he could  
wonders woork.

Ne doth it ill beseeme devines those skills to know,  
If on no harmefull deede they do such skilfulnes  
bestow ;

For justly of no arte can men condemne the use,  
But right and reasons lore crye out agaynst the lewd  
abuse.

The bounty of the fryer and wisdom hath so wonne  
The townes folks herts, that welnigh all to fryer  
Lawrence ronne,

To shrive them selfe the olde, the yong, the great and  
small ;

Of all he is beloved well, and honord much of all.  
And for he did the rest in wisdom farre exceede,  
The piince by him (his counsell cravde) was holpe at  
time of neede.

Betwixt the Capilets and him great frendship grew,  
A secret and assured frend unto the Montegue.  
Loved of this yong man more then any other gest,  
The frier eke of Verone youth, aye liked Romeus  
best ;

For whom he ever hath in time of his distres,  
(As erst you heard) by skilfull lore, found out his  
harmes redresse.

To him is Romeus gonne, ne stayth he till the morowe ;  
To him he paynteth all his case, his passed joy and  
sorrow.

How he hath her espyde with other dames in daunce,  
And how that first to talke with her, himselfe he did  
advauce ;

Their talke and change of lookes he gan to him  
declare,

And how so fast by fayth and troth they both ycoupled  
are,

That neither hope of lyfe, nor dreed of cruel death,  
Shall make him false his fayth to her while lyfe shall  
lend him breath.

And then with weping eyes he prayes his gostly syre  
To further and accomplish all theyr honest hartes  
desire.

A thousand doutes and moe in thold mans hed arose,  
A thousand daungers like to come, the olde man doth  
disclose,

And from the spousall rites he readeth him refrayne,  
Perhaps he shalbe bet advise within a weeke or  
twayne.

Advise is banishd quite from those that followe love,  
Except advise to what they like theyr bending mynde  
do move.

As well the father might have counseld him to stay  
That from a mountaines top thrown downe, is falling  
halfe the way,

As warne his frend to stop, amynd his race begonne,  
Whom Cupid with his smarting whip enforceth soorth  
to ronne.

Part wonne by earnest sute, the fryer doth graunt atlast;  
And part, because he thinkes the stoimes, so lately  
overpast,

Of both the housholdes wrath, this mariage might  
apease;

So that they should not rage agayne, but quite for ever  
cease.

The respite of a day, he asketh to devyse,  
What way were best unknowne to ende so great an  
enterprise.

The wounded man that now doth dedly paines endure,  
Scarce pacient tarieth whilst his leech doth make the  
salve to cure:

So Romeus hardly graunts a short day and a night,  
Yet nedes he must, els must he want his onely hearts  
delight.

You see that Romeus no time or payne doth spare;  
Thinke that the whilst fayre Juliet is not devoyde of  
care.

Yong Romeus powreth foorth his hap and his mishap,  
Into the friers brest; but where shall Juliet unwrap  
The secretes of her hart? to whom shall she unfold,  
Her hidden burning love, and eke her thought and  
cares so colde.

The nurse of whom I spake, within her chaumber  
laye,

Upon the mayde she wayteth still; to her she doth  
bewray

Hier new received wound, and then her ayde doth  
crave,

In her she saith it lyes to spill, in her, her life to save.

Not easely she made the froward nurse to bowe,

But wonne at length, with promest hyre, she made a  
solemne vowe,

To do what she commaundes, as handmayd of her  
hest;

Hier mistres secrets hide she will, within her covert  
brest.

To Romeus she goes of him she doth desyre,  
To know the meane of mariage, by counsell of the  
fryre.

On Saterdag quod he, if Juliet come to shifft,  
She shalbe shrived and married, how lyke you noorse  
this drift?

Now by my truth (quod she) God's blessing have your  
hart,

For yet in all my life I have not heard of such a part.  
Lord how you yong men can such crafty wiles devise,  
If that you love the daughter well, to bleare the  
mothers eyes.

An easy thing it is, with cloke of holines,  
To mocke the sely mother that suspecteth nothing  
lesse.

But that it pleased you to tell me of the case,  
For all my many yeres perhaps, I should have found  
it scarce.

Now for the rest let me and Juliet alone ;  
'To get her leave, some feate excuse I will devise anone ;  
For that her golden lockes by sloth have been unkempt,  
Or for unwarcs some wanton dreame the youthfull  
damsell drempt,

Or for in thoughts of love her ydel time she spent,  
Or otherwise within her hart deserved to be shent.

I know her mother will in no case say her nay ;  
I warrant you she shall not fayle to come on Saterday.  
And then she sweares to him, the mother loves her  
well ;

And how she gave her sucke in youth, she leaveth not  
to tell.

A pretty babe (quod she) it was when it was yong ;  
Lord how it could full pretely have prated with its  
tong !

A thousand times and more I laid her on my lappe,  
And clapt her on the buttocke soft, and kist where I  
did clappe.

And gladder then was I of such a kisse forsooth,  
Then I had been to have a kisse of some olde lechers  
mouth.

And thus of Juliets youth began this prating noorse,  
And of her present state to make a tedious long dis-  
cooise.

For though he pleasure tooke in hearing of his love,  
The message aunswer seemed him to be of more  
behove.

But when these Beldams sit at ease upon theyr tayle,  
The day and eke the candle light before theyr talke  
shall fayle.

And part they say is true, and part they do devise,  
Yet boldly do they that of both, when no man checkes  
theyr lyes.



Then he vj crownes of gold out of his pocket drew,  
And gave them her ; a slight reward (quod he) and so  
adiew.

In seven yeres twise tolde she had not bowd so lowe,  
Her crooked knees, as now they bowe : she swears  
she will bestowe,

Her crafty wit, her time, and all her busy payne,  
To helpe him to his hoped blisse, and, cowering downe  
agayne,

She takes her leave, and home she hyes with spedy  
pace ;

The chaumber doore she shuts, and then she saith  
with smyling face :

Good newes for thee my gyrle, good tidings I thee  
bring.

Leave off thy woonted song of care, and now of  
pleasure sing.

For thou mayst hold thy selfe the happiest under  
sonne,

That in so little while, so well so worthy a knight hast  
woone.

The best yshapde is he, and hath the fayrest face,  
Of all this towne, and there is none hath halfe so good  
a grace :

So gentle of his speche, and of his counsell wise :  
And still with many prayses more she heaved him to  
the skies.

Tell me els what (quod she) this evermore I thought ;  
But of our mariage say at once, what aunswer have  
you brought ?

Nay soft quoth she, I feare, your hurt by sodain  
joye ;

I list not play quoth Juliet, although thou list to  
toye.

How glad trow you was she, when she had heard her  
say,

No farther of then Saterdag, differred was the day.

Againe, the auncient nurse doth speake of ~~Romeus~~,  
 And then (said she) he spake to me, and then I spake  
 him thus.

Nothing was done or said that she hath left untolde,  
 Save oncly one, that she forgot the taking of the  
 golde.

There is no losse quod she, (sweete wench) to losse of  
 time,

Ne in thine age shalt thou repent so much of any  
 crime.

For when I call to mynde, my former passed youth,  
 One thing there is which most of all doth cause my  
 endles ruth.

At sixtene yeres I first did choose my loving feere,  
 And I was fully ripe before, (I dare well say) a yere.  
 The pleasure that I lost, that yere so overpast,  
 A thousand times I have bewept, and shall while life  
 doth last.

In fayth it were a shame, yea sinne it were ywisse  
 When thou mayst live in happy joy, to set light by  
 thy blisse.

She that this mornyng could her mistres mynde dis-  
 swade,

Is now become an Oratresse, her lady to perswade.  
 If any man be here whom love hath clad with care,  
 To him I speake ; if thou wilt speede, thy purse thou  
 must not spare,

Two sortes of men there are, seeld welcome in at  
 doore,

The welthy sparing nigard, and the sutor that is poore.  
 For glittering gold is woont by kynd to moove the  
 hart ;

And often times a slight rewarde doth cause a more  
 desart.

Ywritten have I red, I wot not in what booke,  
 There is no better way to fishe then with a golden  
 hooke.

Of Romeus these two doe sitte and chat a while,  
And to them selfe they laugh, how they the mother  
shall begyle.

A feate excuse they finde, but sure I know it not,  
And leave for her to goe to shrift on Saturday she got.  
So well this Juliet, this wylly. wench dyd know  
Her mothers angry houres, and eke the true bent of  
her bowe.

The Saturday betimes, in sober weede yclad,  
She tooke her leave, and forth she went with visage  
grave and sad.

With her the nurce is sent as brydle of her lust,  
With her the mother sendes a mayde, almost of equall  
trust.

Betwixt her teeth the bytte, the Jenet now hath cought,  
So warily eke the vyrgin walkes, her mayde perceiveth  
nought.

She gaseth not in churche, on yong men of the towne,  
Ne wandreth she from place to place, but straight she  
kneleth downe

Upon an alters step, where she devoutly prayes,  
And there upon her tender knees the wery lady staves;  
Whilst she doth send her mayde the certain truth to  
know,

If fryer Lawrence laysure had, to heare her shrift, or no.  
Out of his shriving place he commes with pleasant  
cheere;

The shamefast mayde with bashfull brow to himward  
draweth neere.

Some great offence (q'<sup>1</sup> he) you have committed late,  
Perhaps you have displeasd your frend, by geving him  
a mate.

Then turning to the nurce, and to the other mayde,  
Goe heare a masse or two quod he, which straight  
way shalbe sayde.

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<sup>1</sup> *i.e.*, Quod or quoth.

For her confession heard, I will unto you twayne  
The charge that I receivd of you, restore to you  
agayne.

What, was not Juliet trow you right well apayde?  
That for this trusty fryre hath chaungde her yong mis-  
trusting mayde?

I dare well say there is in all Verona none,  
But Romeus, with whom she would so gladly be alone.  
Thus to the fryers cell they both foorth walked bin;  
He shuts the doore as soone as he and Juliet were in.  
But Romeus, her frend, was entred in before,  
And there had wayted for his love, two howers large  
and more.

Eche minute seemde an howre, and every howre a day,  
Twixt hope he lived and despayre of cumming or of  
stay.

Now wavering hope and feare, are quite fled out of  
sight,

For what he hopde he hath at hande, his pleasant  
cheefe delight.

And joyfull Juliet is healde of all her smart,  
For now the rest of all her parts, have found her  
straying hart.

Both theyr confessions first the fryer hath heard them  
make,

And then to her with lowder voyce thus fryer Lawrence  
spake :

Fayre lady Juliet, my gostly doughter deere,  
As farre as I of Romeus learne, who by you standeth  
here,

Twixt you it is agreed, that you shalbe his wyfe,  
And he your spouse in steady truth till death shall  
end your life.

Are you both fully bent to kepe this great behest?  
And both the lovers said it was theyr onely harts  
request.

When he did see theyr myndes in linkes of love so fast,

When in the prayse of wedlocks state somme skilfull  
talke was past.

When he had told at length the wife what was her  
due,

His duety eke by gostly talke the youthfull husband  
knew;

How that the wife in love must honor and obay,

What love and honor he doth owe, and dette that he  
must pay.

The woords pronounced were which holy church of  
olde

Appointed hath for mariage, and she a ring of golde

Received of Romeus; and then they both arose.

To whom the frier then said: Perchaunce apart you  
will disclose,

Betwixt yourselfe alone, the bottome of your hart;

Say on at once, for time it is that hence you should  
depart.

Then Romeus said to her, (both loth to part so soone)

Fayre lady, send to me agayne your nurce this after-  
noone.

Of corde I will bespeake, a ladder by that time;

By which, this night, while other sleepe, I will your  
window clime.

Then we will talke of love and of our olde dispayres,

And then with longer laysure had, dispose our great  
affaires.

These said, they kisse, and then part to theyr  
fathers house,

The joyfull bryde unto her home, to his eke goth the  
spouse;

Contented both, and yet both discontented still,

Till Night and Venus child, geve leave the wedding  
to fulfill.

The painfull souldiour, sore ybet with wery warre,

The merchant eke that nedefull things doth dred to  
fetch from farre,

The ploughman that for doute of feerce invading foes,  
 Rather to sit in ydle ease then sowe his tilt hath  
 chose,  
 Rejoyce to heare proclaymd the tydings of the  
 peace ;  
 Not pleasurd with the sound so much ; but, when the  
 warres do cease,  
 Then ceased are the harmes which cruell waire bringes  
 forth :  
 The merchant then may boldly fetch, his wares of  
 precious woorth ;  
 Dredelesse the husband man doth till his fertile feeld.  
 For welth her mate, not for her selfe, is peace so pre-  
 cious held :  
 So lovers live in care, in dread, and in unrest,  
 And dedly warre by striving thoughts they kepe within  
 their brest :  
 But wedlocke is the peace wherby is freedome wonne  
 To do a thousand pleasant thinges that should not els  
 be donne.  
 The newes of ended warre these two have hard with joy,  
 But now they long the fruite of peace with pleasure  
 to enjoy.  
 In stormy wind and wave, in daunger to be lost,  
 Thy steales ship (O Romeus) hath been long while  
 betost ;  
 The seas are now appeasd, and thou by happy starre,  
 Art comme in sight of quiet haven ; and, now the  
 wrackfull barre  
 Is hid with swelling tyde, boldly thou mayst resort  
 Unto thy wedded ladies bed, thy long desyred port.  
 God graunt no follics mist so dymme thy inward sight,  
 That thou do misse the chanell that doth leade to thy  
 delight.  
 God graunt no daungers rocke ylurking in the darke,  
 Before thou win the happy port, wracke thy seabcaten  
 barke.

A servant Romeus had, of woord and deede so just,  
That with his life (if nede requierd) his master would  
him trust.

His faithfulness had oft our Romeus proved of olde ;  
And therefore all that yet was done unto his man he  
tolde.

Who straight as he was charged, a corden ladder  
looks,

To which he hath made fast two strong and crooked  
yron hookes.

The bryde to send the nurse at twylight fayleth not,  
To whom the bridegroome yeven hath the ladder that  
he got.

And then to watch for him appointeth her an howre,  
For whether Fortune smyle on him, or if she list to  
lowre,

He will not misse to comme to his appoynted place,  
Where wont he was to take by stelth the view of  
Juliets face.

How long these lovers thought the lasting of the day,  
Let other judge that woonted are lyke passions to  
assay :

For my part, I do gesse eche howre seemes twenty  
yere :

So that I deeme, if they might have (as of Alcume we  
heare)

The sunne bond to theyr will, if they the heavens  
might gyde,

Black shade of night and doubled darke should straight  
all over hyde.

Thappointed howre is comme; he clad in riche  
araye,

Walkes toward his desyred home : good fortune gyde  
his way.

Approching nere the place from whence his hart had life,  
So light he wox, he lept the wall, and there he spyde  
his wife,

Who in the windowe watcht the cumming of her lorde ;  
Where she so surely had made fast the ladder made of  
corde,

That daungerles her spouse the chaumber window  
climes,

Where he ere then had wisht himselfe above ten thou-  
sand times.

The windowes close are shut ; els looke they for no gestic ;  
To light the waxen quarriers, the auncient nurce is prest,  
Which Juliet had before prepared to be light,

That she at pleasure might beholde her husbandes  
bewty bright.

A carchef white as snowe, ware Juliet on her hed,  
Such as she wonted was to weare, attyre meete for the  
bed.

As soone as she hym spyde, about his necke she clong,  
And by her long and slender armes a great while there  
she hong.

A thousand times she kist, and him unkist agayne,  
Ne could she speake a woord to him though would  
she nere so fayne.

And like betwixt his armes to faynt his lady is ;  
She fettes a sigh, and clappeth close her closed mouth  
to his :

And ready then to sownde, she looked ruthfully,  
That loe, it made him both at once to live and eke to  
dye.

These piteous painfull panges were haply overpast,  
And she unto her selfe agayne retourned home at last.  
Then through her troubled brest, even from the far-  
thest part,

An hollow sigh, a messenger she sendeth from her hart.  
O Romeus quoth she, in whome all vertues shyne,  
Welcome thou art into this place, where from these  
eyes of myne

Such teary streames dyd flowe, that I suppose welny  
The source of my bitter teares is altogether drye.



Absence so pynde my heart, which on thy presence fed,  
And of thy safetie and thy health so much I stood in  
dred.

But now what is decreed by fatall desteny,  
I force it not; let Fortune do and death their woorst  
to me.

Full recompensd am I for all my passed harmes,  
In that the Gods have graunted me to claspe thee in  
myne armes.

The christall teares began to stand in Romeus eyes,  
When he unto his ladies woordes gan aunswere in this  
wise :

Though cruell Fortune be so much my dedly foe,  
That I ne can by lively prooffe cause thee (fayre dame)  
to knowe

How much I am by love enthralled unto thee,  
Ne yet what mighty powre thou hast by thy desert  
on me,

Ne tormentes that for thee I did ere this endure,  
Yet of thus much (ne will I fayne) I may thee well  
assure ;

The least of many paynes which of thy absence sprong,  
More paynefully then death it selfe my tender hart  
hath wroong.

Ere this one death had rest a thousand deathes away,  
But lyfe prolonged was by hope of this desired day ;  
Which so just tribute payes of all my passed mone,  
That I as well contented am, as if my selfe alone  
Did from the Ocean reigne unto the sea of Inde.  
Wherefore now let us wipe away old cares out of our  
mynde :

For as the wretched state is now redrest at last,  
So is it skill behinde our backe the cursed care to  
cast.

Since Fortune of her grace hath place and time assinde,  
Where we with pleasure may content our discontented  
minde,

In Lethes hyde we deepe all greefe and all annoy,  
Whilst we do bath in blisse, and fill our hungry harts  
with joye.

And for the time to comme, let be our busy care  
So wisely to direct our love as no wight els be ware ;  
Lest envious foes by force despoyle our new delight,  
And us throwe backe from happy state to more un-  
happy plight.

Fayre Juliet began to aunswere what he sayd,  
But foorth in hast the olde nurce stept, and so her  
aunswere stayde.

Who takes not time (quoth she) when time well  
offred is,

An other time shall seeke for time, and yet of time  
shall misse.

And when occasion serves, who so doth let it slippe,  
Is woorthy sure (if I might judge) of lashes with a  
whippe.

Wherfore, if eche of you hath harmde the other so,  
And eche of you hath been the cause of others wayled  
woe,

Loe here a fielde (she shewd a fiecldbed ready dight)  
Where you may, if you list, in armes, revenge your  
selfe by fight.

Wherto these lovers both gan easely assent,  
And to the place of mylde revenge with pleasant  
cheere they went,

Where they were left alone, the nurce is gone to rest :  
How can this be ? they restles lye, ne yet they feele  
unrest.

I graunt that I envie the blisse they lived in ;  
Oh that I might have found the like, I wish it for no sin,  
But that I might as well with pen their joys depaynt,  
As heretofore I have displayd their secret hidden playnt.  
(Of shyvering care and dred, I have felt many a fit,  
But Fortune such delight as theirs dyd never graunt  
me yet.

By prooffe no certain truth can I unhappy write,  
But what I gesse by likelihod, that I dare to endite.  
The blyndfyld goddessse that with frowning face doth  
    fraye,  
And from theyr seate the mighty kinges throwes downe  
    with hedlong sway,  
Begynneth now to turne to these her smyling face ;  
Nedes must they tast of great delight, so much in  
    Fortunes grace.  
If Cupid, God of love, be God of pleasant sport,  
I thinck O Romeus Mars himselfe envies thy happy  
    sort.  
Ne Venus justly might, (as I suppose) repent,  
If in thy stead (O Juliet) this pleasant time she spent.  
    This<sup>1</sup> passe they foorth the night in sport, in joly  
    game ;  
The hastines of Phœbus steeds in great despyte they  
    blame.  
And now the virgins fort hath warlike Romeus got,  
In which as yet no breache was made by force of  
    canon shot,  
And now in ease he doth possesse the hoped place :  
How glad was he, speake you that may your lovers  
    parts embrace.  
The mariage thus made up, and both the parties  
    pleasd,  
The nigh approche of dayes retoorne these seely foles  
    diseasd.  
And for they might no while in pleasure passe theyr  
    time,  
Ne leysure had they much to blame the hasty morn-  
    ings crime,  
With frendly kisse in armes of her his leave he takes,  
And every other night to come, a solemne othe he  
    makes,

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<sup>1</sup> The catchword is *Thus*, but *This* is in the text.

By one selfe meane, and eke to come at one selfe  
howre :

And so he doth till Fortune list to sawse his sweete  
with sowre.

But who is he that can his present state assure ?

And say unto himself, thy joyes shall yet a day  
endure ?

So wavering Fortunes whele, her chaunges be so  
straunge ;

And every wight ythralled is by fate unto her chaunge ;  
Who raignes so over all, that eche man hath his  
part,

(Although not aye perchaunce alike) of pleasure and  
of smart.

For after many joyes, some feele but little payne,  
And from that little greefe they toorne to happy joy  
again.

But other somme there are, that living long in woe,  
At length they be in quiet ease, but long abide not  
so ;

Whose greefe is much increast by myrth that went  
before,

Because the sodayne chaunge of thinges doth make it  
seeme the more.

Of this unlucky sorte our Romeus is one,

For all his hap turnes to mishap, and all his myrth to  
mone.

And joyfull Juliet an other lease must toorne ;

As wont she was (her joyes bereft) she must begin to  
moorne.

The summer of their blisse, doth last a month or  
twayne,

But winters blast with speddy foote doth bring the fall  
agayne.

Whom glorious fortune erst had heaved to the skies,  
By envious fortune overthrowne on earth now grovel-  
ing lyes.

She payd theyr former greefe with pleasures doubled  
gayne,

But now for pleasures uscry ten-folde redoubleth  
payne.

The prince could never cause those housholdes so  
agree,

But that some sparcles of their wrath, as yet remain-  
ing bee;

Which lye this while raakd up in ashes pale and ded,  
Till tyme do serve that they agayne in wasting flame  
may spred.

At holiest times men say most heynous crimes are  
donne;

The morowe after Easter day the mischiefe new  
begonne.

A band of Capilets did meete (my hart it rewes)  
Within the walles by Pursers gate, a band of  
Montagewes.

The Capilets as cheefe, a yong man have chose out,  
Best exercisd in feates of armes, and noblest of the  
rowte,

Our Juliets unkles sonne that cliped was Tibalt;  
He was of body tall and strong, and of his courage halt.  
They neede no trumpet sounde to byd them geve the  
charge,

So lowde he cryde with strayned voyce and mouth  
outstretched large:

Now, now (quod he) my friends, our selfe so let us  
wreake,

That of this dayes revenge, and us, our childrens heyres  
may speake.

Now once for all let us their swelling pride asswage;  
Let none of them escape alive. Then he with furious  
rage

And they with him gave charge, upon theyr present foes,  
And then forthwith a skyrmishe great upon this fray  
arose.

For loe, the Montagewes thought shame away to flye,  
And rather then to live with shame, with prayse did  
choose to dye.

The woordes that Tybalt usd to styre his folke to  
yre,

Have in the brestes of Montagewes kindled a furious  
fyre.

With Lyons hartes they fight, warely themselfe defende;  
'To wound his foe, his present wit and force eche one  
doth bend.

This furious fray is long, on eche side stoutly fought,  
That whether part had got the woorst, full doutfull  
were the thought.

The noyse hereof anon, throughout the towne doth flye,  
And partes are taken on every side; both kindreds  
thether hye.

Here one doth gaspe for breth, his frend bestrideth  
him;

And he hath lost a hand, and he another maymed lim:

His leg is cutte whilst he strikes at an other full,

And whom he would have thrust quite through, hath  
cleft his cracked skull.

Theyr valiant harts forbode theyr foote to geve the  
grounde;

With unappauled cheere they tooke full deepe and  
doutfull wounde.

Thus foote by foote long while, and shield to shield  
set fast,

(One foe doth make another faynt, but makes him not  
agast.

And whilst this noyse is ryfe in every townes mans  
eare,

Ike walking with his frendes, the noyse doth wofull  
Romeus heare.

With speddy foote he ronnes unto the fray apace;

With him those fewe that were with him he leadeth to  
the place.

They pittie much to see the slaughter made so greate,  
That wetshod they might stand in blood on eyther  
side the streate.

Part frendes (sayd he) part frendes, helpe frendes, to  
part the fray,

And to the rest, enough (he cryes) now time it is to  
staye.

Gods farther wrath you styrrre, beside the hurt you  
feele,

And with this new uprore confounde all this our  
common wele.

But they so busy are in fight so egar and feerce,  
That through theyr eares his sage advise no leysure had  
to pearce.

Then lept he in the throng, to part and barre the  
blowes,

As well of those that were his frendes, as of his dedly  
foes.

As soone as Tybalt had our Romeus espyde,  
He threw a thrust at him that would have past from  
side to side;

But Romeus ever went (douting his foes) well armde,  
So that the swerd (kept out by mayle) had nothing  
Romeus harmde.

Thou doest me wrong (quoth he) for I but part the  
fraye;

Not dread, but other waighty cause my hasty hand  
doth stay.

Thou art the cheefe of thine, the noblest eke thou  
art,

Wherefore leave of thy malice now, and helpe these  
folke to parte.

Many are hurt, some slayne, and some are like to dye:  
No, coward traytor boy (qd<sup>1</sup> he) straight way I mynd  
to trye,

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<sup>1</sup> [*i.e.*, quod.]

Whether thy sugred talke, and tong so smootely  
fylde,

Against the force of this my swerd shall serve thee for  
a shyld.

And then at Romeus hed, a blow he strake so hard,  
That might have clove him to the brayne but for his  
cunning ward.

It was but lent to him that could repay agayne :  
And geve him death for interest, a well forborne  
gayne.

Right as a forest bore, that lodged in the thicke,  
Pinched with dog, or els with speare ypricked to the  
quicke,

His bristles stiffe upright upon his backe doth set,  
And in his fomy mouth, his sharp and crooked tuskes  
doth whet :

Or as a Lyon wylde that rampeth in his rage,  
His whelpes bereft, whose fury can no weaker beast  
asswage ;

Such seemed Romeus in every others sight,  
When he him shope, of wrong receavde tavenge him-  
self by fight.

Even as two thunderboltes throwne downe out of the  
skye,

That through the ayre the massy earth and seas have  
power to flye ;

So met these two, and while they chaunge a blowe or  
twayne,

Our Romeus thrust him through the throte, and so is  
Tybalt slayne.

Loe here the ende of those that styrrre a dedly  
stryfe :

Who thyrsteth after others death, himselfe hath lost  
his life.

The Capilets are quaylde by Tybalts overthrowe,  
The courage of the Mountagewes by Romeus sight  
doth growe.



The townes men waxen strong, the prince doth send  
his force ;

The fray hath end, the Capilets do bring the brethles  
corce

Before the prince, and crave, that cruell dedly payne  
May be the guerdon of his falt, that hath their kins-  
man slaine.

The Montagewes do pleade, theyr Romeus voyde of  
falt ;

The lookers on do say, the fight begonne was by Tybalt.  
The prince doth pawse, and then geves sentence in a  
while,

That Romeus, for sleying him should goe into exyle.  
His foes would have him hangde, or sterve in prison  
strong ;

His frendes do think (but dare not say) that Romeus  
hath wrong.

Both housholds straight are charged on payne of los-  
ing lyfe,

Theyr bloody weapons layd aside, to cease the styrrred  
stryfe.

This common plage is spred, through all the towne  
anon,

From side to side the towne is fild with murmour and  
with mone.

For Tybalts hasty death, bewayled was of somme,  
Both for his skill in feates of armes, and for in time to  
comme

He should (had this not chaunced) been riche and of  
great powre,

To helpe his frendes, and serve the state, which hope  
within an howre

Was wasted quite, and he thus yelding up his breath,  
More than he holpe the towne in lyfe, hath harmde  
it by his death.

And other somme bewayle, (but ladies most of all)  
The lookeles lot by Fortunes gylt, that is so late befall,

(Without his falt,) unto the seely Romeus ;  
 For whilst that he from natife land shall live exyled thus,  
 From heavenly bewties light and his well shaped parts,  
 The sight of which, was wont (faire dames) to glad  
 your youthfull harts,  
 Shall you be banishd quite, and tyll he do retoorne,  
 What hope have you to joy ? what hope to cease to  
 moorne ?

This Romeus was borne so much in heavens grace,  
 Of Fortune, and of nature so beloved, that in his face  
 (Beside the heavenly bewty glistring ay so bright,  
 And seemely grace, that wonted so to glad the seers  
 sight)

A certain charme was graved by natures secret arte,  
 That vertue had to draw to it, the love of many a hart.  
 So every one doth wish, to beare a part of payne,  
 That he released of exile, might straight retorne  
 agayne.

But how doth moorne emong the moorners Juliet ?  
 How doth she bathe her brest in teares ? what depe  
 sighes doth she fet ?

How doth she tear her heare ? her weede how doth  
 she rent ?

How fares the lover hearing of her lovers banishment ?  
 How wales she Tibalts death, whom she had loved so  
 well ?

Her hearty greefe and piteous plaint, cunning I want  
 to tell.

For delving depely now in depth of depe despayre,  
 With wretched sorowes cruell sound she fils the empty  
 ayre ;

And to the lowest hell, downe falls her heavy crye,  
 And up unto the heavens haight her piteous plaint  
 doth flye.

The waters and the woods, of sighes and sobs resounde,  
 And from the hard resounding rocks her sorrowes do  
 rebounde.

Eke from her teary eyne, downe rayned many a showre,  
That in the garden where she walkd might water  
herbe and flowre.

But when at length she saw her selfe outraged so,  
Unto her chaumber straight she hide; there over-  
charged with wo,

Upon her stately bed, her painfull parts she threw,  
And in so wondrous wise began her sorowes to renewe,  
That sure no hart so hard, (but it of flint had byn,)  
But would have rude the pitious plaint that she did  
languishe in.

Then rapt out of her selfe, whilst she on every side  
Did cast her restles eye, at length the windowe she  
espide,

Through which she had with joy seene Romeus many  
a time,

Which oft the ventrous knight was wont for Juliets sake  
to clyme.

She cryde, O cursed windowe, acurst be every pane,  
Through which (alas) to sone I raught the cause of  
life and bane,

If by thy meane I have some slight delight receaved,  
Or els such fading pleasure as by Fortune straight  
was reaved,

Hast thou not made me pay a tribute rigorous?  
Of heaped greefe, and lasting care? and sorowes  
dolorous?

That these my tender partes, which nedeful strength do  
lacke,

To beare so great unweldy lode, upon so weake a backe,  
Opprest with waight of cares and with these sorowes  
rife,

At length must open wide to death, the gates of lothed  
lyfe;

That so my wery sprite, may somme where els unlode  
His dedly lode, and free from thrall may seeke els  
where abroad;

For pleasant quiet ease and for assured rest,  
Which I as yet could never finde, but for my more  
unrest ?

O Romeus, when first we both acquainted were,  
When to thy paynted promises I lent my listning eare,  
Which to the brinckes you fild with many a solemne  
othe,

And I them judgde empty of gyle, and fraughted full  
of troth,

I thought you rather would continue our good will,  
And seeke tappease our fathers strife, which daily  
groweth still.

I little wend you would have sought occasion how  
By such an heynous act to breake the peace, and eke  
your vowe ;

Wherby your bright renoune, all whole yclipsed is,  
And I unhappy husbandles, of comfort robde, and  
blisse.

But if you did so much the blood of Capels thyrst,  
Why have you often spared mine? myne might have  
quencht it first.

Since that so many times, and in so secret place,  
(Where you were wont with vele of love to hyde your  
hatreds face,)

My doubtfull lyfe hath hapt by fatall dome to stand,  
In mercy of your cruell hart, and of your bloudy hand.  
What? seemd the conquest which you got of me, so  
small?

What? seemd it not enough that I poore wretch, was  
made your thrall?

But that you must increase it with that kinsmans  
blood,

Which for his woorth and love to me most in my  
favour stood ?

Well, goe hencefoorth els where, and seeke an other  
chyle

Some other as unhappy as I, by flattery to begyle.

And where I comme, see that you shonne to shew  
your face,

For your excuse within my hart shall finde no resting  
place.

And that I now too late my former fault repent,  
Will so the rest of wery life with many teares lament.  
'That soone my joyceless corps, shall yield up banishd  
breath,

And where on earth it restless lived, in earth seeke  
rest by death.

These sayde, her tender hart, by payne oppressed  
sore,

Restraynd her teares, and forced her tong to keepe  
her talke in store ;

And then as still she was, as if in sownd she lay,  
And then agayne, wroth with her selfe, with feeble  
voyce gan say :

Ah cruell murthring tong, murthrer of others  
fame,

How durst thou once attempt to tooch the honor of  
his name ?

Whose dedly foes doe yelde him dewe and earned  
praysc ;

For though his fredome be bereft, his honor not de-  
cayes.

Why blamst thou Romeus for sleying of Tybalt,  
Since he is gytles quite of all, and Tybalt beares the  
falt ?

Whether shall she (alas) poore banishd man now flye ?  
What place of succor shall he seeke beneth the starry  
skye ?

Synce she pursueth him, and him defames by wrong,  
That in distres should be his fort, and onely rampier  
strong.

Receive the recompence, O Romeus of thy wife,  
Who for she was unkind her selfe, doth offer up her  
lyfe,

In flames of yre, in sighes, in sorow and in ruth,  
 So to revenge the crime she did commit against thy  
 truth.  
 These said, she could no more, her senses all gan  
 fayle,  
 And dedly panges began straight way her tender hart  
 assayle ;  
 Her limmes she stretched forth, she drew no more her  
 breath :  
 Who had been there, might well have seene the signes  
 of present death.  
 The nurse that knew no cause, why she absented  
 her,  
 Did doute lest that some sodain greefe too much tor-  
 mented her.  
 Eche where but where she was, the carefull Beldam  
 sought,  
 Last, of the chamber where she lay, she haply her be-  
 thought ;  
 Where she with piteous eye, her nurce childe did be-  
 holde,  
 Her limmes stretched out, her utward parts as any  
 marble colde.  
 The nurse supposde that she had payde to deth her  
 det,  
 And then as she had lost her wittes, she cryed to  
 Juliet :  
 Ah my dere hart (quoth she) how greeveth me thy  
 death ?  
 Alas what cause hast thou thus soone, to yelde up  
 living breath ?  
 But while she handled her, and chafed every part,  
 She knew there was some sparke of life by beating of  
 her hart,  
 So that a thousand times she cald upon her name ;  
 There is no way to help a traunce, but she hath tryde  
 the same :

She openeth wide her mouth, she stoppeth close her  
nose,

She bendeth downe her brest, she wringes her fingers  
and her toes.

And on her bosome colde, she layeth clothes hot,  
A warmed and a wholesome juyce she powreth downe  
her throte.

At length doth Juliet heave fayntly up her eyes,  
And then she stretcheth forth her arme, and then her  
nurce she spyes.

But when she was awakde, from her unkindly traunce,  
Why dost thou trouble me (quoth she) what drave thee  
(with mischaunce)

To come to see my sprite, forsake my brethles corce?  
Goe hence, and let me dye, if thou have on my smart  
remorse.

For who would see her frend to live in dedly payne?  
Alas, I see my greefe begoone, for ever will re-  
mayne.

Or who would seek to live, all pleasure being past?  
My myrth is donne, my moorning mone for ay is like  
to last.

Wherefore since that there is none other remedy,  
Comme gentle death, and ryve my hart at once, and  
let me <sup>1</sup> dye.

The nurce with tricling teares, to witnes inward  
smart,

With holow sigh fetchd from the depth of her ap-  
pauled hart,

Thus spake to Juliet, yclad with ougly care;  
Good lady myne, I do not know what makes you  
thus to fare;

Ne yet the cause of your unmeasurde heavines.  
But of this one I you assure, for care and sorowes  
stresse,

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<sup>1</sup> [*My* in text by evident error.]

This hower large and more, I thought (so god me  
save)

That my dead corps should wayte on yours, to your  
untimely grave.

Alas my tender nurce, and trusty frend (quoth she)  
Art thou so blinde, that with thine eye, thou canst not  
easely see

The lawfull cause I have, to sorow and to moorne,  
Since those the which I hyld most deere, I have at  
once forlorne.

Her nurce then aunswerd thus, Me thinkes it fits you yll,  
To fall in these extremities that may you gyltles  
spill.

For when the stormes of care, and troubles do aryse,  
Then is the time for men to know, the foolish from  
the wise.

You are accounted wise, a foole am I your nurce ;  
But I see not how in like case I could behave me  
wurse.

Tibalt your frend is ded, what weene you by your  
teares,

To call him back againe ? thinke you that he your cry-  
ing heares ?

You shall perceve the falt (if it be justly tryde)  
Of his so sodayn death, was in his rashnes and his  
pryde.

Would you that Romeus, him selfe had wronged so,  
To suffer himselfe causeless to be outraged of his  
foe ?

To whom in no respect, he ought a place to geve ?  
Let it suffice to thee fayre dame, that Romeus doth  
live,

And that there is good hope that he within a while,  
With greater glory shalbe calde home from his hard  
exile,

How wel yborne he is, thy selfe I know canst tell,  
By kindred strong, and well alyed, of all beloved well.



With patience arme thy selfe, for though that Fortunes  
cryme,  
Without your falt, to both your greefes, depart you for  
a time,  
I dare say, for amendes of all your present payne,  
She will restore your owne to you, within a month or  
twayne,  
With such contented ease, as never erst you had ;  
Wherefore rejoyce a while in hope, and be ne more so  
sad.  
And that I may discharge your hart of heavy care,  
A certaine way I have found out, my paynes ne will I  
spare,  
To learne his present state, and what in time to  
comme  
He mindes to doe, which knowne by me, you shall  
know all and somme.  
But that I dread the whilst your sorowes will you  
quell,  
Straight would I hye where he doth lurke to frier  
Lawrence cell.  
But if you gyn eftsones (as erst you did) to moorne,  
Wherto goe I, you will be ded before I thence re-  
toorne.  
So I shall spend in wast, my time, and busy payne,  
So unto you (your life once lost) good aunswere  
commes in vayne ;  
So shall I ridde myselfe with this sharpe pointed  
knife,  
So shall you cause your parents deere wax wery of  
their life ;  
So shall your Romeus, (despying lively breath)  
With hasty foote (before his tyme) ronne to untimely  
death.  
Where if you can a while, by reason, rage suppressse,  
I hope at my retorne to bring the salve of your dis-  
tresse.

Now choose to have me here a partner of your payne,  
Or promessee me to feede on hope, till I retorne  
agayne.

Her mistres sendes her forth, and makes a grave  
behest,

With reasons rayne to rule the thoughts that rage  
within her brest.

When hugy heapes of harmes, are heapd before her  
eyes,

Then vanish they by hope of scape; and thus the  
lady lyes,

Twixt well assured trust, and doubtfull lewd dispayre:  
Now blacke and ougly be her thoughts; now seeme  
they white and fayre.

As oft in summer tide, blacke cloudes do dimme the  
sonne,

And straight againe in clearest skye his restles steedes  
do ronne,

So Juliets wandring mynd yclowded is with woe,  
And by and by her hasty thought the woes doth over-  
goe.

But now is time to tell whilst she was tossed thus  
What windes did drive or haven did hold her lover <sup>1</sup>  
Romeus.

When he had slayne his foe, that gan this dedly  
strife,

And saw the furious fiay had ende, by ending Tybalts  
life,

He fled the sharpe revenge of those that yet did live,  
And douting much what penall doome the troubled  
prince myght gyve,

He sought some where unscene, to lurke a little  
space,

And trusty Lawrence secret cell, he thought the  
surest place.

<sup>1</sup> [In the text *lover* is repeated, but undoubtedly by error.]

In doutfull happe ay best, a trusty frend is tride ;  
The frendly fryer in this distresse, doth graunt his  
frend to hyde.

A secret place he hath, well seeled round about,  
The mouth of which, so close is shut, that none may  
finde it out ;

Both roome there is to walke, and place to sitte and  
rest,

Beside, a bed to sleape upon, full soft and trimly  
drest.

The flowre is planked so with mattes, it is so  
warme,

That neither wind nor smoky dampes have powre him  
ought to harme.

Where he was wont in youth, his sayre frendes to be-  
stowe,

There now he hydeth Romeus, whilst forth he goeth  
to knowe

Both what is sayd and donne, and what appoynted  
payne

Is published by trumpets sound ; then home he hys  
agayne.

By this, unto his cell, the nurce with speddy pace,  
Was comme the ncrest way ; she sought no ydel rest-  
ing place.

The fryer sent home the newes of Romeus certain  
helth,

And promesse made (what so befall) he should that  
night by stelth

Comme to his wonted place, that they in needfull  
wise

Of theyr affayres in time to comme, might thorowly  
devyse.

Those joyfull newes, the nurce brought home with  
mery joy ;

And now our Juliet joyes, to thinke, she shall her  
love enjoye.

The fryer shuts fast his doore. and then to him be-  
neth,  
That waytes to heare the doutefull newes of lyfe or els  
of death.

Thy hap quoth he, is good, daunger of death is  
none,  
But thou shalt live, and doe full well, in spite of spite-  
full fone.

This onely payne for thee was erst proclaymde  
aloude,  
A banishd man, thou mayst thee not within Verona  
shroude.

These heavy tydinges heard, his golden lockes he  
tare,  
And like a frantike man hath torne the garmentes  
that he ware.

And as the smitten deere, in brakes is waltring found,  
So waltreth he, and with his brest doth beate the  
troden grounde.

He rises eft, and strikes his head against the wals,  
He falleth downe againe, and lowde for hasty death  
he cals.

Come speddy death (quoth he) the readiest leache in  
love,

Since nought can els beneth the sunne the ground of  
griefe remove,

Of lothsome life breake downe the hated staggering  
stayes,

Destroy, destroy at once the lyfe that faintly yet  
decayes.

But you (fayre dame) in whome dame nature dyd  
devise

With cunning hand to woorke, that might seeme won-  
drous in our eyes,

For you I pray the Gods, your pleasures to increase,  
And all mishap, with this my death, for evermore to  
cease.

And mighty Jove with speede of justice bring them  
lowe,

Whose lofty pryde (without our gylt) our blisse doth  
overblowe.

And Cupide graunt to those theyr speddy wrongs re-  
dresse,

That shall bewayle my cruell death, and pity her dis-  
tresse.

Therewith a cloude of sighes, he breathd into the  
skies,

And two great streames of bitter teares, ran from his  
swollen eyes.

'These thinges, the auncient fryre, with sorow saw, and  
heard,

Of such begynning eke, the ende, the wise man greatly  
feard.

But loe, he was so weake, by reason of his age,  
That he ne could by force, represse the rigour of his  
rage.

His wise and frendly woordes, he speaketh to the ayre,  
For Romeus so vexed is, with care and with despayre,  
That no advice can perce, his close forstopped eares,  
So now the fryer doth take his part, in shedding ruth-  
full teares.

With colour pale, and wan, with armes full hard  
yfold,

With wofull cheere, his wayling frend he standeth to  
beholde.

And then, our Romeus, with tender handes ywrong,  
With voyce, with plaint made horce, w' sobs, and  
with a foltring tong,

Renewed with novel mone the dolours of his hart ;  
His outward dreery cheere bewrayde, his store of in-  
ward smart,

Fyrst, nature did he blame, the author of his lyfe,  
In which his joyes had been so scant, and sorowes  
aye so ryfe ;

The time and place of byrth he fiersly did reprove,  
He cryed out (with open mouth) against the starres  
above :

The fatall sisters three, he said, had done him wrong,  
The threed that should not have been sponne, they  
had drawne foorth too long.

He wished that he had before this time been borne,  
Or that as soone as he wan light, his life he had for  
lorne.

His nurce he cursed, and the hand that gave him  
pappe,

The midwife eke with tender grype that held him in  
her lappe ;

And then did he complaine, on Venus cruel sonne,  
Who led him first unto the rockes, which he should  
warely shonne :

By meane wherof he lost, both lyfe and libertie,  
And dyed a hundred times a day, and yet could never  
dye.

Loves troubles hasten long, the joyes he geves are  
short ;

He forceth not a lovers payne, theyr earnest is his  
sport.

A thousand thinges and more, I herê let passe to  
write,

Which unto love this wofull man, dyd speake in great  
despite.

On Fortune eke he raylde, he calde her deafe, and  
blynde,

Uinconstant, fond, deceitfull, rashe, unruthfull, and  
unkynd.

And to him self he layd a great part of the falt,  
I'or that he slewe, and was not slayne, in fighting with  
Tibalt.

He blamed all the world, and all he did defye,  
But Juliet, for whom he lived, for whom eke would he  
dye.

When after raging fits, appeased was his rage,  
And when his passions (powred forth) gan partly to  
    asswage,  
So wisely did the fryre, unto his tale replye,  
That he straight cared for his life, that erst had care  
    to dye.  
Art thou quoth he a man? thy shape saith so thou  
    art;  
Thy crying and thy weping eyes, denote a womans  
    hart.  
For manly reason is quite from of thy mynd outchased,  
And in her stead affections lewd, and fancies highly  
    placed:  
So that, I stoode in doute this howre (at the least)  
If thou a man, or woman wert, or els a brutish beast.  
A wise man in the midst of troubles and distres  
Still standes not wayling present harme, but seeks his  
    harmes redres.  
As when the winter flawes, with dredfull noyse arise,  
And heave the fomy swelling waves up to the starry  
    skies,  
So that the broosed barke in cruell seas betost,  
Dispayreth of the happy haven in daunger to be lost,  
The pylate bold at helme, cries, mates strike now  
    your sayle,  
And tornes her stemme into the waves that strongly  
    her assayle;  
Then driven hard upon the bare and wrackfull shore,  
In greater daunger to be wract, then he had been  
    before,  
He seeth his ship full right against the rocke to  
    ronne,  
But yet he dooth what lyeth in him the perilous rocke  
    to shonne;  
Sometimes the beaten boate, by cunning government,  
The ancors lost, the cables broke, and all the tackle  
    spent,

The roder smitten of, and over boord the mast,  
Doth win the long desyred porte, the stormy daunger  
past.

But if the master dread, and overprest with woe,  
Begin to wring his handes, and lets the gyding rodder  
goe,

The ship rents on the rocke, or sinketh in the deepe,  
And eke the coward drenched is: So, if thou still  
beweepe

And seke not how to helpe the chaunges that do  
chaunce,

Thy cause of sorow shall increase, thou cause of thy  
mischaunce.

(Other account thee wise, proove not thy selfe a foole;  
Now put in practise lessons learnd, of old in wis-  
domes schoole.

The wise man saith, beware thou double not thy  
payne,

For one perhaps thou mayst abyde, but hardly suffer  
twayne.

As well we ought to seeke thinges hurtfull to decrease,  
As to endeavor helping thinges by study to increase.

The prayse of trew fredom, in wisdomes bondage  
lyes,

He winneth blame whose deedes be fonde, although  
his woords be wise.

Sickenes the bodies gayle, greefe, gayle is of the mynd;  
If thou canst scape from heavy greefe, true fredome  
shalt thou finde.

Fortune can fill nothing, so full of hearty greefe,  
But in the same a constant mynd, finds solace and  
releefe.

Vertue is alwayes thrall, to troubles and annoye,  
But wisdom in adversitie, findes cause of quiet joye.  
And they most wretched are, that know no wretched-  
nes,

And afther great extremity, mishaps ay waxen lesse.



Like as there is no weale, but wastes away some-  
time,  
So every kind of wayled woe, will weare away in  
time.

If thou wilt master quite, the troubles that the spill,  
Endevor first by reasons help, to master witles will.  
A sondry medson hath, eche sondry faynt disease,  
But pacience, a common salve, to every wound geves  
ease.

The world is alway full of chaunces and of chaunge,  
Wherfore the chaunge of chaunce must not seeme to  
a wise man straunge.

For tickel Fortune doth, in chaunging but her kind,  
But all her chaunges cannot chaunge, a steady con-  
stant minde.

Though wavering Fortune toorne from thee her smyling  
face,

And sorow seeke to set him selfe in banishd pleasures  
place,

Yet may thy marred state, be mended in a while,  
And she eftsones that frowneth now, with pleasant  
cheere shall smyle.

For as her happy state, no long whyle standeth sure,  
Even so the heavy plight she brings, not alwayes doth  
endure.

What nede so many woordes, to thee that are so wyse?  
Thou better canst advise thy selfe, then I can thee  
advyse.

Wisdome I see is vayne, if thus in time of neede,  
A wise mans wit unpractised, doth stand him in no  
steede.

I know thou hast some cause, of sorow and of care,  
But well I wot thou hast no cause thus frantikly to  
fare.

Affections foggy mist, thy febled sight doth blynde,  
But if that reasons beames agayne, might shine into  
thy mynde,

If thou wouldst view thy state with an indifferent eye,  
I thinke thou wouldst condemne thy plaint, thy sigh-  
ing, and thy crye.

With valiant hand thou madest thy foe yeld up his  
breth,

Thou hast escapd his swerd, and eke the lawes that  
threatten death.

By thy escape, thy frendes, are fraughted full of joy,  
And by his death thy deadly foes are laden with annoy.  
Wilt thou with trusty frendes, of pleasure take some  
part?

Or els to please thy hatefull foes, be partner of theyr  
smart?

Why cryest thou out on love, why doest thou blame  
thy fate?

Why dost thou so crye after death? thy life why dost  
thou hate?

Dost thou repent the choyce, that thou so late didst  
choose?

Love is thy Lord, thou oughtest obay, and not thy  
prince accuse.

For thou hast found (thou knowst) great favour in  
his sight,

He graunted thee at thy request, thy onely hartes  
delight.

So that the Gods envyde the blisse thou livedst in ;  
To geve to such unthankfull men, is folly and a sin.  
Me thinkes I heare thee say the cruell banishment,  
Is onely cause of thy unrest, onely thou dost lament,  
That from thy natife land, and frendes thou must  
depart,

Enforst to flye from her that hath the keping of thy  
hart :

And so opprest with waight of smart that thou dost  
feele,

Thou dost complaine of Cupides brand, and Fortunes  
turning wheele.

Unto a valiant hart there is no banishment,  
All countreys are his native soyle beneath the firma-  
ment.

As to the fishe, the sea, as to the fowle, the ayre,  
So is like pleasant to the wise, eche place of his  
repayre.

Though froward fortune chase thee hence into exyle,  
With doubled honor shall she call thee home within a  
whyle.

Admyt thou shouldst abyde abroad a yere or twayne,  
Should so short absence cause so long, and eke so  
greevous payne ?

Though thou ne mayst thy frendes, here in Verona see,  
They are not banishd Mantua, where safely thou mast  
be.

Thether they may resort, though thou resort not  
hether,  
And there in suretie may you talke, of your affayres  
together.

Yea, but this whyle (alas) thy Juliet must thou misse,  
The onely piller of thy helth, and ancor of thy blisse.  
Thy hart thou leavest with her, when thou dost hence  
depart,

And in thy brest inclosed bearest, her tender frendly hart.  
But if thou rew so much, to leave the rest behinde,  
With thought of passed joyes, content thy discontented  
mynde ;

So shall the mone decrease, wherwith thy mynd doth  
melt,

Compared to the heavenly joyes which thou hast often  
felt.

He is too nyse a weakeling, that shrinketh at a showre,  
And he unworthy of the sweete, that tasteth not the  
sowre.

Call now againe to mynde, thy first consuming flame ;  
How didst thou vainely burne in love of an unloving  
dame ?

Hadst thou not welnigh wept, quite out thy swelling  
eyne?

Did not thy parts, fordoon with payne, languishe  
away and pyne?

Those greefes and others like, were happily overpast,  
And thou in haight of Fortunes wheele, well placed at  
the last!

From whence thou art now falne, that raysed up  
agayne,

With greater joy a greater while in pleasure mayst  
thou raygne.

Compare the present while, with times ypast before,  
And thinke that fortune hath for thee, great pleasure  
yet in store,

The whilst, this little wrong, receive thou paciently,  
And what of force must nedes be done, that doe thou  
willingly.

Foly it is to feare that thou canst not avoyde,  
And madnes to desire it much, that can not be en-  
joyde.

To geve to Fortune place, not ay deserveth blame,  
But skill it is, according to the times, thy selfe to  
frame.

Whilst to this skilfull lore, he lent his listning  
cares,

His sighes are stopt, and stopped are the conduits of  
his teares.

As blackest cloudes are chased, by winters nimble  
winde,

So have his reasons chased care, out of his carefull  
mynde.

As of a morning fowle, ensues an evening fayre,  
So banisht hope returneth home, to banish his des-  
payre.

Now is affections veale, removed from his eyes,  
He seeth the path that he must walke, and reson  
makes him wise.

For very shame, the blood doth flashe in both his cheekes,

He thanks the father for his lore, and farther ayde he seekes.

He sayth that skilles youth, for counsell is unfitte,  
And anger oft with hastines are joind to want of witte ;  
But sound advise aboundes in heddes with horishe heares,

For wisdom is by practise wonne, and perfect made by yeares.

But aye from this time forth, his ready bending will,  
Shalbe in awe, and governed, by fryer Lawrence skill.  
The governor is now, right carefull of his charge,  
To whom he doth wisely discoorse, of his affaires at large.

He telles him how he shall, depart the towne unknowne,

Both mindfull of his frendes safetie, and carefull of his owne

How he shall gyde him selfe, how he shall seeke to winne,

The frendship of the better sort, how warely to crepe in  
The favour of the Mantuan prince ; and how he may  
Appease the wrath of Escalus, and wipe the fault away ;

The choller of his foes, by gentle meanes tasswage,  
Or els by force and practises, to bridle quite theyr rage :  
And last he chargeth him, at his appointed howre,  
To goe with manly mery cheere, unto his ladies bowre.  
And there with holesome woordes, to salve her sorowes smart,

And to revive, (if nede require), her faint and dying hart.

The old mans woords have fild with joy, our Romeus brest,

And eke the olde wives talke, hath set our Juliets hart at rest.

Whereto may I compare, (O lovers) this your day?  
 Like dayes the painefull mariners, are woonted to  
     assay;  
 For beat with tempest great, when they at length,  
     espye  
 Some little beame of Phœbus light, that perceth  
     through the skie,  
 To cleare the shadowde earth, by clearenes of his face,  
 They hope that dreadles, they shall ronne the remnant  
     of their race;  
 Yea, they assure them selfe, and quite behynd theyr  
     backe,  
 They cast all doute, and thanke the Gods for scaping  
     of the wracke;  
 But straight the boysterous windes, with greater fury  
     blowe,  
 And over boord the broken mast, the stormy blastes  
     doe throwe;  
 The heavens large, are clad with cloudes, as darke as  
     hell,  
 And twise as hye, the striving waves begin to roare,  
     and swell;  
 With greater daungers dred, the men are vexed  
     more,  
 In greater perill of their lyfe then they had been  
     before.  
     The golden sonne, was gonne to lodge him in the  
     west,  
 The full moone eke in yonder south, had sent most  
     men to rest;  
 When restles Romeus, and restles Juliet,  
 In woonted sort, by woonted meane, in Juliets chaum-  
     ber met.  
 And from the windowes top, downe had he leaped  
     scarce,  
 When she with armes outstretched wide, so hard did  
     him embrace,

That welnigh had the sprite (not forced by dedly  
force)

Flowne unto death, before the time abandoning the  
corce,

Thus muet stooode they both, the eight part of an  
howre,

And both would speake, but neither had of speaking  
any powre ;

But on his brest her hed doth joylesse Juliet lay,  
And on her slender necke, his chyn doth ruthfull  
Romeus stay.

Their scalding sighes ascende, and by their cheekes  
downe fall,

Their trickling teares, as christall cleare, but bitterer  
farre then gall.

Then he to end the greefe, which both they lived in,  
Did kysse his love, and wisely thus hys tale he dyd  
begin :

My Juliet, my love, my onely hope and care,  
To you I purpose not as now, with length of woords  
declare,

The diversenes, and eke the accidents so straunge,  
Of frayle unconstant Fortune, that delyteth still in  
chaunge ;

Who in a moment heaves her frendes up to the height,  
Of her swift turning slippery wheele, then fleetes her  
frendship straight.

O wondrous change, even with the twinkling of an eye  
Whom erst her selfe had rashly set, in pleasant place  
so hye,

The same in great despyte, downe hedlong doth she  
throwe,

And while she treads and spurneth at the lofty state  
laid lowe,

More sorow doth she shape within an howers space,  
Than pleasure in an hundred yeres ; so geyson is her  
grace.

The prooffe wherof in me (alas) too plaine apperes,  
Whom tenderly my carefull frendes have fostered with  
my feers,

In prosperous high degree, mayntayned so by fate,  
That (as your selfe did see) my foes envye my noble  
state.

One thing there was, I did above the rest desire,  
To which, as to the soveraigne good, by hope I would  
aspire.

Thol by our mariage meane, we might within a while,  
(To worke our perfect happines) our parentes reconcile :  
That safely so we might (not stopt by sturdy strife)  
Unto the boundes that God hath set, gyde forth our  
pleasant lyfe.

But now (alacke) too soone my blisse is overblowne,  
And upside downe my purpose and my enterprise are  
throwne.

And driven from my frendes, of straungers must I  
crave,  
(O graunt it God) from daungers dread, that I may  
suertie have.

For loe, henceforth I must, wander in landes unknowne,  
(So hard I finde the princes doome,) exyled from myne  
owne.

Which thing I have thought good, to set before your  
eyes,

And to exhort you, now to prove your selfe a woman  
wise,

That patiently, you beare my absent long abod,  
For what above by fatall doomes decreed is that God,  
And more than this, to say it seemed he was bent,  
But Juliet, in dedly greefe, with brackish teares be-  
sprent,

Brake of his tale begonne, and whilst his speche he  
stayde,

These selfe same wordes, or like to these, with dreery  
chere she sayde :



Why Romeus, can it be, thou hast so hard a hart?  
So farre removed from ruth? so farre from thinking  
on my smart?

To leave me thus alone? (thou cause of my distresse)  
Beseged with so great a campe, of mortall wretched-  
nesse.

'That every hower now, and moment in a day,  
A thousand times, death bragges, as he would reave  
my lyfe away.

Yet such is my mishap, (O cruell destenye)  
'That still I live, and wish for death, but yet can never  
dye :

So that just cause I have, to thinke (as seemeth me)  
'That froward Fortune did of late, with cruell death  
agree

To lengthen lothed life, to pleasure in my payne,  
And triumph in my harme, as in the greatest hoped  
gayne.

And thou the instrument of Fortunes cruell will,  
Without whose ayde she can no way, her tyrans lust  
fulfill :

Art not a whit ashamde, (as farre as I can see)  
To cast me of, when thou hast culd the better part of  
me.

Wherby (alas) to soone, I seely wretch do prove,  
'That all the auncient sacred lawes of frendship and  
of love,

Are quelde and quenched quite, since he on whom  
alway,

My cheefe hope, and my steady trust, was woonted  
still to stay,

For whom I am becommen, unto my selfe a foe,  
Disdayneth me his stedfast frend, and scornes my  
frendship so.

Nay Romeus, nay, thou mayst of two thinges choose  
the one,

Either to see thy castaway as soone as thou art gone,

Hedlong to throw her selfe downe from the windowes  
 haight,  
 And so to breake her slender necke, with all the  
 bodies waight,  
 Or suffer her to be companion of thy payne,  
 Where so thou goe (Fortune thee gyde) till thou re-  
 toorne agayne.

So wholly into thine, transformed is my hart,  
 That even as oft as I do thinke that thou and I shall  
 part,

So oft (me thinkes) my life withdrawes it selfe awaye,  
 Which I retayne, to no end els, but to the end I may  
 In spite of all thy foes, thy present partes enjoye,  
 And in distres to beare with thee, the halfe of thine  
 annoye.

Wherefore in humble sort (Romeus) I make request,  
 If ever tender pity yet, were lodgde in gentle brest,  
 O let it now have place, to rest within thy hart;  
 Receave me as thy servant, and the fellow of thy  
 smart :

Thy absence is my death, thy sight shall geve me life.  
 But if perhaps thou stand in dred, to leade me as a wyfe,  
 Art thou all counsellasse, canst thou no shift devise?  
 What letteth, but in other weede I may my selfe dis-  
 guyse?

What, shall I be the first? hath none done so ere this,  
 To scape the bondage of theyr frendes? thy selfe can  
 aunswer, yes.

Or dost thou stand in doute, that I thy wife ne can,<sup>1</sup>  
 By service pleasure thee as much as may thy hyred  
 man?

Or is my loyalte of both accompted lesse?  
 Perhaps thou fearst lest I for gayne, forsake thee in  
 distresse.

What, hath my bewty now, no powre at all on you,  
 Whose brightnes, force, and praise sometime, up to  
 the skyes you blew?

My teares, my frendship, and my pleasures donne of  
olde,  
Shall they be quite forgote in dede?" When Romeus  
dyd behold

The wildness of her looke, her cooler pale and ded,  
The woorst of all that might betyde to her, he gan to  
dred ;

And once agayne he dyd in armes his Juliet take,  
And kist her with a loving kysse, and thus to her he  
spake :

" Ah Juliet (quoth he) the mistres of my hart,  
For whom (even now) thy servant doth abyde in dedly  
smart,

Even for the happy dayes which thou desyrest to see,  
And for the fervent frendships sake that thou dost owe  
to mee,

At once these fansies vayne, out of thy mynd roote  
out,

Except perhaps unto thy blame, thou fondly go about  
To hasten forth my death, and to thine owne to ronne,  
Which Natures law, and wisdoms lore teache every  
wight to shonne.

For, but thou change thy mynde, (I do foretell the  
ende)

Thou shalt undoo thyselfe for ay, and me thy trusty  
frende.

For why, thy absence knowne, thy father wilbe  
wroth,

And in his rage, so narrowly he will pursue us both,  
That we shall trye in vayne, to scape away by flight,  
And vainely seeke a looking place, to hyde us from  
his sight.

Then we found out, and caught, quite voyde of strong  
defence,

Shall cruelly be punished, for thy departure hence ;

I, as a ravishor, thou, as a careles childe,

I, as a man who doth defile, thou, as a mayde defilde ;

Thinking to lead in ease, a long contented life,  
 Shall short our dayes by shamefull death: but if (my  
 loving wife)  
 'Thou banish from thy mynde, two foes that counsell  
 hath,  
 (That wont to hinder sound advise) rash hastines, and  
 wrath;  
 If thou be bend to bay the lore of reasons skill,  
 And wisely by her princely powre suppress rebell  
 will:  
 If thou our safetie seeke, more then thine owne de-  
 light,  
 Since suerty standes in parting, and thy pleasures  
 growe of sight,  
 Forbeare the cause of joy, and suffer for a while,  
 So shall I safely live abroad, and safe torne from exile:  
 So shall no slaunders blot, thy spotles life destayne,  
 So shall thy kinsmen be unстыrd, and I exempt from  
 payne.  
 And thinke thou not that aye, the cause of care shall  
 last;  
 These stormy broyles shall overblowe, much like a  
 winters blast.  
 For Fortune chaungeth more, then fickle fantasie;  
 In nothing Fortune constant is, save in unconstauncie.  
 Her hasty ronning wheele, is of a restles coorse,  
 That turnes the clymers hedlong downe, from better  
 to the woorse,  
 And those that are beneth, she heaveth up agayne:  
 So we shall rise to pleasures mount, out of the pit of  
 payne.  
 Ere fowre monthes overpasse, such order will I take,  
 And by my letters, and my frendes, such meanes I  
 mynd to make,  
 That of my wandring race, ended shalbe the toyle,  
 And I cald home with honor great, unto my native  
 soyle.

But if I be condemnd to wander still in thrall,  
I will returne to you (mine owne) befall what may  
befall.

And then by strength of frendes, and with a mighty  
hand,

From Verone will I cary thee, into a forein lande,  
Not in mans weede disguisd, or as one scarcely  
knowne,

But as my wife and only feere, in garment of thyne  
owne.

Wherefore repress at once, the passions of thy hart,  
And where there is no cause of greefe, cause hope to  
heale thy smart.

For of this one thing thou mayst well assured bee,  
That nothing els but onely death shall sunder me  
from thee.

The reasons that he made, did seeme of so great  
waight,

And had with her such force, that she to him gan  
aunswer straight :

Deere syr, nought els wish I, but to obay your will ;  
But sure where so you go, your hart with me shall  
tary still,

As signe and certaine pledge, tyll here I shall you  
see,

Of all the powre that over you your selfe did graunt  
to me ;

And in his stead take myne, the gage of my good  
will :

One promesse crave I at your hand, that graunt me  
to fulfill ;

Fayle not to let me have at fryer Lawrence hand,  
The tydinges of your health, and how your doutfull  
case shall stand.

And all the wery while that you shall spend abroad,  
Cause me from time to time to knowe the place of  
your abode.

His eyes did gushe out teares, a sigh brake from his  
brest,

When he did graunt, and with an othe did vowe to  
kepe the hest.

Thus these two lovers passe away the very night,  
In payne and plaint, not (as they wont) in pleasure  
and delight.

But now (somewhat too soone) in farthest East arose  
Fayre Lucifer, the golden starre, that Lady Venus  
chose ;

Whose course appoynted is, with spedy race to ronne,  
A messenger of dawning daye, and of the rysing sonne.  
Then freshe Aurora, with her pale and silver glade,  
Did cleare the skyes, and from the earth, had chased  
ougly shade.

When thou ne lookest wide, ne closely dost thou  
winke,

When Phœbus from our hemysphere, in westerne  
wave doth sinke,

What cooler then the heavens do shew unto thine eyes,  
'The same, (or like) saw Romeus in farthest Esterne  
skyes.

As yet, he saw no day, ne could he call it night,  
With equall force, decreasing darke, fought with in-  
creasing light.

'Then Romeus in armes his lady gan to folde,  
With frendly kisse, and ruthfully she gan her knight  
beholde.

With solemne othe they both theyr sorowfull leave do  
take ;

They sweare no stormy troubles shall theyr steady  
frendship shake.

Then carefull Romeus, agayne to cell retoornes,  
And in her chamber secretly our joyles Juliet moornes.  
Now hugy cloudes of care, of sorow and of dread,  
'The clearnes of their gladsome harts hath wholly over-  
spread.

When golden crested Phœbus bosteth him in skye,  
And under earth, to scape revenge, his dedly foe doth  
flye,

Then hath these lovers day an ende, their night be-  
gonne,  
For eche of them to other is, as to the world the  
sunne.

The dawning they shall see, ne sommer any more,  
But blackfaced night with winter rough, (ah) beaten  
over sore.

The very watch discharged, did hye them home to  
slepe,

The warders, and the skowtes were chargde their place  
and coorse to keepe,

And Verone gates awyde the porters had set open,  
When Romeus had of his affayres with frier Lawrence  
spoken,

Warely he walked forth, unknowne of frend or foe,  
Clad like a merchant venterer, from top even to the  
toe.

He spurd apace and came withouten stop or stay,  
To Mantua gates, where lighted downe, he sent his  
man away,

With words of comfort, to his olde afflicted syre ;  
And straight in mynd to sojorne there, a lodgeing  
doth he hyre,

And with the nobler sort he doth himselfe acquaint,  
And of his open wrong receaved, the Duke doth heare  
his plaint.

He practiseth by frendes, for pardon of exyle ;  
The whilst, he seeketh every way, his sorowes to  
begyle.

But who forgets the cole that burneth in his brest ?  
Alas his cares, denye his hart, the sweete desyred rest ;  
No time findes he of myrth, he findes no place of  
joye,

But every thing occasion geves, of sorow and annoy.

For when in toorning skies, the heavens lampes are  
 light,  
 And from the other hemysphere, fayre Phœbus  
 chaceth night,  
 When every man and beast, hath rest from painfull  
 toyle,  
 Then in the brest of Romeus, his passions gyn to  
 boyle.  
 Then doth he wet with teares, the cowche whereon  
 he lyes,  
 And then his sighes the chamber fill, and out aloude  
 he cryes  
 Against the restles starres, in rolling skyes that raunge,  
 Against the fatall sisters three, and Fortune full of  
 chaunge.  
 Eche night a thousand times he calleth for the day,  
 He thinketh Titans restles stedes, of restines do  
 stay;  
 Or that at length they have some bayting place found  
 out,  
 Or (gyded yll) have lost theyr way and wandred farre  
 about.  
 Whyle thus in ydel thoughts, the wery time he  
 spendeth,  
 The night hath end, but not with night, the plaint of  
 night he endeth.  
 Is he accompanied, is he in place alone?  
 In cumpany he wayles his harme, a part he maketh  
 mone:  
 For if his feeres rejoyce, what cause hath he to  
 joy,  
 That wanteth still his cheefe delight, while they theyr  
 loves enjoy?  
 But if with heavy cheere, they shewe their inward  
 greefe,  
 He wayleth most his wretchednes, that is of wretches  
 cheefe.



When he doth heare abroad, the praise of ladies blowne,  
Within his thought he scorneth them, and doth pre-  
ferre his owne.

When pleasant songes he heares, while others do re-  
joyce,  
The melody of musike doth styrre up his mourning  
voyce.

But if in secret place he walke some where alone,  
The place it selfe, and secretnes redoubleth all his  
mone.

Then speakes he to the beastes, to fethered fowles,  
and trees,

Unto the earth, the cloudes, and to what so beside he  
sees.

To them he shewth his smart, as though they reason  
had,

Eche thing may cause his heavines, but nought may  
make him glad,

And (wery of the day) agayne he calleth night,  
The sunne he curseth, and the howre, when fyrst his  
eyes saw light.

And as the night, and day, their course do enter-  
chaunge,

So doth our Romeus nightly cares, for cares of day  
exchaunge,

In absence of her knight, the lady no way could  
Kepe trews betwene her greefes and her, though nere  
so fayne she would ;

And though with greater payne she cloked sorowes  
smart,

Yet did her paled face disclose the passions of her hart.  
Her sighing every howre, her weping every where,  
Her recheles heede of meate, of slepe, and wearing of  
her geare,

The carefull mother markes ; then of her helth afrayde,  
Because the greefes increased still, thus to her child  
she sayde :

Deere daughter, if you shoulde long languishe in this  
sort,  
I stand in doute that over soone your sorowes will  
make short  
Your loving fathers life, and myne, that love you more  
Than our owne propre breth and lyfe. Brydel hence-  
forth therfore  
Your greefe, and payne, your selfe on joy your thought  
to set,  
For time it is that now you should our Tybalts death  
forget.  
Of whom, since God hath claymd the lyfe, that was  
but lent,  
He is in blisse, ne is there cause why you should thus  
lament?  
You can not call him backe with teares, and shrikinges  
shrill :  
It is a falt thus still to grudge at God's appoynted  
will.  
The seely soule hath now no longer powre to fayne,  
Ne longer could she hyde her harme, but aunswered  
thus agayne,  
With heavy broken sighes, with visage pale and ded :  
Madame, the last of Tybalts teares, a great while since  
I shed ;  
Whose spring hath been ere this so laded out by me,  
That empty quite, and moystureles, I gesse it now to be.  
So that my payned hart by conduites of the eyne,  
No more henceforth (as wont it was) shall gush forth  
dropping bryne.  
The wofull mother knew not, what her daughter ment,  
And loth to vexe her child by woordes, her peace she  
warely hent.  
But when from howre to howre, from morow to the  
morow,  
Still more and more she saw increast her daughters  
wonted sorow,

All meanes she sought of her, and houshold folke to  
know  
The certaine roote, whereon her greefe, and booteles  
mone doth growe.  
But lo, she hath in vayne, her time, and labour lore,  
Wherefore without all measure, is her hart tormented  
sore.  
And sith her selfe could not fynd out the cause of  
care,  
She thought it good to tell the syre, how yll his childe  
did fare.  
And when she saw her time, thus to her feere she  
sayde :  
Syr, if you marke our daughter well, the countenance  
of the mayde,  
And how she fareth, since that Tybalt unto death,  
(Before his time, forst by his foe) dyd yeld his living  
breath,  
Her face shall seeme so chaunged, her doynges eke  
so straunge,  
That you will greatly wonder at, so great and sodain  
chaunge.  
Not only she forbears, her meate, her drinke, and  
sleepe,  
But now she tendeth nothing els but to lament and  
weepe.  
No greater joy hath she, nothing contentes her  
hart  
So much, as in her chaumber, close to shut her selfe  
apart :  
Where she doth so torment her poore afflicted  
mynde,  
That much in daunger standes her lyfe, except somme  
helpe we fynde.  
But (out alas) I see not how it may be founde,  
Unlesse that fyrst, we might fynd, whence her sorowes  
thus abounde.

For though with busy care, I have employde my wit,  
And used all the wayes I knew, to learne the truth  
of it,

Neither extremitie, ne gentle meanes could boote ;  
She hydeth close within her brest, her secret sorowes  
roote.

This was my fyrst conceite, that all her ruth arose  
Out of her coosin Tybalts death, late slayne of dedly  
foes ;

But now my hart doth hold a new repugnant thought ;  
Some greater thing, not Tybalts death, this chaunge  
in her hath wrought.

Her selfe assured me, that many dayes agoe  
She shed the last of Tybalts teares, which woord  
amasd me so,

That I then could not gesse what thing els might her  
greeve :

But now at length I have bethought me ; and I doe  
beleve

The onely crop and roote of all my daughters payne,  
Is grudgeing envies faynt disease : perhaps she doth  
disdayne

To see in wedlocke yoke the most part of her feeres,  
Whilst onely she unmarried, doth lose so many yeres.  
And more perchaunce she thinkes you mynd to kepe  
her so ;

Wherefore dispayring doth she weare her selfe away  
with woe.

Therefore (deere syr) in time take on your daughter  
ruth ;

For why, a brickel thing is glasse, and frayle is frayl-  
lesse youth.

Joyne her at once to somme, in linke of mariage,  
That may be meete for our degree, and much about  
her age :

So shall you banish care out of your daughters brest,  
So we her parents in our age, shall live in quiet rest.

Wherto gan easely her husband to agree,  
And to the mothers skilful talke, thus straightway  
aunswerd he.

Oft have I thought (deere wife) of all these thinges ere  
this,

But evermore my mynd me gave, it should not be  
amisse

By farther leysure had, a husband to provyde ;  
Scarce saw she yet full XVI. yeres : too yong to be a  
bryde.

But since her state doth stande on termes so perillous,  
And that a mayden daughter is a treasour daungerous,  
With so great speede I will endeavour to procure  
A husband for our daughter yong, her sickenes faynt  
to cure,

'That you shall rest content, (so warely will I choose)  
And she recover soone enough the time she seemes to  
loose.

The whilst, seeke you to learne, if she in any part,  
Already hath (unware to us) fixed her frendly hart ;  
Lest we have more respect to honor and to welth,  
'Then to our daughters quiet life, and to her happy  
helth :

Whom I do hold as deere, as thapple of myne eye,  
And rather wish in poore estate, and daughterles to  
dye,

Then leave my goodes and her ythrald to such a  
one,

Whose chorlish dealing, (I once dead) should be her  
cause of mone."

This pleasaunt aunswere heard, the lady partes  
agayne,

And Capilet the maydens sire, within a day or  
twayne,

Conferreth with his frendes, for mariage of his daughter,  
And many gentlemen there were, with busy care that  
sought her ;

Both for the mayden was well shaped, yong, and fayre,  
As also well brought up, and wise ; her fathers onely  
heyre.

Emong the rest was one inflamde with her desire,  
Who, County Paris cliped was, an Earle he had to  
syre.

Of all the suters, him the father liketh best,  
And easely unto the Earle he maketh his behest,  
Both of his owne good will, and of his frendly ayde,  
To win his wife unto his will, and to perswade the  
mayde.

The wife did joy to heare the joyfull husband say,  
How happy hap, how meete a match, he had found  
out that day :

Ne did she seeke to hyde her joyes within her hart,  
But straight she hyeth to Juliet, to her she telles apart,  
What happy talke (by meane of her) was past no  
rather

Betwene the woing Paris, and her carefull loving  
father.

The person of the man, the fewters of his face,  
His youthfull yeres, his fayrenes, and his port and  
semely grace,

With curious wordes she payntes before her daughters  
eyes,

And then with store of vertues prayse, she heaves him  
to the skyes.

She vauntes his race, and gyftes, that Fortune did him  
geve,

Wherby (she saith) both she and hers, in great delight  
shall live.

When Juliet conceived her parentes whole entent,  
Wherto, both love, and reasons right forbod her to  
assent.

Within her self she thought, rather then be forsworne,  
With horses wilde, her tender partes a sonder should  
be torne.

Not now with bashful brow (in wonted wise) she spake.  
But with unwonted boldnes, straight into these woordes  
she brake :

Madame, I marvell much, that you so lavasse are,  
Of me your childe, (your jewel once, your onely joy  
and care,)

As thus to yelde me up, at pleasure of another,  
Before you know if I doe like, or els mislike my lover.  
Doo what you list, but yet of this assure you still,  
If you do as you say you will, I yelde not there untill.  
For had I choyse of twayne, farre rather would I  
choose

My part of all your goodes, and eke my breath and lyfe  
to lose,

Then graunt that he possesse of me the smallest part;  
First, weary of my painefull life, my cares shall kill  
my hart,

Else will I perce my brest, with sharpe and bloody  
knife ;

And you my mother shall becomene the murdresse of  
my life,

In geving me to him, whom I ne can ne may,  
Ne ought to love : wherfore on knees, deere mother I  
you pray

'To let me live henceforth, as I have lived tofore :  
Ceasse all your troubles for my sake, and care for me  
no more ;

But suffer Fortune feerce, to worke on me her will,  
In her it lyeth to doe me boote, in her it lyeth to  
spill.

For whilst you for the best, desyre to place me so,  
You hast away my lingring death, and double all my  
woe.

So deepe this aunswere made the sorowes downe to  
sinke,  
Into the mothers brest, that she ne knoweth what to  
thinke,

Of these her claugeters woords, but all appalde she  
standes,

And up unto the heavens she throwes her wondring  
head and handes.

And nigh besyde her selfe, her husband hath she  
sought,

She telles him all, she doth forget ne yet she hydeth  
ought.

The testy old man wroth, disdainfull without measure,  
Sendes forth his folke in haste for her, and byds them  
take no leysure ;

Ne on her teares or plaint, at all to have remorse,  
But (if they can not with her will,) to bring the mayde  
perforce.

The message heard, they part, to fetch that they must fet,  
And willingly with them walkes forth obedient Juliet.

Arrived in the place, when she her father saw,  
Of whom (as much as duety would) the daughter stoode  
in awe,

The servantes sent away, (the mother thought it  
meete,)

The wofull daughter all bewept, fell groveling at his  
feete,

Which she doth washe with teares as she thus grovel-  
ing lyes :

So fast and eke so plenteously distill they from her  
eyes :

When she to call for grace her mouth doth think to  
open,

Muet she is : for sighes and sobs her fearefull talke  
have broken.

The syre, whose swelling wroth<sup>1</sup> her teares could not  
asswage,

With fiery eyen, and skarlet cheekes, thus spake her  
in his rage,

<sup>1</sup> [*Wroth* in text, by error.]



Whilst ruthfully stood by the maydens mother mylde:  
Listen (quoth he) unthankfull and thou disobedient  
    childe;  
Hast thou so soone let slip out of thy mynde the  
    woord,  
That thou so often times hast heard rehearsed at my  
    boord?  
How much the Romaine youth of parentes stood in  
    awe,  
And eke what powre upon theyr seede the fathers had  
    by lawe?  
Whom they not onely might pledge, alienate, and  
    sell,  
(When so they stode in neede) but more, if children  
    did rebell,  
The parentes had the power, of lyfe and sodayn death.  
What if those goodmen should agayne receave the  
    livyng breth,  
In how straight bondes would they thy stubberne body  
    bynde?  
What weapons would they seeke for thee? what  
    tormentes would they fynde?  
To chasten (if they saw) the lewdness of thy lyfe,  
Thy great unthankfulnes to me, and shamefull sturdy  
    strife?  
Such care thy mother had, so deere thou wert to me,  
That I with long and earnest sute provided have for  
    thee  
One of the greatest lordes, that wonnes about this  
    towne,  
And for his many vertues sake, a man of great renowne.  
Of whom, both thou and I, unworthy are too much,  
So rich, ere long he shalbe left, his fathers welth is  
    such,  
Such is the noblenes, and honor of the race,  
From whence his father came, and yet thou playest in  
    this case,

The dainty foole, and stubberne gyrle, for want of  
 skill  
 Thou dost refuse thy offred weale, and disobay my  
 will.  
 Even by his strength I sweare, that fyrst did geve me  
 lyfe,  
 And gave me in my youth the strength to get thee on  
 my wyfe,  
 On lesse by Wensday next, thou bende as I am  
 bent,  
 And at our castle cald Freetowne thou freely doe  
 assent  
 To Counte Paris sute, and promise to agree  
 To whatsoever then shall passe, twixt him, my wife,  
 and me,  
 Not onely will I geve all that I have away,  
 From thee, to those that shall me love, me honor, and  
 obay,  
 But also too so close and to so hard a gayle,  
 I shall thee wed for all thy lefe, that sure thou shalt not  
 fayle,  
 A thousand times a day to wishe for sodayn death,  
 And curse the day and howre when first thy lunges did  
 geve thee breath.  
 Advise thee well, and say that thou art warned now,  
 And thinke not that I speak in sport, or mynd to  
 breake my vowe.  
 For were it not that I to Counte Paris gave  
 My fayth, which I must kepe unfalst, my honor so to  
 save,  
 Ere thou goe hence, my'selfe would see thee chastned so,  
 That thou shouldst once for all be taught, thy duetie  
 how to knowe ;  
 And what revenge of olde, these angry syres did  
 finde  
 Against theyr children that rebeld, and shewed them  
 selfe unkinde.

These sayd, the olde man straight is gone in hast  
away ;  
Ne for his daughters aunswere, would the testy father  
stay.  
And after him, his wife doth follow out of doore,  
And there they leave theyr chidden chylde kneeling  
upon the floore,  
Then she that oft had seene the fury of her syre,  
Dreading what might come of his rage, nould farther  
styrre his yre.  
Unto her chamber she withdrew her selfe aparte,  
Where she was wonted to unlode, the sorowes of her  
hart.  
There did she not so much busy her eyes in sleping,  
As overprest with restles thoughts in piteous boote-  
less weping.  
The fast falling of teares make not her teares decrease,  
Ne by the powring forth of plaint, the cause of plaint  
doth cease.  
So that to thend the mone and sorow may decaye,  
The best is that she seeke somme meane to take the  
cause away.  
Her very bed betime the wofull wight forsakes,  
And to saint Frauncis church to masse her way de-  
voutly takes.  
The fryer forth is calde, she prayes him heare her shrift ;  
Devocion is in so yong yeres, a rare and precious gyft.  
When on her tender knees the dainty lady kneeles,  
In minde to powre forth all the greefe, that inwardly  
she feeles,  
With sighes and salted teares her shryving doth  
beginne,  
For she of heaped sorowes hath to speake, and not  
of sinne.  
Her voyce with piteous plaint was made already horce,  
And hasty sobs, when she would speake, brake of her  
woordes parforce.

But as she may peece meale, she powreth in his  
 lappe,  
 The mariage newes, a mischief newe, prepared by  
 mishappe,  
 Her parentes promisse erst to Counte Paris past,  
 Her fathers threats she telleth him, and thus con-  
 cludes at last :

Once was I wedded well, ne will I wed agayne,  
 For since I know I may not be the wedded wyfe of  
 twayne,  
 For I am bound to have one God, one fayth, one  
 make,  
 My purpose is as soone as I shall hence my jorney  
 take,  
 With these two handes which joynde unto the heavens  
 I stretch,  
 The hasty death which I desire, unto my selfe to  
 reache.  
 This day (O Romeus) this day thy wofull wife  
 Will bring the end of all her cares by ending carefull  
 lyfe.

So my departed sprite shall witnes to the skye,  
 And eke my blood unto the earth beare record how  
 that I

Have kept my fayth unbroke, stedfast unto my frende.

When this her heavy tale was tolde, her vowe eke  
 at an ende,

Her gasing here and there, her feerce and staring  
 looke,

Did witnes that some lewd attempt, her hart had  
 undertooke.

Whereat, the fryer astonde, and gastfully afiayde,  
 Lest she by dede perfourme her woord, thus much to  
 her he sayde :

‘ Ah lady Juliet, what nede the woordes you spake ?  
 I pray you graunt me one request for blessed Maries  
 sake.’

Measure somewhat your greefe, holde here awhile  
your peace,  
Whilst I bethinke me of your case, your plaint and  
sorowes cease.  
Such comfort will I geve you, ere you part from  
hence,  
And for thassaltes of Fortunes yre prepare so sure  
defence,  
So holesome salve will I for your afflictions finde,  
That you shall hence depart agayne with well con-  
tented mynde.  
His wordes have chased straight out of her hart des-  
payre,  
Her blacke and ougly dredfull thoughts by hope are  
waxen fayre.  
So fryer Lawrence now hath left her there alone,  
And he out of the church in hast is to his chaumber  
gone ;  
Where sundry thoughtes within his carefull head arise ;  
The old mans foresight divers cloutes hath set before  
his eyes.  
Iiis conscience one while condemns it for a sinne,  
To let her take Paris to spouse, since he himselfe  
had byn  
The chefest cause, that she unknowne to father or  
mother,  
Not five monthes past in that selfe place was wedded  
to another.  
An other while an hugy heape of daungers died  
Iiis restles thought hath heaped up, within his troubled  
hed.  
Even of it selfe thattempt he judgeth perilous ;  
The execucion cke he demes so much more daun-  
gerous,  
That to a womans grace he must himselfe commit,  
That yong is, simple, and unware, for waighty affaures  
unfit,

For if she fayle in ought the matter published,  
Both she and Romeus were undonne, himselfe eke  
punished.

When too and fro in mynde he dyvers thoughts had  
cast,

With tender pity and with ruth his hart was wonne at  
last;

He thought he rather would in hasard set his fame,  
Then suffer such adultery. Resolving on the same,  
Out of his closet straight, he tooke a litele glasse,  
And then with double hast retornde where wofull  
Juliet was;

Whom he hath found welnigh in traunce, scarce  
drawing breath,

Attending still to heare the newes of lyfe or els of death.

Of whom he did enquire of the appointed day;

On Wensday next (quod Juliet) so doth my father say,  
I must geve my consent; but (as I do remember)

The solemne day of mariage is the tenth day of Sep-  
tember.

Deere daughter quoth the fryer of good chere see  
thou be,

For loe, saint Frauncis of his grace hath shewde a  
way to me,

By which I may both thee, and Romeus together,  
Out of the bondage which you feare assuredly deliver.  
Even from the holy font thy husband have I knowne,  
And since he grew in yeres, have kept his counsels as  
myne owne.

For from his youth he would unfold to me his hart,  
And often have I cured him, of anguish, and of smart;  
I know that by desert his frendship I have wonne,  
And I him hold as dere, as if he were my propre  
sonne.

Wherfore my frendly hart, can not abyde that he  
Should wrongfully in ought be harmde, if that it lay in  
me,

To right or to revenge the wrong by my advise,  
Or timely to prevent the same in any other wise.  
And sith thou art his wife, thee am I bound to love,  
For Romeus frindships sake, and seeke thy anguishe  
to remove,  
And dreadfull torments, which thy hart besegen rounde;  
Wherefore my daughter geve good eare unto my coun-  
sels sounde.  
Forget not what I say, ne tell it any wight,  
Not to the nurce thou trustest so, as Romeus is thy  
knight;  
For on this threed doth hang thy death and eke thy  
lyfe,  
My fame, or shame, his weale or woe, that chose thee  
to his wyfe.  
Thou art not ignorant, (because of such renowne  
As every where is spred of me, but chefely in this  
towne,)  
That in my youthfull dayes abroad I travayled,  
Through every lande found out by men, by men in-  
habited;  
So twenty yeres from home, in landes unknowne, a  
gest,  
I never gave my weary limmes long time of quiet rest,  
But in the desert woodes, to beastes of cruell kinde,  
Or on the seas to drenching waves, at pleasure of the  
winde,  
I have committed them to ruth of rovers hand,  
And to a thousand daungers more, by water and by  
lande.  
But not in vayne (my childe) hath all my wandring  
byn;  
Beside the great contentednes my sprete abyde in,  
That by the pleasant thought of passed thinges doth  
grow,  
One private frute more have I pluckd, which thou shalt  
shortly know:

What force the stones, the plants, and metals have to  
     woorke,  
 And divers other things that in the bowels of earth do  
     loorke,  
 With care I have sought out, with payne I did them  
     prove ;  
 With them eke can I helpe my selfe at times of my  
     behove,  
 (Although the science be against the lawes of men)  
 When sodain daunger forceth me, but yet most cheefly  
     when  
 The worke to doe is least displeasing unto God  
 Not helping to do any sinne that wrekefull Jove for-  
     bode.  
 For since in lyfe no hope of long abode I have,  
 But now am comme unto the brinke of my appointed  
     grave,  
 And that my death drawes nere, whose stripe I may  
     not shonne,  
 But shalbe calde to make account of all that I have  
     donne,  
 Now ought I from hence forth more depely print in  
     mynde  
 The judgement of the Lord, then when youthes folly  
     made me blynde,  
 When love and fond desyre were boyling in my brest,  
 Whence hope and dred by striving thoughts had  
     banishd frendly rest.  
 Knowe therfore (daughter) that with othergyftes which I  
 Have well attained to by grace and favour of the  
     skye,  
 Long since I did finde out, and yet the way I knowe,  
 Of certain rootes, and savory herbes to make a kinde  
     of dowe,  
 Which baked hard, and bet into a powder fine,  
 And dronke with conduite water, or with any kynd of  
     wine,



It doth in halfe an howre astonne the taker so,  
And mastreth all his sences, that he feeleth weale nor  
    woe,

And so it burieth up the sprite and living breath,  
That even the skilfull leche would say, that he is slayne  
    by death.

One vertue more it hath, as marvelous as this,  
The taker by receiving it, at all not greeved is ;  
But painelesse as a man, that thinketh nought at all,  
Into a swete and quiet slepe immediately doth fall,  
From which (according to the quantitie he taketh,)  
Longer or shorter is the time before the sleper  
    waketh ;

And thence (theeffect once wrought) agayne it doth  
    restore  
Him that receaved unto the state, wherein he was be-  
    fore.

Wherfore, marke well the ende, of this my tale be-  
    gonne,  
And therby learne what is by thee hereafter to be  
    donne.

Cast of from thee at once, the weede of womannish  
    dread,  
With manly courage arme thy selfe, from heele unto  
    the head ;

For onely on the feare or boldnes of thy brest,  
The happy happe, or yll mishappe of thy affayre doth  
    rest.

Receive this vyoll small, and keepe it as thine eye ;  
And on the mariage day, before the sunne doe cleare  
    the skye,

Fill it with water full, up to the very brim,  
Then drinke it of, and thou shalt feele, throughout eche  
    vayne and lim,

A pleasant slumber slide, and quite dispred at length,  
On all thy partes, from every part reve all thy kindly  
    strength ;

Withouten moving thus thy ydle parts shall rest,  
No pulse shall goe, ne hart once beate within thy  
    hollow brest,  
But thou shalt lye as she that dyeth in a traunce,  
Thy kinsmen, and thy trusty frendes shall wayle the  
    sodain chaunce ;  
The corps then will they bring to grave in this church-  
    yarde,  
Where thy forefathers long agoe a costly tombe pre-  
    parde,  
Both for himselve, and eke for those that should come  
    after,  
Both deepe it is, and long and large, where thou shall  
    rest my daughter,  
Till I to Mantua sende for Romeus, thy knight ;  
Out of the tombe, both he and I will take thee forth  
    that night.  
And when out of thy slepe thou shalt awake agayne,  
Then mayst thou goe with him from hence, and healed  
    of thy payne,  
In Mantua lead with him unknowne a pleasant life ;  
And yet perhaps in time to come, when cease shall  
    all the strife,  
And that the peace is made twixt Romeus and his  
    foes,  
My selfe may finde so fit a time these secretes to dys-  
    close,  
Both to my prayse, and to thy tender parentes joy,  
That daungerles without reproche thou shalt thy love  
    enjoy.  
When of his skilfull tale, the fryer had made an ende,  
To which our Juliet so well her eare and wits dyd bend,  
That she hath heard it all, and hath forgotten nought,  
Her fainting hart was comforted, with hope and plea-  
    sant thought,  
And then to him she said, doubte not but that I will  
With stoute and unappauled hart, your happy hest fulfill.

Yea, if I wist it were a venemous dedly drinke,  
 Rather would I that through my throte the certaine  
     bane should sinke,

Then I (not drinking it) into his handes should fall,  
 That hath no part of me as yet, ne ought to have at all.  
 Much more I ought with bold and with a willing hart  
 To greatest daunger yelde my selfe, and to the dedly  
     smart,

To comme to him, on whome my life doth wholly stay,  
 That is my onely hartes delight, and so he shalbe aye.  
 Then goe (quoth he) my childe<sup>1</sup> I pray that God on hye,  
 Direct thy foote, and by thy hand upon the way thee  
     gye:

God graunt he so confirme in thee thy present will,  
 That no inconstant toy thee let, thy promesse to fulfill.

A thousand thankes and more, our Juliet gave the  
     fryer,  
 And homeward to her fathers house joyfull she doth  
     retyre;

And as with stately gate she passed through the streete,  
 She saw her mother in the doore, that with her there  
     would meete,

In mynd to aske if she her purpose yet did holde,  
 In mynd also apart twixt them, her duety to have tolde;  
 Wherefore with pleasant face, and with unwonted chere,  
 As soone as she was unto her approched sumwhat nere,  
 Before the mother spake, thus did she fyrst begin:  
 Madame, at saint Frauncis church have I this morn-  
     ing byn,

Where I did make abode, a longer while (percase)  
 Then dewty would, yet have I not been absent from  
     this place,

So long a while, without a great and just cause why,  
 This frute have I receaved there, my hart erst lyke  
     to dye,

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<sup>1</sup> In text, *Then goe quoth he (my childe).*

Is now revived agayne, and my afflicted brest  
Released from affliction, restored is to rest.  
For lo, my troubled gost (alas too sore diseasde)  
By gostly counsell and advise, hath fryer Lawrence  
easde,

To whome I dyd at large discourse my former lyfe,  
And in confession did I tell of all our passed strife ;  
Of Counte Paris sute, and how my lord my syre,  
By my ungrate and stubborne stryfe, I styrrd unto  
yre,

But lo, the holy fryer hath by his gostly lore,  
Made me another woman now, then I had been before,  
By strength of argumentes he charged so my mynde,  
That (though I sought) no sure defence my serching  
thought could finde.

So forced I was at length to yelde up witles will,  
And promist to be orderd by the friers prayسد skill.  
Wherefore, albeit I had rashely long before,  
The bed and rytes of mariage, for many yeres for-  
swore,

Yet mother now behold, your daughter at your will,  
Ready (if you commaunde her ought) your pleasure to  
fulfill.

Wherefore in humble wise, dere madam I you pray  
To goe unto my lord and syre, withouten long delay ;  
Of him fyrst pardon crave of faultes already past,  
And shew him (if it pleaseth you) his child is now at  
last

Obedient to his just and to his skilfull hest,  
And that I will (God lending life) on Wensday next  
be prest

To wayte on him and you, unto thappoynted place,  
Where I will in your hearing and before my fathers  
face,

Unto the Counte geve my fayth and whole assent  
And take him for my lord and spouse ; thus fully  
am I bent.

And that out of your mynde I may remove all doute,  
Unto my closet fare I now, to searche and to choosc  
out

The bravest garmentes and the richest jewels there,  
Which (better him to please) I mynd on Wensday  
next to weare ;

For if I did excell the famous Gretian rape,  
Yet might attyre helpe to amende my bewty and my  
shape.

The simple mother was, rapt in to great delight ;  
Not halfe a word could she bring forth, but in this  
joyfull plight,

With nimble foote she ran and with unwonted pace,  
Unto her pensive husband, and to him with pleasant  
face

She tolde what she had heard, and prayseth much the  
fryer ;

And joyfull teares ranne downe the cheekes of this  
gray-berded syer.

With handes and eyes leaved up, he thankes God in  
his hart,

And then he sayth, this is not (wife) the friers first  
desart.

Oft hath he shewde to us, great frendship hereto-  
fore,

By helping us at nedefull times, with wisdomes pre-  
tious lore :

In all our common weale, scarce one is to be founde,  
But is for somme good torne unto this holy father  
bounde.

Oh that the thyrd part of my goods (I doe not  
fayne)

But twenty of his passed yeres might purchase him  
agayne

So much in recompence of frendship would I geve,  
So much (in faith) his extreme age my frendly hart  
doth greve.

These said, the glad old man, from home, goeth  
straight abrode,  
And to the stately palace hyeth, where Paris made  
abode ;

Whom he desyres to be on Wensday next his geast,  
At Freetowne, where he myndes to make for him a  
costly feast.

But loe, the earle saith such feasting were but lost,  
And counsels him till mariage time to spare so great  
a cost.

For then he knoweth well the charges wilbe great,  
The whilst his hart desyreth still her sight, and not  
his meate.

He craves of Capilet, that he may straight go see  
Fayre Juliet, wher to he doth right willingly agree.  
The mother warnde before, her daughter doth pre-  
pare,

She warneth and she chargeth her that in no wyse she  
spare

Her curteous speche, her pleasant lookes, and  
commely grace,

But liberally to geve them forth when Paris commes  
in place :

Which she as cunningly could set forth to the shewe,  
As cunning craftesmen to the sale do set their wares  
on rew ;

That ere the County did out of her sight depart,  
So secretly unwares to him, she stale away his hart,  
That of his lyfe and death the wylly wench hath powre.  
And now his longing hart thinkes long for theyr  
appoynted howre.

And with importune sute, the parentes doth he pray  
The wedlocke knot to knit soone up, and hast the  
mariage day.

The woer hath past forth the first day in this sort,  
And many other more then this, in pleasure and dis-  
port.

At length the wished time of long hoped delight  
(As Paris thought) drew nere, but nere approched  
heavy plight :

Against the bridall day the parentes did prepare,  
Such rich attyre, such furniture, such store of dainty  
fare,

That they which did behold the same the night before,  
Did thinke and say, a man could scarcely wishe for  
any more.

Nothing did seeme to deere, the deerest thinges were  
bought,

And (as the written story saith) in dede there wanted  
nought,

That longd to his degree and honor of his stocke ;  
But Juliet the whilst her thoughts within her brest did  
locke ;

Even from the trusty nurse, whose secretnes was tryde,  
The secret counsell of her hart the nurse childe seekes  
to hide.

For sith to mocke her dame she dyd not sticke to lye,  
She thought no sinne with shew of truth, to bleare her  
nurces eye.

In chamber secretly the tale she gan renew,  
That at the doore she tolde her dame as though it  
had been trew.

The flattring nurse dyd prayse the fryer for his skill,  
And said that she had done right well by wit to order  
will.

She setteth foorth at large the fathers furious rage,  
And eke she prayseth much to her, the second mariage,  
And County Paris now she praiseth ten times-more,  
By wrong, then she her selfe by right, had Romeus  
praysde before.

Paris shall dwell there still, Romeus shall not re-  
tourne,

What shall it boote her life, to languish still and  
mourne.

The pleasures past before, she must account as gayne ;  
But if he doe retorne, what then ?—for one she shall  
have twayne.

The one shall use her as his lawfull wedded wyfe,  
In wanton love, with equall joy the other leade his  
lyfe ;

And best shall she be sped of any townish dame,  
Of husband and of paramour, to fynde her chaunge of  
game.

These wordes and like, the nurce did speake, in hope  
to please,

But greatly did these wicked wordes the ladies mynde  
disease ;

But ay she hid her wrath, and seemed well content,  
When dayly dyd the naughty nurce new argumentes  
invent.

But when the bryde perceived her howre approched  
nere,

She sought (the best she could) to fayne, and tempted  
so her cheere,

That by her outward looke, no living wight could  
gesse

Her inward woe, and yet anew renewde is her dis-  
tresse.

Unto her chaumber doth the pensive wight repayre,  
And in her hand a percher light the nurce beares up  
the stayre.

In Juliets chamber was her wonted use to lye,  
Wherfore her mistres dreading that she should her  
work descrye

As sone as she began her pallet to unfold,  
Thinking to lye that night, where she was wont to lye  
of olde :

Doth gently pray her seeke, her lodgeing some where  
els.

And lest she crafty should suspect, a ready reason  
telles.



Dere frend (quoth she) you knowe, to morow is the day,  
Of new contract, wherfore this night, my purpose is to

pray,

Unto the heavenly myndes, that dwell above the skyes,  
And order all the course of thinges, as they can best  
devyse,

That they so smyle upon the doynges of to morow,  
That all the remnant of my lyfe, may be exempt from  
sorrow;

Wherefore I pray you leave me here alone this night,  
But see that you to morow comme before the dawning  
light,

For you must coorle my heare, and set on my attyre.  
And easely the loving nurse, dyd yelde to her desire,  
For she within her hed dyd cast before no doute,  
She little knew the close attempt, her nurce childe  
went about.

The nurce departed once, the chamber doore shut  
close,

Assured that no living wight, her doing myght disclose,  
She powred forth into the vyole of the fryer,  
Water out of a silver ewer, that on the boord stooode  
by her.

The slepy mixture made, fayre Juliet doth it hyde,  
Under her bolster soft, and so unto her bed she hyed:  
Where divers novel thoughts arise within her hed,  
And she is so invironed about with deadly dred,  
That what before she had resolved undoutedly  
That same she calleth into doute, and lying doutfully,  
Whilst honest love did strive with dred of dedly payne,  
With handes ywrong, and weping eyes, thus gan she  
to complaine:—

What is there any one beneth the heavens hye,  
So much unfortunate as I, so much past hope as I?  
What, am not I my selfe of all that yet were borne,  
The depest drenched in dispayre, and most in For-  
tunes skorne?

For loe the world for me hath nothing els to finde,  
Beside mishap and wretchednes, and anguish of the  
mynde ;

Since that the cruel cause of my unhappines,  
Hath put me to this sodaine plunge, and brought to  
such distres,

As (to the end I may my name and conscience save,)  
I must devowre the mixed drinke, that by me here I  
have,

Whose woorking and whose force as yet I doe not know.  
And of this piteous plaint began another doute to grow,  
What doe I knowe (quoth she) if that this powder shall  
Sooner or later then it should or els not woorke at all?  
And then my craft descride, as open as the day,  
The peoples tale and laughing stocke, shall I remayne  
for aye.

And what know I (quoth she) if serpentes odious,  
And other beastes and wormes that are of nature  
venomous,

That wonted are 'to lurke, in darke caves under  
grounde,

And commonly as I have heard in dead mens tombes  
are found,

Shall harme me yea or nay, where I shall lye as ded,  
Or how shall I that alway have in so freshe ayre been  
bred,

Endure the lothsome stinke of such an heaped store  
Of carkases, not yet consumde, and bones that long  
before

Intombed were, where I my sleping place shall have,  
Where all my auncesters doe rest, my kindreds com-  
mon grave?

Shall not the fryer and my Romeus, when they come,  
Fynd me (if I awake before) ystified in the tombe?

And whilst she in these thoughtes doth dwell som-  
what to long,

The force of her ymaging, anon dyd waxe so strong,

That she surmysde she saw out of the hollow vaulte,  
(A griesly thing to looke upon) the carkas of Tybalt,  
Right in the selfe same sort, that she few dayes before  
Had seene him in his blood embrewde, to death eke  
wounded sore.

And then, when she agayne within her selfe had wayde,  
That quicke she should be buried there, and by his  
side be layde,

All comfortles, for she shall living feere have none,  
But many a rotten carkas, and full many a naked  
bone,

Her dainty tender partes gan shever all for dred,  
Her golden heares did stand upright, upon her chillish  
hed,

Then pressed with the feare that she there lived in,  
A sweat as colde as mountaine yse, pearst through  
her tender skin,

That with the moysture hath wet every part of hers,  
And more besides, she vainely thinkes, whilst vainely  
thus she feares,

A thousand bodies dead have compast her about,  
And lest they will dismember her, she greatly standes  
in dout.

But when she felt her strength began to weare away,  
By little and little, and in her hart her feare increased  
ay:

Dreading that weakenes might or foolish cowardise  
Hinder the execution of the purposde enterprise,  
As she had frantike been, in hast the glasse she cought,  
And up she dranke the mixture quite, withouten fa-  
ther thought.

Then on her brest she crost her armes long and small,  
And so her senses fayling her, into a traunce did fall.

And when that Phoebus bright heaved up his  
seemely hed,

And from the East in open skies his glistring rayes  
dispred,

The nurse unshut the doore, for she the key did keepe,  
And douting she had slept to long, she thought to  
    breake her slepe :

Fyrst, softly dyd she call, then lowder thus did crye,  
Lady, you slepe to long, the Earle will rayse you by  
    and by.

But wele away, in vayne unto the deafe she calles,  
She thinkes to speake to Juliet, but speaketh to the  
    walles.

If all the dredfull noyse, that might on earth be found,  
Or on the roaring seas, or if the dredfull thunders  
    sound,

Had blowne into her eares, I thinke they could not  
    make,

The sleping wight before the time by any meanes  
    awake :

So were the sprites of lyfe shut up, and senses thrald ;  
Wherwith the seely carefull nurse, was wondrously  
    apalde.

She thought to daw her now as she had donne of olde,  
But loe, she found her parts were stiffe, and more  
    than marble colde :

Neither at mouth nor nose, found she recourse of  
    breth ;

Two certaine argumentes were these, of her untimely  
    death.

Wherfore as one distraught, she to her mother ranne,  
With scratched face, and heare betorne, but no woord  
    speake she can,

At last (with much adoe) dead (quoth she) is my childe,  
Now out alas (the mother cryde) and as a Tyger wilde,  
Whose whelpes whilst she is gonne out of her denne  
    to pray,

The hunter greddy of his game, doth kill or cary away ;  
So, rageing forth she ranne, unto her Juliets bed,  
And there she found her derling, and her onely com-  
    fort ded.

Then shrieked she out as lowde, as serve her would  
her breth,  
And then (that pity was to heare) thus cryde she out  
on death.

Ah cruell death (quoth she) that thus against all right  
Hast ended my felicitie, and robde my hartes delight,  
Do now thy worst to me, once wreake thy wrath for all,  
Even in despite I crye to thee, thy vengeance let thou  
fall.

Wherto stay I (alas) since Juliet is gone?

Wherto live I since she is dead, except to wayle and  
mone?

Alacke dere chyld, my teares for thee shall never  
cease,

Even as my dayes of life increase, so shall my plaint  
increase.

Such store of sorow shall afflict my tender hart,  
That dedly panges when they assayle shall not aug-  
ment my smart.

Then gan she so to-sobbe, it seemde her hart would  
brast,

And while she crieth thus, behold the father at the last,  
The County Paris, and of gentilmen a route,  
And ladies of Verona towne, and country round about,  
Both kindreds and alies, thether a pace have preast,  
For by theyr presence there they sought to honor so  
the feast ;

But when the heavy newes the bydden geastes did  
heare,

So much they mournd, that who had seene theyr  
countenance and theyr cheere,

Might easily have judgde, by that that they had seene,  
That day the day of wrath, and eke of pity [to] have  
beene.

But more then all the rest the fathers hart was so  
smit with the heavy newes, and so shut up with sodain  
woe,

That he ne had the powre his daughter to bewepe,  
Ne yet to speake, but long is forsd, his teares and  
    plaint to keepe.

In all the hast he hath for skilfull leaches sent ;  
And hearyng of her passed life, they judge with one  
    assent,

The cause of this her death was inward care and  
    thought,

And then with double force againe the double sorowes  
    wrought.

If ever there hath been a lamentable day,  
A day, ruthfull, unfortunate, and fatall, then I say,  
The same was it in which, through Veron towne was  
    sprend,

The wofull newes how Juliet was sterved in her bed.  
For so she was bemonde, both of the yong and olde,  
That it might seeme to him that would the commen  
    plaint behold,

That all the commen welth did stand in jeopardy ;  
So universall was the plaint, so piteous was the crye.  
For lo, beside her shape, and native bewties hewe,  
With which, like as she grew in age, her vertues  
    prayses grewe,

She was also so wise, so lowly, and so mylde,  
That even from the hory head, unto the witles  
    childe,

She wan the hartes of all, so that there was not one,  
Ne great ne small, but dyd that day her wretched state  
    bemone.

Whilst Juliet slept, and whilst the other wepen thus,  
Our fryer Lawrence hath by this, sent one to Romeus,  
A frier of his house, there never was a better,  
He trusted him even as himselfe, to whom he gave a  
    letter :

In which he written had, of every thing at length,  
That past twixt Juliet and him, and of the powders  
    strength.

The next night after that, he willeth him to comme  
To helpe to take his Juliet out of the hollow toombe,  
For by that time, the drinke he saith will cease to  
woorke,

And for one night his wife and he within his cell shall  
loorke,

Then shall he cary her to Mantua away,  
(Till fickle Fortune favour him,) disguise in mans  
aray.

Thys letter closde he sendes to Romeus by his  
brother ;

He chargeth him that in no case he geve it any other.  
Apace our frier John to Mantua him lyes ;  
And for because in Italy it is a wonted gyse  
That friers in the towne should seeldome walke alone,  
But of theyr covent ay should be accompanide with  
one :

Of his profession straight a house he fyndeth out,  
In mynde to take some frier with him, to walke the  
towne about.

But entred once, he might not issue out agayne,  
For that a brother of the house, a day before or  
twayne,

Dyed of the plague (a sickenes which they greatly  
feare and hate)

So were the brethren charged to kepe within theyr  
covent gate,

Bard of theyr fellowship, that in the towne do wonne ;  
The towne folke eke commaunded are, the fryers  
house to shonne :

Till they that had the care of health, theyr fredome  
should renew,

Wherof, as you shall shortly heare, a mischeefe great  
there grewe.

The fryer by this restraint, beset with dred and sorow,  
Not knowing what the letters held, differd untill the  
morowe ;

And then he thought in tyme to send to Romeus.  
But whilst at Mantua where he was, these dooinges  
framed thus,

'The towne of Juliets byrth was wholly busied,  
About her obsequies, to see theyr darlyng buried.  
Now is the parentes myrth quite chaunged into mone,  
And now to sorow is retornde the joy of every one ;  
And now the wedding weedes for mourning weedes  
they chaunge,  
And Hymene into a Dyrge ;—alas it seemeth  
straunge.

In steade of mariage gloves, now funerall gloves they  
have,  
And whom they should see married, they follow to the  
grave.

The feast that should have been of pleasure and of  
joy,  
Hath every dish, and cup, fild full of sorow and  
annoye.

Now throughout Italy this common use they have,  
That all the best of every stocke are earthed in one  
grave.

For every houshold, if it be of any fame,  
Doth blyde a tombe, or digge a vault, that beares the  
housholdes name,

Wherein (if any of that kindred hap to dye)  
They are bestowde, els in the same no other corps  
may lye.

The Capilets, her corps in such a one dyd lay,  
Where Tybalt slayne of Romeus, was layde the other  
day :

An other use there is, that whosoever dyes,  
Borne to their church with open face, upon the beere  
he lyes

In wonted weede attyrde, not wrapt in winding sheete.  
So, as by chaunce he walked abroad, our Romeus  
man dyd meete



His masters wyfe, the sight with sorow straight dyd  
wounde

His honest hart, with teares he saw her lodged under  
ground.

And for that he had been sent to Verone for a spye,  
The doynges of the Capilets by wisdom to descrye,  
And for he knew her death dyd tooch his maister  
most,

(Alas) too soone, with heavy newes he hyed away in  
post ;

And in his house he found his maister Romeus,  
Where he, besprent with many teares, began to  
speake him thus :

Syr, unto you of late is chaunced so great a harme,  
That sure except with constancy you seeke your selfe  
to arme,

I feare that strayght you will brethe out your latter  
breath,

And I most wretched wight shalbe thoccasion of  
your death.

Know syr that yesterday my lady and your wyfe,  
I wot not by what sodain grefe, had made exchaunge  
of life ;

And for because on earth, she found nought but unrest,  
In heaven hath she sought to fynde a place of quiet  
rest.

And with these weping eyes my selfe have seene her  
layde

Within the tombe of Capilets, and here withall he  
stayde.

This sodayne message sounde sent forth with sighes  
and teares,

Our Romeus receaved too soone with open listening  
eares,

And therby hath sonke in such sorow in his hart,  
That loe, his sprite annoyed sore with torment and  
with smart,

Was like to breake out of his prison house perforce,  
 And that he might flye after hers, would leave the  
 massy corce.  
 But earnest love that will not fayle him till his  
 ende,  
 This fond and sodain fantasy into his head dyd  
 sende :  
 That if nere unto her he offred up his breath,  
 That then an hundred thousand parts more glorious  
 were his death,  
 Eke should his painfull hart a great deale more be  
 eased,  
 And more also (he vaincly thought) his lady better  
 pleased.  
 Wherfore, when he his face hath washt with water  
 cleene,  
 Lest that the staynes of dried teares, might on his  
 cheekes be seene,  
 And so his sorow should of every one be spyde,  
 Which he with all his care dyd seeke from every  
 one to hyde :  
 Straight wery of the house, he walketh forth abrode,  
 His servant at the maisters hest in chamber styll  
 abode ;  
 And then fro streate to streate, he wandreth up and  
 downe,  
 To see if he in any place may fynde in all the towne,  
 A salve meete for his sore, an oyle fitte for his  
 wounde,  
 And seeking long (alac too soone) the thing he  
 sought, he founde.  
 An Apothecary sate unbusied at his doore,  
 Whom by his heavy countenaunce he gessed to be  
 poore,  
 And in his shop he saw his boxes were but fewe,  
 And in his window (of his wares) there was so small  
 a shew,

Wherefore our Romeus assuredly hath thought,  
What by no frendship could be got, with money  
should be bought.

For nedy lacke is lyke the poore man to compell,  
To sell that which the cities lawe forbiddeth him to  
sell.

Then by the hand he drew the nedy man apart,  
And with the sight of glittering gold inflamed hath his  
hart,

Take fiftie crownes of gold (quoth he) I geve them  
thee,

So that before I part from hence thou straight delive:  
me,

Somme poyson strong, that may in lesse than halfe  
an howre,

Kill him whose wretched hap shalbe the potion to  
devowre.

The wretch by covetise is wonne, and doth assent  
To sell the thing, whose sale ere long, too late he  
doth repent.

In hast he poyson sought, and closely he it bounde,  
And then began with whispering voyce thus in his  
eare to rounde,

Fayre syr (quoth he) be sure this is the speeding gere,  
And more there is then you shall nede, for halfe of  
that is there,

Will serve, I undertake, in lesse then halfe an howre,  
To kill the strongest man alive, such is the poysons  
power.

Then Romeus, somewhat easd of one part of his care,  
Within his bosome putteth up his dere unthrifty ware.  
Retorning home agayne, he sent his man away,  
To Verone towne, and chargeth him, that he with-  
out delay,

Provyde both instruments to open wyde the toombe,  
And lightes to shew him Juliet, and stay (till he shall  
comme)

Nere to the place whereas his loving wyfe doth rest,  
And chargeth him not to bewray the dolours of his  
brest.

Peter, these heard, his leave doth of his maister take,  
Betyme he commes to towne, such hast the paynfull  
man dyd make,

And then with busy care he seeketh to fulfill  
But doth dysclose unto nowight his wofull maisters will.  
Would God he had herein broken his maisters hest.  
Would God that to the fryer he had dysclosed all hys  
brest.

But Romeus, the whyle, with many a deadly thought,  
Provoked much, hath caused ynke and paper to be  
brought,

And in few lynes he dyd of all his love dyscoorse,  
How by the fryers helpe, and by the knowledge of the  
noorse,

The wedlocke knot was knyt, and by what meane that  
night

And many moe he dyd enjoy his happy hartes delight,  
Where he the poyson bought, and how his lyfe should  
ende ;

And so his wailefull tragedy the wretched man hath  
pend.

The letters cload and seald, directed to his syre,  
He locketh in his purse, and then, a post hors doth he  
hyre.

When he approched nere, he warely lighted downe,  
And even with the shade of night, he entred Verone  
towne ;

Where he hath found his man wayting when he should  
comme,

With lanterne and with instruments, to open Juliets  
toome,

Helpe Peter, helpe quod he, helpe to remove the stone,  
And straight when I am gone fro thee, my Juliet to  
bemone,

See that thou get thee hence, and on the payne of death,

I charge thee that thou comme not nere, whyle I abyde beneath,

Ne seeke thou not to let thy masters enterprise,

Which he hath fully purposed to do in any wise.

Take there a letter, which as soone as he shall ryse,

Present it in the morning to my loving fathers eyes ;

Which unto him perhaps farre pleasanter shall seeme,

Than eyther I do mynd to say, or thy grose head can deeme.

Now Peter that knew not, the purpose of his hart,

Obediently a little way withdrewd himselfe apart,

And then our Romeus, (the vault stone set up upright)

Descended downe, and in his hand, he bare the candle light.

And then with piteous eye, the body of his wyfe,

He gan beholde, who surely was the organ of his lyfe.

For whom unhappy now he is, but erst was blyst ;

He watered her with teares, and then an hundred times her kyst ;

And in his folded armes, full straightly he her plight,

But no way could his greedy eyes be filled with her sight :

His fearfull handes he layd upon her stomacke colde,

And them on divers parts besyde, the wofull wight did hold.

But when he could not fynd the signes of lyfe he sought,

Out of his cursed box he drewe the poyson that he bought,

Wherof, he gredely devowrde the greater part,

And then he cryde with dedly sigh, fecht from his mourning hart :

Oh Juliet, of whom the world unworthy was,

From which, for worldes unworthines thy worthy gost dyd passe :

What death more pleasant could my hart wish to abyde,  
Then that which here it suffreth now, so nere thy  
frendly syde?

Or els so glorious tombe, how could my youth have  
craved,

As in one selfe same vaulte with thee haply to be in-  
graved?

What Epitaph more worth, or halfe so excellent,  
To consecrate my memorye, could any man invente  
As this, our mutuell, and our piteous sacrifice  
Of lyfe, set light for love? but while he talketh in this  
wise,

And thought as yet a while his dolours to enforce,  
His tender hart began to faynt, prest with the venoms  
force ;

Which little and litle gan to overcommme hys hart,  
And whilst his busy eyne he threwe about to every  
part :

He saw hard by the corce of sleping Juliet,  
Bold Tybalts carkas dead, which was not all consumed  
yet.

To whom (as having life) in this sort speaketh he,  
Ah cosin dere Tybalt, where so thy restless sprite now  
be,

With stretched handes to thee for mercy now I crye,  
For that before thy kindly howre I forced thee to dye.  
But if with quenched life, not quenched be thine yre,  
But with revengeing lust as yet thy hart be set on fyre:  
What more amendes, or cruell wreke desyrest thou  
To see on me, then this which here is shewd forth to  
thee now?

Who reft by force of armes from thee thy living breath,  
The same with his owne hand (thou seest) doth poy-  
son himselfe to death.

And for he caused thee in tombe too soone to lye,  
Too soone also, yonger then thou himselfe he layeth  
by.

These said, when he gan feele, the poysons force pre-  
vayle,  
And little and little mastred lyfe, for aye beganne to  
fayle,  
Kneeling upon his knees, he said with voyce full lowe,  
Lord Christ that so to ransoume me descendedst long  
agoe,  
Out of thy fathers bosome, and in the virgins wombe,  
Didst put on fleshe, Oh let my plaint out of this hollow  
toombe,  
Perce through the ayre, and graunt my sute may  
favour finde ;  
Take pity on my sinneful, and my poore afflicted  
mynde !  
For well enough I know, this body is but clay,  
Nought but a masse of sinne, to frayle, and subject to  
decay.  
Then pressed with extreme greefe, he threw with so  
great force,  
His overpressed parts upon the ladies wayled corps  
That now his wekened hart, weakened with tormentes  
past,  
Unable to abyde this pang, the sharpest and the last ;  
Remayned quite deprived, of sense and kindly strength,  
And so the long imprisond soule, hath freedome wonne  
at length.  
Ah cruell death, too soone, too soone was this de-  
vorce,  
Twixt youthfull Romeus heavenly sprite, and his fayre  
earthly corse.  
The fryer that knew what time the powder had been  
taken,  
Knew eke the very instant, when the sleper should  
awaken,  
But wondring that he could no kind of aunswer heare,  
Of letters, which to Romeus his fellow fryer did  
beare :

Out of saint Frauncis church hymselfe alone dyd fare,  
And for the opening of the tombe, meete instrumentes  
he bare :

Approching nigh the place, and seeing there the lyght,  
Great horror felt he in his hart, by straunge and  
sodaine sight ;

Tyll Peter (Romeus man) his coward hart made bolde,  
When of his masters being there, the certain newes he  
tolde :

There hath he been (quoth he) this halfe howre at the  
least,

And in this time I dare well say his plaint hath still  
increast.

Then both they entred in, where they (alas) dyd  
fynde,

The brethles corps of Romeus, forsaken of the  
mynde,

Where they have made such mone, as they may best  
conceve,

That have with perfect frendship loved, whose frend  
feerce death dyd reve.

But whilst with piteous playnt, they Romeus fate be-  
wepe,

An howre too late fayre Juliet awaked out of slepe,

And much amasde to see in tombe so great a light,

She wist not if she saw a dreame, or spite that walkd  
by night.

But cumming to her selfe, she knew them, and said  
thus :

What fryer Lawrence, is it you? where is my Romeus?

And then the auncient frier, that greatly stode in feare,

Lest if they lingred over long, they should be taken  
theare,

In few plaine woordes the whole that was betyde he  
tolde,

And with his finger shewd his corps out stretchd,  
stiffe, and colde ;



And then perswaded her with pacience to abyde  
This sodain great mischaunce, and sayth, that he will  
    soone provyde  
In soome religious house for her a quiet place,  
Where she may spend the rest of lyfe, and where in  
    time percase  
She may with wisdomes meane measure her mourning  
    brest,  
And unto her tormented soule call backe exiled rest.  
But loe, as soone as she had cast her ruthfull eye  
On Romeus face, that pale and wan, fast by her side  
    dyd lye,  
Straight way she dyd unstop the conduites of her teares,  
And out they gushe, with cruell hand she tare her  
    golden heares.  
But when she neither could her swelling sorow swage,  
Ne yet her tender hart abyde her sickness furious  
    rage :  
Falne on his corps, she lay long panting on his face,  
And then with all her force and strength, the ded corps  
    dyd embrace,  
As though with sighes, with sobs, with force and busy  
    payne  
She would him rayse, and him restore from death to  
    lyfe agayne .  
A thousand times she kist his mouth as cold as stone,  
And it unkist agayne as oft, then gan she thus to  
    mone,  
Ah pleasant prop of all my thoughtes, ah onely grounde  
Of all the sweete delightes, that yet in all my lyfe I  
    found,  
Did such assured trust within thy hart repose,  
That in this place, and at this time, this churchyard  
    thou hast chose ?  
Betwixt the armes of me, thy perfect loving make ?  
And thus by meanes of me to ende thy lyfe, and for  
    my sake ?

Even in the flowring of thy youth, when unto thee,  
Thy lyfe most deare (as to the most) and pleasant  
ought to be :

How could this tender corps withstand the cruell  
fight

Of furious death, that wons to fray the stoutest with  
his sight ?

How could this dainty youth agree with willing hart,  
In this so fowle infected place (to dwell) where now  
thou art ?

Where spitefull Fortune hath appoynted thee to be,  
The dainty foode of greedy woormes, unworthy sure  
of thee.

Alas, alas, alas, what neded now anew,  
My wonted sorowes doubled twice agayne thus to re-  
newe ?

Which both the tyme, and eke my pacient long  
abode,

Should now at length have quenched quite, and under  
foote have trode,

Ah wretch, and caytive that I am, even when I thought  
To find my painefull passions salve, I myst the thing  
I sought ;

And to my mortall harme, the fatall knyfe I grounde,  
That gave to me so deepe, so wyde, so cruell dedly  
wounde,

Ah thou most fortunate, and most unhappy tombe,  
For thou shalt beare, from age to age, witnes in time  
to comme,

Of the most perfect leage, betwixt a payre of lovers,  
That were the most unfortunate, and fortunate of  
others :

Receave the latter sigh, receave the latter pang,  
Of the most cruell of cruell slaves that wrath and death  
ay wrang.

And when our Juliet would continue still her mone,  
The fryer and the servant fled and left her there along.

For they a sodayne noyse, fast by the place did heare,  
And lest they might be taken there, greatly they stooode  
in feare.

When Juliet saw her selfe left in the vaulte alone,  
That freely she might worke her will, for let or stay  
was none ;

Then once for all, she tooke the cause of all her  
harmes,

The body dead of Romeus, and claspd it in her armes,  
Then she with earnest kisse, sufficiently did prove,  
That more then by the feare of death, she was attaint  
by love.

And then past deadly feare, for lyfe ne had she care,  
With hasty hand she did draw out, the dagger that he  
ware.

O welcome death (quoth she) end of unhappines,  
That also art beginning of assured happines,  
Feare not to darte me nowe, thy stripe no longer stay,  
Prolong no longer now my lyfe, I hate this long delaye,  
For straight my parting sprite, out of this carkas fled,  
At ease shall finde my Romeus sprite, emong so many  
ded.

And thou my loving lord, Romeus my trusty feer,  
If knowledge yet doe rest in thee, if thou these woordes  
dost heer,

Receve thou her whom thou didst love so lawfully,  
That causd (alas) thy violent death, although unwill-  
ingly ;

And therefore willingly offers to thee her gost,  
To thend that no wight els but thou, might have just  
cause to boste

Thinjoying of my love, which ay I have reserved,  
Free from the rest, bound unto thee, that hast it well  
deserved :

That so our parted sprites, from light that we see here,  
In place of endlesse light and blisse, may ever live  
yfere.

These said, her ruthlesse hand through gytt her valiant hart.

Ah Ladies helpe with teares to wayle, the ladies dedly smart,

She grones she stretcheth out her limmes, she shuttes her eyes,

And from her corps the sprite doth flye ; what should I say? she dyes.

The watchemen of the towne, the whilst are passed by,  
And through the gates the candel light within the tombe they spye ;

Wherby they did suppose, inchaunters to be comme,  
That with prepared instrumentes had opend wide the tombe,

In purpose to abuse the bodies of the ded, <sup>1</sup>

Which by theyr science ayde abusde do stand them oft in sted.

Theyr curious harts desire, the trueth herof to know,  
Then they by certaine steppes descend, where they do fynd below

In clasped armes ywrapt the husband and the wyfe,  
In whom as yet they seemd to see somme certaine markes of lyfe.

But when more curiously with leysure they did vew,  
The certainty of both theyr deathes, assuredly they knew :

Then here and there so long with carefull eye they sought,

That at the length hidden they found the murthrers,  
so they thought.

In dongeon depe that night they lodgde them under grounde,

The next day do they tell the prince the mischefe that they found.

The newes was by and by throughout the towne dyspred,

Both of the takyng of the fryer, and of the twofound ded.

Thether you might have seene whole houtholdes forth  
to ronne,  
For to the tombe where they did heare this wonder  
straunge was donne,  
The great, the small, the riche, the poore, the yong,  
the olde,  
With hasty pace do ronne to see, but rew when they  
beholde.  
And that the murtheiers to all men might be knowne,  
Like as the murders brute abroad through all the towne  
was blowne  
The prince did straight ordaine, the corses that wer  
founde  
Should be set forth upon a stage, hye raysed from the  
grounde,  
Right in the selfe same fourme, (shewde forth to all  
mens sight)  
That in the hollow valt they had been found that other  
night ;  
And eke that Romeus man, and fryer Lawrence should  
Be openly examined, for els the people would  
Have murmured, or faynd there were some wayghty  
cause,  
Why openly they were not calde, and so convict by  
lawes.  
The holy fryer now, and reverent by his age,  
In great reproche set to the shew upon the open stage,  
(A thing that ill beseemde a man of silver heares)  
His beard as whyte as mylke he bathes, with great  
fast falling teares,  
Whom straight the dredfull judge commaundeth to  
declare  
Both, how this murther hath been donne, and who  
the murthrers are?  
For that he nere the tombe was found at howres unfitte,  
And had with him those yron tooles, for such a pur-  
pose fitte.

The fryer was of lively sprite, and free of speche,  
The Judges woords appald him not, ne were his wittes  
to seeche.

But with advised heed, a while fyrst did he stay,  
And then with bold assured voyce, aloude thus gan  
he say,

My lordes, there is not one emong you, set to-  
gyther,

So that (affection set aside) by wisdome he consider  
My former passed lyfe, and this my extreme age,  
And eke this heavy sight, the wreke, of frantike For-  
tunes rage,

But that amased much, doth wonder at this chaunge,  
So great, so sodainly befallne, unlooked for, and  
straunge

For I, that in the space of lx yeres and tenne,  
Since first I did begin to soone to leade my lyfe with  
men,

And with the worldes vaine thinges my selfe I did  
acquaint,

Was never yet, in open place at any time attaynt  
With any cryme, in waight as heavy as a rushe,  
Ne is there any stander by, can make me gylty  
blushe ;

(Although before the face of God, I doe confesse,  
My selfe to be the sinfullst wretch of all this mighty  
presse.)

When readiest I am, and likeliest to make  
My great accompt, which no man els for me shall  
undertake ;

When wormes, the earth, and death, doe cyte me every  
howre,

Tappeare before the judgement seate of everlasting  
powre,

And falling ripe I steppe upon my graves brinke :  
Even then am I most wretched wight (as eche of you  
doth thinke,)

Through my most haynous deede, with hedlong sway  
    throwne downe,  
In greatest daunger of my lyfe, and damage of renowne.  
The spring, whence in your head, this new conceite  
    doth ryse,  
And in your hait increaseth still your vayne and wrong  
    surmise :  
May be the hugenes of these teares of myne, percase,)   
That so abundantly downe fall, by eyther syde my  
    face ;  
As though the memory in scriptures were not kept,  
That Christ our Saviour himselfe for ruth and pittie  
    wept ;  
And more whoso will reade, ywritten shall he fynde,  
That teares are as true messengers of mans ungyltie  
    mynde.  
Or els (a liker prooffe) that I am in the cryme,  
You say these present yrons are, and the suspected  
    tyme ;  
As though all howres alike had not been made above,  
Did Christ not say the day had twelve? whereby he  
    sought to prove,  
That no respect of howres, ought justly to be had,  
But at all times men have the choyce of dooing good  
    or bad.  
Even as the sprite of God, the hartes of men doth  
    guyde,  
Or as it leaveth them to stray from Vertues path asyde.  
As for the yrons that were taken in my hand,  
As now I deeme, I neede not seeke, to make ye un-  
    derstande,  
To what use yron first was made, when it began ;  
How of it self it helpeth not, ne yet can helpe a  
    man.  
The thing that hurteth, is the malice of his will,  
That such indifferent thinges is wont to use and  
    order yll

Thus much I thought to say, to cause you so to know,  
 That neither these my piteous teares, though nere so  
     fast they flowe,  
 Ne yet these yron tooles, nor the suspected time,  
 Can justly prove the murther donne, nor damne me  
     of the cryme :  
 No one of these hath powre, ne powre have all the  
     three,  
 To make me other then I am, how so I seeme to be.  
 But sure my conscience, (if so my gylt deserve,)  
 For an appeacher, witnesse, and a hangman eke should  
     serve,  
 For through myne age, whose heares, of long time  
     since were hore,  
 And credyt greate that I was in, with you, in time  
     tofore,  
 And eke the sojorne short that I on earth must make,  
 That every day and howre do loke my journey hence  
     to take,  
 My conscience inwardly, should more torment me  
     thrise,  
 Then all the outward deadly payne that all you could  
     devyse.  
 But (God I prayse) I feele no worme that gnaweth  
     me,  
 And from remorses pricking sting, I joy that I am  
     free :  
 I meane as touching this, wherwith you troubled are,  
 Wherwith you should be troubled still if I my speche  
     should spare.  
 But to the end I may set all your hartes at rest,  
 And plucke out all the scrupuls that are rooted in your  
     brest,  
 Which might perhappes hencefoith increasing more  
     and more,  
 Within your conscience also, increase your curelesse  
     sore :



I sweare by yonder heavens, whither I hope to clym,  
And for a witnes of my woordes, my hart attesteth him,  
Whose mighty hand doth welde them in theyr vyolent  
sway,

And on the rolling stormy seas the heavy earth doth  
stay :

That I will make a short and eke a true dyscourse  
Of this most wofull Tragedy, and shew both thend  
and sourse

Of theyr unhappy death, which you perchaunce no  
lesse

Will wonder at, then they (alas) poore lovers in dis-  
tresse,

Tormented much in mynd, not forcing lively breath,  
With strong and patient hart dyd yelde themselfe to  
cruell death,

Such was the mutuall love, wherein they burned both :  
And of their promyst frendshippes fayth, so stedy was  
the troth.

And then the auncient frier began to make dys-  
course,

Even from the first, of Romeus, and Juliets amours,  
How first by sodayn sight, the one the other chose,  
And twixt them selfe dyd knitte the knotte, which  
onely death might lose ;

And how within a while, with hotter love opprest,  
Under confessions cloke, to him, them selfe they have  
adrest,

And how with solemn othes they have protested both,  
That they in hart are married by promise and by othe :  
And that except he graunt the rytes of church to geve,  
They shall be forst by earnest love, in sinneful state  
to live :

Which thing when he had wayde, and when he under-  
stoode,

That the agreement twixt them twayne was lawfull,  
honest, good,

And all thinges peysed well, it seemed meete to bee,  
For lyke they were of noblenesse, age, riches, and  
degree ;

Hoping that so at length, ended myght be the stryfe,  
Of Montagewes and Capelets, that led in hayte theyr  
lyfe,

Thinking to woorke a woorke well pleasing in God's  
sight,

In secret shrift he wedded them, and they the selfe  
same night,

Made up the mariage in house of Capelet,  
As well doth know (if she be askt) the nurce of Juliet,  
He told how Romeus fled, for reving Tybalts lyfe,  
And how the whilst, Paris the Earle was offred to hys  
wyfe.

And how the lady dyd, so great a wrong dysdane,  
And how to shrift unto his church she came to him  
agayne ;

And how she fell flat downe before his feete aground,  
And how she sware her hand, and bloody knife should  
wound

Her harmeles hart, except, that he some meane dyd  
fynde

To dysappoynt the Earles attempt, and spotles save  
her mynde.

Wherfore he doth conclude, (although that long be-  
fore)

By thought of death, and age, he had refusde for ever-  
more

The hidden artes which he delighted in, in youth,  
Yet wonne by her importunenes, and by his inward  
ruth,

And fearing lest she would her cruell vowe dyscharge  
His closed conscience he had opened and set at large,  
And rather did he choose to suffer for one tyme,  
His soule to be spotted somdeale with small and easy  
cryme,

Then that the lady should, (wery of livyng breath,) Murther her selfe, and daunger much her seely soule by death,

Wherfore, his auncient artes agayne he puttes in ure, A certaine powder gave he her, that made her slepe so sure,

That they her held for dead; and how that frier John

With letters sent to Romeus, to Mantua is gone; Of whom he knoweth not as yet, what is becommе, And how that dead he found his frend within her kindreds tombe.

He thinkes with poyson strong, for care the yong man sterved,

Supposing Juliet dead, and how that Juliet had carved With Romeus dagger drawne her hart and yelded breath,

Desyrous to accompany her lover after death; And how they could not save her, so they were afeard,

And hidde them selfe, dreading the noyse of watchmen, that they heard,

And for the prooffe of thys his tale, he doth desyer The Judge to send forthwith to Mantua for the fryer To learne his cause of stay, and eke to reade his letter; And, more beside, to thend that they might judge his cause the better,

He prayeth them depose the nurce of Juliet, And Romeus man, whom at unawares besyde the tombe he met.

Then Peter not so much erst as he was, dysmayd, My lordes (quoth he) too true is all, that fryer Laurence sayd.

And when my maister went into my mystres grave, The letter that I offer you, unto me then he gave, Which he himselfe dyd write as I do understand, And charged me to offer them unto his fathers hand.

The opened packet doth conteyne in it the same,  
That erst the skilfull frier said, and eke the wretches  
name

That had at his request, the dedly poyson sold,  
The price of it, and why he bought, his letters playne  
have tolde.

The case unfolded so, and open now it lyes,  
That they could wish no better prooffe, save seeing it  
with theyr eyes :

So orderly all thinges were tolde and tryed out,  
That in the prease there was not one, that stooode at  
all in doubt.

The wyser sort to counsell called by Escalus,  
Have geven advyse, and Escalus sagely decreeth  
thus :

The nurce of Juliet, is banisht in her age,  
Because that from the parentes she dyd hyde the  
marriage,  
Which might have wrought much good, had it in time  
been knowne,

Where now by her concealing it, a mischeefe great is  
growne ;

And Peter, for he dyd obey his masters hest,  
In woonted freedome had good leave to leade his lyfe  
in rest ;

Thapothecary, high is hanged by the throte,  
And for the paynes he tooke with him, the hangman  
had his cote.

But now what shall betyde of this gray-bearded syre ?  
Of fryer Lawrence thus arraynde, that good barefooted  
fryre ?

Because that many times he woorthely did serve  
The commen welth, and in his lyfe was never found  
to swerve,

He was discharged quyte, and no marke of defame,  
Did seeme to blot, or touch at all, the honor of his  
name.

But of him selfe he went into an Hermitage,  
Two myles from Veron towne, where he in prayers  
past forth his age,  
Till that to earth from heaven, his heavenly sprite dyd  
flye,  
Fyve years he lived an Hermite, and an Hermite dyd  
he dye.

The straungenes of the chaunce, when tryed was the  
truth,

The Montagewes and Capelets hath moved so to ruth,  
That with their emptyed teares, theyr choler and theyr  
rage,

Was emptied quite; and they whose wrath no wisdom  
could asswage,

Nor threatning of the prince, ne mynd of murthers  
donne,

At length (so mighty Jove it would) by pitye they are  
wonne.

And lest that length of time might from our myndes  
remove,

The memory of so perfect, sound, and so approved  
love,

The bodies dead removed from vaulte where they did  
dye,

In stately tombe, on pillers great, of marble rayse they  
hye.

On every syde above, were set and eke beneath,  
Great store of cunning Epitaphes, in honor of theyr  
death.

And even at this day the tombe is to be seene.  
So that among the monumentes that in Verona been,  
There is no monument more worthy of the sight,  
Then is the tombe of Juliet, and Romeus her knight.

¶ Imprinted at London in Flete strete within  
Temble barre, at the signe of the hand and  
starre, by Richard Tottill the xix day of Nov-  
ember, An. do. 1562.



*The Goodly History of the True and Constant Love between Romeus and Julietta.*<sup>1</sup>

—o—

THE TWENTY-FIFTH NOVELL.

*The goodly Hystorie of the true and constant Love betweene Rhomeo and Julietta, the one of whom died of poyson, and the other of sorrow, and heavinesse : wherein be comprised many adventures of love, and other devises touchinge the same.*

THE XXV.

I AM sure, that they whiche measure the greatnesse of Gods works according to the capacitie of their rude and simple understanding, wyll not lightly adhibite credite unto this historie, so wel for the varietie of strange accidents which be therein described, as for the noveltie and straungenesse of so rare, and perfect amity. But they that have redde Plinie, Valerius Maximus, Plutarche, and divers other writers, doe finde, that in olde tyme a greate number of men and women have died, some of excessive joye, some of overmuch sorrowe, and some of other passions : and amongs the same, Love is not the

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<sup>1</sup> [From Painter's *Palace of Pleasure*, vol. ii., 4to, 1567.]

least, which when it seaseth uppon any kynde and gentle subject, and findeth no resistance to serve for a rampart to stay the violence of his course, by litle and litle undermineth melteth and consumeth the vertues of natural powers, in such wyse as the sprite yelding to the burden, abandoneth the place of life : which is verified by the pitifull and infortunate death of two lovers that surrendered their last breath in one Tombe at Verona a Citie of Italy, wherein repose yet to this day : (with great marvel) the bones and remnantes of their late loving bodies : an history no lesse wonderfull than true. If then perticular affection which of good right every man ought to beare to the place where he was borne, do not deceive those that travaile, I thinke they will confesse with me, that few cities in Italie, can surpasse the said cittie of Verona, as well for the Navigable river called Adissa, which passeth almost through the midst of the same, and therby a great trafique into Almayne, as also for the prospect towards the fertile Mountaines, and plesant valeies which do environ the same, with a great number of very clere and lively fountains, that serve for the ease and commodity of the place. Omitting (bisides many other singularities) foure bridges, and an infinite numbre of other honorable antiquities, daily apparant unto those, that be to curious to viewe and loke upon them. Which places I have somewhat touched, bicause this most true Historie which I purpose hereafter to recite, dependeth therupon, the memory whereof to this day is so well knowne at Verona, as unneths their blubbred eyes be yet dry, that sawe and behelde that lamentable sight.

When the senior Escala was Lord of Verona, there were two families in the Citie, of farre greater fame than the rest, as well for riches as Nobilitie : the one called the Montesches, and the other the Capellets : but like as most commonly there is discorde amongs

them which be of semblable degree in honour, even so there hapned a certaine enimitie betwene them : and for so much as the beginning therof was unlawful, and of ill foundation, so likewise in processe of time it kindled to such flame, as by divers and sundry devises practised on both sides, many lost their lives. The Lord Bartholmew of Escala, (of whome we have already spoken) being Lord of Verona, and seeing such disorder in his common weale, assayed divers and sundry wayes to reconcile those two houses, but all in vaine : for their hatred had taken sutch roote, as the same could not be moderated by any wise counsell or good advice : betwene whome no other thing could be accorded, but giving over armure and weapon for the time, attending some other season more convenient, and with better leisure to appease the rest. In the time that these things were adoing, one of the familie of Montesches called Rhomeo, of the age of xx. or xxi. yeres, the fairest and best conditioned Gentleman that was amongs the Veronian youth, fell in love with a young Gentlewoman of Verona, and in few dayes was attached with her comely and good behaviour, as he abandoned all other affaires and businesse to serve and honor hir. And, after many letters, ambassades, and presents, he determined in the end to speke unto hir, and to disclose his passions, which he did without any other practise. But she which was verteously brought up, knew how to make him so good answer to cutte of his amorous affections, as he had no lust after that time to return any more, and shewed hir self so austere and sharp of speach, as she vouchsafed not with one loke to beholde him. But the more the yong Gentleman saw hir whist and silent, the more he was inflamed ; and after hee had continued certaine months in that service wythout remedy of his grieve, he determined in the end to depart Verona,



for prooffe if by change of the place he might alter his affection, and sayd to himself: "What doe I meane to love one that is so unkinde, and thus doeth disdain me. I am all hir owne, and yet she flieth from me. I can no longer live, except hir presence I doe enjoy: and she hath no contented minde, but when she is furthest from me. I wil then from henceforth estraunge my selfe from hir, for it may so come to passe by not beholding hir, that thys fire in me which taketh increase and nourishment by hir faire eyes, by little and little may die and quench." But minding to put in prooffe what hee thought, at one instant hee was reduced to the contrarie, who not knowing whereuppon to resolve, passed dayes and nights in marvellous plaintes and Lamentations. For Love vexed him so neare, and had so well fixed the Gentlewoman's beautie within the Bowels of his heart and minde, as not able to resist, hee fainted with the charge, and consumed by little and little as the Snow against the Sunne. Whereof his parents, and kinred did marvell greatly, bewaylinge his misfortune, but above all other one of his companions of riper age and counsell than he, began sharply to rebuke him. For the love that he bare him was so great as hee felt his Martirdome, and was partaker of his passion: which caused him by ofte viewing hys friends disquietnesse in amorous pangs, to say thus unto him: "Rhomeo, I marvell much that thou spendest the best time of thine age, in pursute of a thing, from which thou seest thy self despised and banished, without respecte either to thy prodigall dispense, to thine honor, to thy teares, or to thy miserable life, which be able to move the most constant to pitie. Wherefore I pray thee for the Love of our ancient amitie, and for thine health sake, that thou wilt learn to be thine owne man, and not to alienate thy liberty to any so ingrate as she is: for so farre as I conjec-

ture by things that are passed betwene you, either she is in love with some other, or else determined never to love any. Thou arte yong, rich in goods and fortune, and more excellent in beautie than any Gentleman in this Citie : thou art well learned, and the only sonne of the house wherof thou comest. What grief wold it be to thy pore old father and other thy parents, to see thee so drowned in this dongeon of vice, specially at that age wherein thou oughtest rather to put them in some hope of thy vertue ? Begin then from henceforth to acknowledge thine error, wherein thou hast hitherto lived, doe away that amorous vaile or coverture which blindeth thine eyes and letteth thee to folow the right path, wherein thy ancestors have walked : or else if thou do feele thy selfe so subject to thine owne will, yelde thy heart to some other place, and choose some Mistresse according to thy worthinesse, and henceforth doe not sow thy paines in a soil so barrain whereof thou reapest no frute : the time approacheth when al the dames of the Citie shall assemble, where thou maist behold such one as shall make thee forget thy former griefs." This yong Gentleman attentively hearing all the persuading reasons of his friend, began somewhat to moderate that heat and to acknowledge all the exhortations which he had made to be directed to good purpose. And then determined to put them in prooffe, and to be present indifferently at all the feasts and assemblies of the citie, without bearing affection more to one woman than to an other. And continued in this manner of life ii. or iii. monthes, thinking by that meanes to quench the sparks of auncient flames. It chaunced then within few dayes after, about the feast of Christmasse, when feasts and bankets most commonly be used, and maskes according to the custome frequented : And bicause that Anthonie Capellet was the chief of that familie, and one of the most princi-

pal Lords of the Citie made a banket, and for the better solempnization of the same invited all the noble men and dames, at what time ther was the most part of the youth of Verona. The family of the Capellets (as we have declared in the beginning of this History) was at variance with the Montesches, which was the cause that none of that family repaired to that banket, but onely the yong Gentleman Rhomeo, who came in a Maske after supper with certain other yong Gentlemen. And after they had remained a certaine space with their visards on, at length they did put of the same, and Rhomeo very shamefast, withdrew himself into a corner of the Hall : but by reason of the light of the torches which burned very bright, he was by and by known and loked upon of the whole company, but specially of the Ladies : for bisides his native beautie wherewith nature had adorned him, they marvelled at his audacitie how he durst presume to enter so secretly into the house of those which had litle cause to do him any good. Notwithstanding, the Capellets dissembling their malice, either for the honor of the company, or else for respect of his age, did not misuse him either in word or deede : by meanes whereof with free liberty he behelde and viewed the ladies at his pleasure, which he did so wel, and with grace so good, as there was none but did very well like the presence of his person : and after hee had particularly given judgement uppon the excellency of each one, according to his affection, he saw one gentlewoman amongs the rest of surpassing beautie who (although he had never seene hir tofore) pleased him above the rest, and attributed unto hir in heart the chiefest place for all perfection in beautie. And feastyng hir incessantly with piteous lookes, the love which he bare to his first Gentlewoman, was overcomen with this new fire, that tooke such norishment and vigor in his heart, as he was

able never to quench the same but by death onely: as you may understande by one of the strangest discourses, that ever any mortal man devised. The yong Rhomeo then feelyng himselfe thus tossed with this new tempest, could not tel what countenance to use, but was so surprised and chaunged with these last flames, as he had almost forgotten himselfe in suche wise as he had not audacitie to enquire what shee was, and wholly bent hym selfe to feede his eyes with hir sighte, wherewyth hee moystened the sweete amorous venom, which dyd so empoysen him, as hee ended his dayes with a kynd of moste cruell death. The Gentlewoman that dydde put Rhomeo to suche payne, was called Julietta, and was the daughter of Capellet, the maister of the house where that assemblie was, who as hir eyes dydde roll and wander too and fro, by chaunce espied Rhomeo, whiche unto hir seemed to be the goodliest Gentleman that ever shee sawe. And Love which lay in wayte never untyl that time, assailing the tender heart of that yong Gentlewoman, touched hir so at the quicke, as for any resistance the coulde make, was not able to defende hys forces, and then began to set at naught the royalties of the feast, and felt no pleasure in hir hart, but when she had a glimpse by throwing or receiving some sight or looke of Rhomeo. And after they had contented eche others troubled hart with millions of amorous lokes whiche oftentimes interchangeably encountered and met together, the burning beames gave sufficient testimonie of Loves privie onsets.

Love having made the heartes breach of those two lovers, as they two sought meanes to speake together, Fortune offered them a very meete and apt occasion. A certain lorde of that troupe and company took Julietta by the hande to daunce, wherein shee behaved hir selfe so well, and with so excellent grace, as shee wanne that daye the price of honour from all the

maidens of Verona. Rhomeo, havynge forseene the place whereunto she minded to retire, approched the same, and so discretely used the matter, as he found the meanes at hir returne to sit beside hir. Julietta when the daunce was finished, returned to the very place where she was set before, and was placed betwene Rhomeo and an other Gentleman called Mercutio, which was a courtlike gentleman, very wel beloved of all men, and by reason of his plesant and curteous behavior was in all companies wel intertained. Mercutio that was of audacitie among maidens, as a lion is among lambes, seased incontinently upon the hande of Julietta, whose hands wontedly wer so cold bothe in winter and sommer as the mountain yce, although the fire's heat did warme the same. Rhomeo which sat upon the left side of Julietta, seing that Mercutio held hir by the right hand, toke hir by the other, that he might not be deceived of his purpose, and straining the same a litle, he felt himself so prest with that newe favor, as he remained mute, not able to aunswer: But she perceiving by his change of color, that the fault proceded of very vehement love, desiring to speake unto him, turned hir selfe towards him, and with trembling voice joyned with virginal shamefastnesse, intermedled with a certaine bashfulnesse, sayd to him: "Blessid be the hour of your nere aproche:" but minding to proceede in further talke, love had so closed up hir mouth, as she was not able to end hir tale.

Whereunto the yong gentleman all ravished, with joy and contentation, sighing, asked hir what was the cause of that right fortunate blessing. Julietta, somewhat more emboldened with pitiful loke and smiling countenance, said unto him: "Syr, do not marvell if I do blesse your comming hither, bicause sir Mercutio a good time with frosty hand hath wholly frozen mine, and you of your curtesy have warmed the same again." Whereunto immediatly Rhomeo replied:

"Madame, if the heavens have bene so favorable to employ me to do some agreeable service being repaired hither by chaunce amongs other Gentlemen, I esteeme the same well bestowed, craving no greater benefite for satisfaction of all my contentations received in this worlde, than to serve, obey and honor you as long as my life doth last, as experience shall yeld more ample prooffe when it shall please you to give further assaye. Moreover, if you have received any heat by touche of my hand, you may be well assured that those flames be dead in respect of the lively sparks and violent fire which sorteth from your faire eyes, which fire hath so fiercely inflamed all the most sensible parts of my body, as if I be not succored by the favoure of your divine graces, I doe attend the time to be consumed to dust." Scarse had he made an end of those last words, but the daunce of the Torche was at an end. Whereby Julietta, which wholly burnt with love, straightly clasping hir hand with his, had no leisure to make other aunswere, but softly thus to say: "My deare friend, I know not what other assured witnesse you desire of Love, but that I let you understand that you be no more your owne, than I am yours, being ready and disposed to obey you so farre as honoure shall permit, beseeching you for the present time to content your selfe with this answere, untill some other season meeter to communicate more secretely of our affaires." Rhomeo seeing himself pressed to part with the companie, and for that hee knewe not by what meanes hee might see hir againe that was his life and death, demaunded of one of his friends what she was, who made answer that she was the daughter of Capellet, the Lord of the house, and maister of that dayes feast (who wroth beyond measure that fortune had sent him to so daungerous a place, thought it impossible to bring to end his enterprise begon.) Julietta covetous on the other side, to know what

yong Gentleman hee was which had so courteously intertained hir that night, and of whome she felt the new wound in hir heart, called an old Gentlewoman of honor which had nurssed hir and brought hir up, unto whom she sayd, leaning upon hir shoulder: "Mother, what two yong Gentlemen be they which goe forth with two torches before them?" Unto whome the olde Gentlewoman told the name of the houses wherof they came. Then she asked hir againe, What young gentleman is that which holdeth the visarde in his hande, with the Damaske cloke about him? "It is" (quod she) "Rhomeo Montesche, the sonne of youre Father's capitall enemy and deadly foe to all your kinne." But the maiden at the only name of Montesche was altogether amazed, despairing for ever to attain to husband hir great affectioned friend Rhomeo, for the auncient hatreds betwene those two families. Nevertheless she knew so wel how to dissemble hir grief and discontented minde, as the olde Gentlewoman perceived nothing, who then began to persuade hir to retire into hir chamber: whome she obeyed: and being in hir bed, thinking to take hir wonted rest, a great tempest of divers thoughts began to environ and trouble hir minde, in such wise as she was not able to close hir eyes, but turning here and there, fantasied divers things in hir thought, sometimes purposed to cut of the whole attempt of that amorous practise, sometimes to continue the same. Thus was the poore pucell vexed with two contraries, the one comforted hir to pursue hir intent, the other proposed the imminent perill wherunto indiscretely she headlong threw hir self: and after she had wandred of long time in this amorous Laberinth, she knew not whereupon to resolve, but wept incessantly, and accused hir self, saying: "Ah, Caitife and miserable creature, from whence doe rise these unaccustomed travailes which I feele in minde, provoking me to loose my

rest: but infortunate wretch, what doe I know if that yong Gentleman doe love me as hee sayeth. It may be under the vaile of sugred woords hee goeth about to steale away mine honoure, to be revenged of my Parents which have offended his, and by that meanes to my everlasting reproche to make the fable of the Verona people."

Afterwards sodainly as she condemned that which she suspected in the beginning, sayd: "Is it possible that under such beauty and rare comelinesse, disloyalie and treason may have their siedge and lodging? If it be true that the face is the faithfull messanger of the mindes conceit, I may be assured that hee doeth love me: for I marked so many chaunged coloures in his face in time of his talke with me, and sawe him so transported and besides himself, as I cannot wishe any other more certaine lucke of love, wherin I will persist immutable to the last gaspe of life, to the intent I may have him to be my husband. For it may so come to passe, as this newe alliance shall engender a perpetuall peace and amitie betwene his house and mine." Aresting then upon this determination still, as she saw Rhomeo passing before hir father's gate, she shewed hir self with merry countenance, and followed him so with looke of eye, untill she had lost his sight. And continuing this manner of life for certaine dayes, Rhomeo not able to content himself with lookes, daily did beholde and marke the situation of the house, and one day amongs others hee espied Julietta at hir chamber window, bounding upon a narrow lane, right over against which Chamber he had a gardeine, which was the cause that Rhomeo fearing discovery of their love, began then in the day time to passe no more before the gate, but so soone as the night with his browne mantell had covered the earth, he walked alone up and downe that little street. And after he



had bene there many times, missing the chieftest cause of his comming, Julietta impacient of hir evill, one night repaired to hir window, and perceived through the brightnesse of the Moone her friend Rhomeo hard under hir window, no lesse attended for, than he himselfe was waighting. Then she secretely with teares in hir eyes, and with voyce interrupted by sighes, sayd: "Signior Rhomeo, me thinke that you hazarde your persone to much, and commit the same into great danger at this time of the night, to protrude your self to the mercy of them which meane you little good. Who if they had taken you, would have cut you in pieces, and mine honor (which I esteeme dearer than my life), hindered and suspected for ever." "Madame," answered Rhomeo, "my life is in the hand of God, who only can dispose the same: howbeit if any man had sought meanes to berieve me of life, I should (in the presence of you) have made him known what mine abilitie had bene to defend the same. Notwithstanding life is not so deare, and of such estimation unto me, but that I could vouchsafe to sacrifice the same for your sake: and although my mishap had ben so great, as to be dispatched in that place, yet had I no cause to be sorry therefore, excepte it had bene by loosing of means, the same to forgoe, the way how to make you understand the good will and duty which I beare you: desiring not to conserve the same for any commoditie that I hope to have therby, nor for any other respect, but only to love, serve, and honor you, so long as breath shal remaine in me." So soone as he had made an end of his talke, love and pitie began to sease upon the heart of Julietta, and leaning hir head upon hir hand, having hir face all besprent with teares, she said unto Rhomeo: "Syr Rhomeo, I pray you not to renue that grief againe: for the only memory of such inconvenience, maketh me to counterpoise betwene death and life, my heart

being so united with yours, as you cannot receive the least injury in this world, wherein I shall not be so great a partaker as your self: beseeching you for conclusion, that if you desire your owne health and mind, to declare unto me in fewe wordes what youre determination is to attaine: for if you covet any other secrete thing at my handes, more than myne honour can well allow, you are marvelously deceived: but if your desire be godly, and that the friendship which you protest to beare me be founded uppon vertue, and to be concluded by mariage, receiving me for your wyfe and lawfull spouse, you shall have such part in me, as whereof without any regard to the obedience and reverence that I owe to my parentes, or to the auncient enimitie of our families, I will make you the onely Lord and maister over me, and of all things that I possesse, beyng prest and readie in all points to folowe your commaundment: but if your intent be otherwise, and thinke to reape the fruit of my virginitie, under the pretense of wanton amitie, you be greatly deceived, and doe praye you to avoide and suffer me from henceforth to live in rest amongs mine equals." Rhomeo which looked for none other thing, holding up his handes to the heavens, with incredible joy and contentation, answered: "Madame, for so much as it hath pleased you to do me that honour to accept me for such a one, I accorde and consente to your request, and do offer unto you the best part of my heart, which shall remaine with you for guage and sure testimonie of my saying, untill such time as God shall give me leave to make you the entier owner and possessor of the same. And to the intent I may begyn mine enterprise, to morrow I wil to frier Laurence for counsell in the same, who besides that he is my ghostly Father, is accustomed to give me instruction in all my other secrete affaies, and fayle not (if you please) to meete me

again in this place at this very hour, to the intent I may give you to understande the devise betwene him and me," which she liked very wel, and ended their talk for that time. Rhomeo receiving none other favour at hir hands for that night, but only words. This frier Laurence, of whom hereafter we shal make more ample mention, was an auncient Doctor of Divinity, of the order of the friers Minors, who besides the happy profession which he had made in studie of holie writ, was very skilful in Philosophy, and a great searcher of nature secrets, and exceeding famous in Magike knowledge, and other hidden and secret sciences, which nothing diminished his reputation, bicause hee did not abuse the same. And this Frier through his vertue and piety, had so wel won the citzens hearts of Verona, as he was almost the confessor to them all, and of al men generally revered and beloved: and many tymes for his great prudence was called by the lordes of the Citie, to the weightie causes of the same. And amonges other he was greatly favored by the lord of Escalé, that time the principal governor of Verona, and of al the familie of Montesches, and of the Capellets, and of many other. The yong Rhomeo (as we have alredy declared) from his tender age, bare a certein particle amitie to frier Laurence, and departed to him his secrets, by meanes wherof so soone as he was gone from Julietta, went straight to the Friers Franciscans, wher from point to point he discoursed the successe of his love to that good father, and the conclusion of the mariage betwene him and Julietta, adding upon the end of talk, that hee wold rather choose shameful death, than to faile hir of his promise. To whom the good Frier after he had debated divers matters, and proposed al the inconveniences of that secrete mariage, exhorted hym to more mature deliberation of the same: notwithstanding, all the alleged persuasions

wer not able to revoke his promise. Wherefore the Frier vanquished with his stubbornesse, and also forecasting in his minde that the mariage might be some meanes of reconciliation of those two houses, in the end agreed to his request, intreating him, that he might have one delayed day for leysure to excogitate what was beste to be done. But if Rhomeo for his part was carefull to provide for his affaires, Julietta likewise did her indevor. For seing that she had none about hir to discover hir passions, she devised to impart the whole to hir nurse which laye in hir chambre, appointed to waite upon hir, to whome she committed the intier secrets of the love betwene Rhomeo and hir. And although the old woman in the beginning resisted Julietta hir intent, yet in the ende she knewe so wel how to persuade and win hir, that she promised in all that she was able to do, to be at her commandement. And then she sent hir with al diligence to speake to Rhomeo, and to know of him by what meanes they might be married, and that he would do hir to understand the determination betwene frier Laurence and him. Whom Rhomeo answered, how the first day wherin he had informed frier Laurence of the matter, the said frier deferred answer until the next, which was the very same, and that it was not past one houre sithens he returned with final resolution, and that frier Laurence and he had devised, that she the Saterdag folowing, should desire leave of hir mother to go to confession, and to repaire to the church of Saint Francis, where in a certain chapel secretly they shold be married, praying hir in any wise not to faile to be there. Which thing she brought to passe with such discretion, as hir mother agreed to hir request: and accompanied onely with hir governesse, and a yong mayden, she repaired thither at the determined day and time. And so soone as she was entred the church, called for the good

Doctor frier Laurence, unto whom answere was made that he was in the shriving chapel, and forthwith advertisement was given him of hir comming. So soon as frier Laurence was certified of Julietta, he went into the body of the church, and willed the old woman and yong maiden to go heare service, and that when he had hearde the confession of Julietta, he would send for them again to waite upon hir. Julietta being entred a litle cell with frier Laurence, he shutte fast the doore as he was wont to do, where Rhomeo and he had bene together shut fast in, the space of one whole houre before. Then frier Laurence, after that hee had shrived them, sayde to Julietta: "Daughter, as Rhomeo here present hath certified me, you be agreed and contented to take him to husband, and he likewise you for his espouse and wife. Do you now still persist and continue in that minde?" The lovers answered that they desired none other thing. The Frier seeyng their conformed and agreeable willes, after he had discoursed somewhat upon the commendation of mariage dignitie, pronounced the usuall woordes of the Church, and she having received the ryng from Rhomeo, they rose up before the Frier, who sayd unto them: "If you have any other thing to conferre together, do the same with spede: for I purpose that Rhomeo shall go from hence so secretly as he can." Rhomeo sorie to go from Julietta sayd secretly unto hir, that she should send unto him after diner the olde woman, and that he woulde cause to be made a corded ladder the same evening, thereby to climbe up to hir chamber window, where at more leysure they would devise of their affaires. Things determind betwene them, either of them retired to their house with incredible contentation, attendyng the happie houre for consummation of their mariage. When Rhomeo was come home to his house, he declared wholly what had passed betwene

him and Julietta, unto a servant of his called Pietro, whose fidelitie he had so greatly tryed, as he durst have trusted him with his life, and commaunded him with expedition to provide a ladder of cordes with ii. strong hookes of iron fastned to both ends, which he easily did, bicause they were much used in Italie. Julietta did not forget in the evening about five of the clocke, to sende the old woman to Rhomeo, who having prepared all things necessary, caused the ladder to be delivered unto hir, and prayed hir to require Julietta the same evening not to faile to be at the accustomed place. But if this journey seemed long to these passioned lovers, let other judge, that have at other times assayed the like: for every minute of an houre seemed to them a thousand years, so that if they had power to commaunde the heavens (as Josua did the Sunne) the earth had incontinently bene shadowed wyth darkest cloudes. The appointed houre come, Rhomeo put on the moste sumptuous apparell he had, and conducted by good fortune neere to the place where his heart toke life, was so fully determined of his purpose, as easily hee clymed up the garden wall. Being arrived hard to the window, he perceived Julietta, who had already so wel fastned the corded ladder to draw him up, as without any daunger at all he entred hir chambre, which was so clere as the day, by reson of the tapers of virgin wax, which Julietta had caused to be lighted that she myght the better beholde hir Rhomeo. Julietta for hir part was but in hir night kerchief: who so soone as she perceived him colled him about the neck, and after she had kissed and re-kissed hym a million of times, began to imbrace hym betweene hir armes, having no power to speke unto him, but by sighes onely, holding hir mouth close against his, and being in this traunce beheld him with pitiful eye, whiche made him to live and die together. And

afterwardes somewhat come to hir selfe, she sayd with sighes depely fetched from the bottom of hir heart : " Ah Rhomeo, the exampler of al vertue and gentlenesse, you be most hartely welcome to this place, wherein for your lacke and absence, and for feare of your persone, I have gushed forth so many teares as the spryng is almost dry : but nowe that I holde you betweene my armes, let death and fortune doe what they list, for I count my selfe more than satisfied of all my sorrowes past, by the favour alone of your presence : " whom Rhomeo with weping eye, giving over silence answered : " Madame, forsomuch as I never received so much of fortunes grace, as to make you feele by lively experience what power you had over me, and the torment every minute of the day sustained for your occasion, I do assure you the least that vexeth me for your absence, is a thousand times more painful than death, which long time or this had cut off the threede of my life, if the hope of this happy journey had not bene, which paying me now the just tribute of my weepings past, maketh me better content and more glad, than if the whole world were at my commaundement, beseeching you (without further memory of ancient grief) to take advise in time to come how we may content our passionate hearts, and to sort our affaires with such wisdom and discretion, as our enimies without advantage may let us continue the remnant of our dayes in rest and quiet." And as Julietta was about to make answer, the olde woman came in the mean time, and sayd unto them : " He that wasteth time in talke, recovereth the same to late. But for so much as either of you hath endured such mutuall paines, behold (quoth she) a campe which I have made ready " (shewing them the field bed which she had prepared and furnished,) wherunto they easily agreed, and being then betwene the sheetes in privy bed, after

they had gladded and cherished themselves with al kinde of delicate embracements which love was able to devise, Rhomeo unloosing the holy lines of virginity, tooke possession of the place, which was not yet besieged with such joy and contentation as they can judge which have assayed such delities. Their mariage thus consumate, Rhomeo perceiving the morning make too hastie approach, tooke his leave, making promise that he would not faile within a day or two to resort againe to the place by like meanes and semblable time, untill Fortune had provided sure occasion unfearfully to manifest their mariage to the whole worlde. And thus a month or twaine, they continued their joyful mindes, to their incredible satisfaction, until Lady Fortune, envious of their prosperitie, turned hir wheele to tumble them into sutch a bottomlesse pit, as they payed hir usury for their plesures past, by a certain most cruell and pitiful death, as you shall understand heereafter by the discourse that foloweth. Now as we have before declared, the Capellets and the Montesches were not so wel reconciled by the Lord of Verona, but that there rested in them such sparkes of ancient displeasures, as either partes waited but for some light occasion to draw togithers, which they did in the Easter holy dayes, (as bloudy men commonly be most willingly disposed after a good time to commit some nefarious deede) besides the gate of Boursarie leading to the olde castell of Verona, a troupe of the Capellets rencountred with certain of the Montesches, and without other woordes began to set upon them. And the Capellets had for chief of their glorious enterprise one called Thibault cosin Germaine to Julietta, a yong man strongly made, and of good experience in armes, who exhorted his Companions with stout stomakes to repress the boldnesse of the Montesches, that there should from that time forth no memory of



them be left at all. And the rumoure of this fray was increased throughoute all the corners of Verona, that succour should come from all partes of the Cittie to departe the same. Whereof Rhomeo advertized, who walked alonges the Citie with certaine of his companions, hasted him spedily to the place where the slaughter of his Parentes and alies were committed: and after he had well advised and beholden many wounded and hurt on both sides, he sayd to his companions: "My friends, let us part them, for they be so flesht one upon an other, as they wil all be hewed to pieces before the game be done." And saying so, he thrust himself amids the troupe, and did no more but part the blowes on either side, crying upon them aloud: "My friends, no more, it is time henceforth that our quarel cease. For bisides the provocation of Gods just wrath, our two families be slaunderous to the whole world, and cause this common wealth to grow unto disorder." But they were so egre and furious one against the other, as they gave no audience to Rhomeo his counsel, and bent themselves to kill, dismember and teare eche other in pieces. And the fight was so cruell and outragious betwene them, as they which looked on were amased to see them endure those blowes, for the ground was al covered with armes, legges, thighs, and bloud, wherein no signe of cowardnesse appeared, and maintained their fighte so long, that none was able to judge who had the better, untill that Thibault cousin to Julietta, inflamed with ire and rage, turned towards Rhomeo, thinking with a foine to run him through. But he was so well armed and defended with a privie coate which he wore ordinarily for the doubt hee had of the Capellets, as the pricke rebounded: unto whom Rhomeo made answer: "Thibault, thou maiest know by the pacience which I have had untill this present time, that I came not hither to fight with thee or thine, but to seeke

peace and attonement betwene us, and if thou thinkest that for default of corage I have failed min endevor, thou doest great wrong to my reputation. And impute this my suffrance to some other perticular respect, rather than to want of stomake. Wherefore abuse me not but be content with this great effusion of bloud and murders already committed, and provoke me not I beseeche thee to pass the bounds of my good wil and mind." "Ah Traitor," sayde Thibault, "thou thinkest to save thy selfe by the plot of thy pleasant tong, but see that thou defend thy selfe, else presently I will make thee feelee that thy tong shall not garde thy corpse, nor yet be the buckler to defend the same from present death." And saying so, he gave him a blowe with such furie, as had not other warded the same, he had cut of his head from his shoulders. And the one was no readier to lend, but the other incontinently was able to pay againe, for he being not only wroth with the blow that he had received, but offended with the injurie which the other had done, began to pursue his enimie with such courage and vivacitie, as the third blow with his sward he caused him to fall backwarde starke deade upon the ground with a pricke vehemently thrust into his throte, which he followed till his sward appeared through the hinder parte of the same, by reason whereof the conflict ceased. For besides that Thibault was the chief of his companie he was also borne of one of the Noblest houses within the Citie, which caused the potestate to assemble his Soldiers with diligence for the apprehension and imprisonment of Rhomeio, who seeing y<sup>e</sup> fortune at hand, in secrete wise conveyed himself to frier Laurence at the Friers Franciscanes. And the Frier understanding of his facte, kept him in a certaine secrete place of his Convent until Fortune did otherwise provide for his safe going abroad. The brute spread throughout the Citie, of this chaunce don upon the Lord Thibault,

the Capellets in mourning weedes caused the dead body to be carried before the signiory of Verona, so well to move them to pitie as to demaund justice for the murder : before whome came also the Monteschcs, declaring the innocencie of Rhomeo, and the wilful assault of the other. The Counsel assembled and witnesses heard on both parts, a straight commaundement was given by the Lord of the Citie to give over their weapons, and touching the offense of Rhomeo, bicause he had killed the other in his owne defense, he was banished Verona for ever. This common misfortune published throughout the Citie, was generally sorowed and lamented. Some complained the death of the Lord Thibault, so well for his dexteritie in armes, as for the hope of his great good service in time to come, if he had not bene prevented by such cruell death. Other bewailed (specially the Ladies and Gentlewomen) the overthrow of yong Rhomeo, who bisides his beautie and good grace wherwith he was enriched, had a certaine naturall allurements, by vertue whereof he drew unto him the hearts of eche man, like as the stony Adamant doth the cancred iron, in such wise as the whole nation and people of Verona lamented his mischance : but above al, infortunate Julietta, who advertised both of the death of hir cousin Thibault, and of the banishment of hir husband, made the aire sound with infinite numbres of mornefull plaints and miserable lamentations. Then feeling herself to much outraged with extreme passion, she went into hir chamber, and overcome with sorow threw hir self upon hir bed, where she began to reinforce hir dolor after so strange fashion, as the most constant would have bene moved to pitie. Then like one out of hir wittes, she gazed heere and there, and by Fortune beholding the window whereat Rhomeo was wont to enter into hir chamber, cried out : " Oh unhappy windowe, Oh entry most unlucky, wherein

were woven the bitter toyle of my former misschaps, if by thy meanes I have received at other times some light pleasure or transitorie contentation, thou now makest me pay a tribute so rigorous and painefull, as my tender body not able any longer to support the same, shall henceforth open the gate to that life where the ghost discharged from this mortall burden, shall seeke in some place else more assured rest. Ah Rhomeo, Rhomeo, when acquaintance first began betweene us, and I reclined mine eares unto thy suborned promisses, confirmed with so many othes, I wold never have beleived that in place of our continued amitie, and in appeasing of the hatred of our houses, thou wouldest have sought occasion to breake the same by an acte so vituperious and shamefull, whereby thy fame shall be spotted for ever, and I miserable wretch desolate of spouse and companion. But if thou haddest bene so greedie after the Capellets bloud, wherefore didst thou spare the deare bloud of mine owne heart when so many times, and in such secrete place, the same was at the mercie of thy cruell handes? The victorie which thou shouldest have gotten over me, had it not bene glorious inough for thine ambitious mind, but for more triumphant solempnitie to be crowned with the bloud of my dearest kinsman? Now get thee hence therefore into some other place to deceive some other, so unhappy as my selfe: Never come againe in place where I am, for no excuse shall heereafter take holde to asswage mine offended minde. In the meane time I shall lament the rest of my heavie life, with such store of teares, as my body dried up from all humiditie, shall shortly search reliefe in earth." And having made an ende of those hir words, hir heart was so grievously strained, as she could neither weepe nor speake, and stode so immoveable, as if she had bene in a traunce. Then being somewhat come againe unto hir self, with feeble voyce she sayde :

"Ah murderous tong of other mennes honor, howe-  
darest thou so infamously to speake of him whome  
his very enimies doe commend and praise? How  
presumest thou to impute the blame upon Rhomeo,  
whose ungiltinesse and innocent deede every man  
alloweth? Where from henceforth shall be his re-  
fuge? sith she whiche ought to be the only bul-  
warke, and assured rampire of his distresse, doth  
pursue and defame him? Receive, receive then  
Rhomeo the satisfaction of mine ingratitude by the  
sacrifice which I shal make of my proper life, and so  
the fault which I have committed against thy loyaltie,  
shalbe made open to the world, thou being revenged  
and my self punished." And thinking to use some  
further talke, all the powers of hir body failed hir  
with signes of present death. But the good olde  
woman which could not imagine the cause of Julietta  
hir long absence, doubted very much that she suffred  
some passion, and sought hir up and downe in every  
place within hir fathers palace, untill at length she  
found her lying a long upon hir bed, all the outward  
parts of hir body so colde as Marble. But the good  
olde woman which thought hir to be dead, began to  
cry like one out of hir wittes, saying: "Ah deare  
daughter, and noursechilde, how much doeth thy  
deathe now grieve me at the very heart?" And as  
she was feeling all the partes of hir body, she per-  
ceived some sparke of life to be yet within the same,  
whych caused hir to call hir many times by her name,  
till at length she brought her out of hir sounde.  
Then she sayd unto her: "Why Julietta, myne own  
deare darling, what meane you by this turmoiling of  
your self? I cannot tel from whence this your be-  
havior and that immoderate heavinesse doe procede,  
but wel I wote that within this houre I thought to  
have accompanied you to the grave." "Alas good  
mother" (answered wofull Julietta) "doe you not

most evidently perceive and see what juste cause I have to sorrow and complaine, losing at one instant two persons of the worlde which were unto me moste deare?" "Methinke," answered the good woman, "that it is not semely for a Gentlewoman of your degree to fall into such extremetie: for in time of tribulation wisdome shoulde most prevaile. And if the Lord Thibault be dead, do you thinke to get hym againe by teares? What is he that doth not accuse his overmuch presumption? would you that Rhomeo had done that wrong to him, and his house, to suffer himselfe outraged and assailed by one, to whome in manhode and prowesse he is not inferiour? Suffiseth you that Rhomeo is alive, and his affaires in such estate who in time may be called home again from banishment, for he is a great lorde, and as you know wel allied and favored of all men, wherfore arme your self from henceforth with pacience. For albeit that Fortune doth estraunge him from you for a time, yet sure I am, that hereafter shee will restore him unto you againe with greater joye and contentation than before. And to the end that we be better assured in what state he is, if you will promise me to give over your heaviness, I will to-day know of frier Laurence whether he is gone." To whiche request Julietta agreed, and then the good woman repaired to St Frauncis, where she found frier Laurence, who told hir that the same night Rhomeo would not fail at his accustomed houre to visit Julietta, and there to do hir to understand what he purposed to doe in time to come. This journey then fared like the voyages of mariners, who after they had ben tost by great and troublous tempest, seeing some Sunne beame pierce the heavens to lighten the land, assure themselves agayne, and thynkyng to have avoyded shipwracke, and sodainly the seas begin to swell, the waves do roare, with such vehemence and noyse, as if they were

fallen againe into greater daunger than before. The assigned houre come, Rhomeo fayled not according to his promise to bee in his Garden, where he found his furniture prest to mount the chamber of Julietta, who with displayed armes, began so straightly to imbrace hym, as it seemed that the soule woulde have abandoned hir body. And they two more than a large quarter of an houre were in such agonie, as they were not able to pronounce one worde, and wettyng eache others face faste closed together, the teares trickled downe in suche abundaunce, as they seemed to bee thoroughlye bathed therein. Whiche Rhomeo perceyving, and thynkyng to staye those immoderate teares, sayde unto hir: "Myne owne dearest friende Julietta, I am not nowe determined to recite the particulars of the straunge happes of frayle and inconstaunte Fortune, who in a momente hoysteth a man up to the hyghest degree of hir wheele, and by and by, in lesse space than in the twynckelyng of an eye, shee throweth hym downe agayne so lowe, as more miserie is prepared for him in one day, than favour in one hundred yeares: whyche I now prove, and have experience in my selfe, whyche have bene nourished delicately amonges my friends, and mainteyned in suche prosperous state, as you doe little knowe, (hoping for the full perfection of my felicitie) by meanes of oure maryage to have reconciled oure parentes, and friendes, and to conducte the residue of my lyfe, accordyng to the scope and lot determined by Almighty God: and neverthesse all myne enterprises be put backe, and my purposes tourned cleane contrarye, in suche wyse as from henceforthe I muste wander lyke a vagabonde through dyverse Provinces, and sequesterate my selfe from my friendes, withoute assured place of myne abode, whych I desyre to lette you wete, to the intente you maye be exhorted, in tyme to come, pacientely to beare so well myne absence, as that

whych it shall please God to appointe." But Julietta, al affrighted with teares and mortall agonies, woulde not suffer him to passe any further, but interruptyng hys purpose, sayde unto hym: "Rhomeo, howe canst thou bee so harde hearted and voyde of all pitie, to leave mee heere alone, besieged with so many deadly myseries? There is neyther houre nor Minute, wherein Death dothe not appeare a thousand tymes before mee: and yet my missehappe is suche, as I can not dye, and therefore doe manyfestely perceyve, that the same Deathe preserveth my lyfe, of purpose to delyghte in my griefes, and triumphe over my evyls. And thou lyke the mynister and tyrant of hir crueltie, doest make no conscience (for oughte that I can see) havyinge atchieved the summe of thy desyres and pleasures on me, to abandon and forsake me. Whereby I well perceyve, that all the lawes of Amitie are deade and utterly extinguished, for so muche as hee in whome I hadde greatest hope and confidence, and for whose sake I am become an enimie to my self, doth disdaine and contemne me. No, no, Rhomeo, thou must fully resolve thy selfe upon one of these ii. points, either to see me incontinently throwen down hedlong from this high window after thee: or else to suffer me to accompanie thee into that countrey or place whither Fortune shall guide thee: for my heart is so muche transformed into thine, that so soone as I shall understande of thy departure, presently my lyfe will depart this wofull body: the continuance wherof I doe not desire for any other purpose, but only to delight my selfe in thy presence, and to be partaker of thy missefortunes. And therefore if ever there lodged any pitie in the hearte of Gentleman, I beseeche thee Rhomeo with al humilitie, that it may now fynd place in thee, and that thou wilt vouchsafe to receive me for thy servant, and the faithful companion of thy myshaps. And if



thou thinke that thou canst not conveniently receive me in the estate and habite of a wife, who shall let me to chaunge myne apparell? Shall I be the first that have used like shiftes, to escape the tirannie of parentes? Dost thou doubt that my service will not bee so good unto thee as that of Petre thy servaunt? Wyll my loialtie and fidelitie be lesse than his? My beautie which at other tymes thou hast so greatly commended, it is not esteemed of thee? My teares, my love, and the auncient pleasures and delights that you have taken in me shall they be in oblivion?" Rhomeo seeing hir in these alterations, fearing that worsse inconvenience would chaunce, tooke hir againe betweene his armes, and kissing hir amorously, sayd: "Julietta, the onely mistresse of my heart, I pray thee in the name of God, and for the fervent love which thou bearest unto me, to extirpate and do away those vaine cogitations, except thou meane to seeke and hazard the destruction of us both: for if thou persever in this determination, there is no remedie but we must both perish: for so soon as thine absence shalbe knowne, thy father will make such earnest pursute after us, that we cannot choose but be discried and taken, and in the ende cruelly punished, I as a theefe and stealer of thee, and thou as a disobedient daughter to thy father: and so in stead of pleasant and quiet life, our dayes shalbe abridged by most shameful death. But if thou wilt recline thy selfe to reason, (the right rule of humane life), and for the time abandon our mutual delights, I will take such order in the time of my banishment, as within iij. or iiij. months without any delay, I shalbe revoked home again. But if it fall out otherwise (as I trust not), how so ever it happen, I wil come againe unto thee, and with the helpe of my friends wil fetch thee from Verona by strong hand, not in counterfeit apparell as a stranger, but like my spouse and perpetuall

companion. In the meane time quiet your self, and be sure that nothing else but death shal devide and put us asunder." The reasons of Rhomeo so much prevailed with Julietta, as she made him this answer : " My deare friend, I will doe nothing contrary to your will and pleasure. And to what place so ever you repair, my heart shall be your owne, in like sorte as you have given yours to be mine. In the meane while I pray you not to faile oftentimes to advertise me by frier Laurence, in what state your affairs be, and specially of the place of your abode." Thus these two pore lovers passed the night together, untill the day began to appeare, which did separate them, to their extreame sorow and grief. Rhomeo having taken leave of Julietta, went to S. Fraunces, and after he hadde advertised frier Laurence of his affaires, departed from Verona in the habit of a Marchaunt straunger, and used such expedition, as without hurt hee arrived at Mantoua, (acompanied onely with Petre his servaunt, whome hee hastely sent backe againe to Verona, to serve his father) where he tooke a house : and living in honorable company, assayed certaine months to put away the grieffe which so tormented him. But during the time of his absence, miserable Julietta could not so cloke hir sorow, but that through the evill colore of hir face, hir inwarde passion was discried. By reason whereof hir mother, who heard hir oftentimes sighing, and incessantly complaining, coulde not forbear to say unto hir : " Daughter, if you continue long after this sorte, you will hasten the death of your good father and me, who love you so dearely as our owne lives : wherefore henceforth moderate your heavinesse, and endeavor your self to be mery : thinke no more upon the death of your cosin Thibault, whome (sith it pleased God to call away) do you thinke to revoke with teares, and to withstand his almighty will ?" But the pore Gentlewoman not able

to dissemble hir grief, sayd unto hir: "Madame, long time it is sithens the last teares for Thibault wer poured forth, and I beleve that the fountaine is so well soked and dried up, as no more will spring in that place." The mother which coulede not tell to what effect those woords were spoken held hir peace, for feare she should trouble hir daughter: and certaine dayes after seeing hir to continue in heavinesse and continuall griefs, assayed by all meanes possible to know, as well of hir, as of other the housholde servauntes, the occasion of hir sorow, but all in vaine: wherwith the pore mother, vexed beyonde measure, proposed to let the Lorde Antonio hir husband to understand the case of hir daughter. And upon a day seeing him at convenient leisure, she sayd unto him: "My Lord, if you have marked the countenance of our daughter, and hir kinde of behavior sithens the death of the Lord Thibault hir cosin, you shall perceive so straunge mutation in hir, as it will make you to marvell: for she is not only contented to foregoe meat, drinke, and sleepe, but she spendeth hir time in nothing else but in weeping and lamentation, delighting to kepe hir self solitarie within hir chamber, where she tormenteth hir self so outrageously as if wee take not heede, hir life is to be doubted, and not able to know the originall of hir paine, the more difficulte shall be the remedie: for albeit that I have sought meanes by all extremitie, yet cannot I learne the cause of hir sicknesse. And where I thought in the beginning, that it proceeded upon the death of hir cosin, now I doe manifestly perceive the contrary, specially when she hir self did assure me that she had already wept and shed the last teares for him, that she was minded to do. And uncertaine wherupon to resolve, I doe thinke verily that she mourneth for some despite, to see the most part of hir companions married, and she yet unprovided, persuading with hir

self (it may be) that we hir parents doe not care for hir. Wherefore, deare husband, I heartely beseeche you for our rest and hir quiet, that hereafter ye be carefull to provide for hir some mariage worthy of our state :” whereunto the Lord Antonio willingly agreed, saying unto hir : “ Wife, I have many times thought upon that whereof you speake, notwithstanding sith as yet she is not attained to the age of . xviii. yeares, I thought to provide a husband at leisure. Neverthelesse things being come to these termes, and knowing that virgins chastitie is a dangerous treasure, I will be mindful of the same to your contentation, and she matched in such wise, as she shall thinke the time hitherto well delayed. In the meane while mark diligently whither she be in love with any, to the end that we have not so gret regard to goodes, or the nobilitie of the house wherein we meane to bestow hir, as to the life and helth of our daughter, who is to me so dere as I had rather die a begger without lands or goods, than to bestow hir upon one which shal use and intreat hir yll.” Certaine dayes after that the Lord Antonio had bruted the mariage of his Daughter, many Gentlemen were suters, so wel for the excellencie of her beautie, as for hir great richesse and revenue. But above all others the aliance of a yong Earle named Paris, the Counte of Lodronne, liked the Lord Antonio : unto whome liberally he gave his consent, and told his wife the party upon whom he did meane to bestow his daughter. The mother very joy ful that they had found so honest a Gentleman for their daughter : caused hir secretly to be called before hir, doing hir to understand what things had passed betwene hir father and the Counte Paris, discoursing unto hir the beauty and good grace of that yong Counte, the vertues for which he was commended of al men, joyning therunto for conclusion the great richesse and favor which he had in the goods of for-

tune, by means whereof she and hir friends shold live in eternall honor. But Julietta which had rather to have bene torn in pieces than agree to that mariage, answered hir mother with a more than accustomed stoutnesse: "Madame, I much marvel, and therewithal am astonned that you being a Lady discreete and honorable, wil be so liberal over your daughter as to commit her to the plesure and wil of an other, before you do know how hir minde is bent: you may do as it pleaseth you, but of one thing I do wel assure you, that if you bring it to passe, it shal be against my will. And touching the regarde and estimation of Counte Paris, I shall first loose my life before he shall have power to touch any part of my body: which being done, it is you that shall be counted the murderer, by delivering me into the hands of him, whome I neither can, wil, or know which way to love. Wherefore I pray you to suffer me henceforth thus to live, wythout taking any further care of me, for so much as my cruell fortune hath otherwise disposed of me."

The dolorous mother whiche knewe not what judgement to fixe upon hir daughters aunswere, like a woman confused and bisides hir self went to seke the Lorde Antonio, unto whome without conceyling any part of hir daughters talke, she did him understand the whole. The good olde man, offended beyonde measure, commaunded her incontinently by force to be brought before him, if of hir own good wil she wold not come. So soone as she came before hir father, hir eyes ful of tears, fel downe at his feet, which she bathed with the luke warm drops that distilled from hir eyes in great abundance, and thinking to open hir mouth to crie him mercie, the sobbes and sighes many times stopt hir speach, that she remained dumbe not able to frame a worde. But the old man nothing moved with his daughters teares, sayde unto hir in great rage: "Come hither thou unkynde and disobedient daughter,

hast thou already forgotten howe many times thou hast heard spoken at the table, of the puissance and authoritye our aunciente Romane fathers had over their children? unto whome it was not onely lawfull to sell, guage, and otherwise dispose them (in their necessitie) at their pleasure, but also whiche is more, they had absolute power over their death and lyfe? With what yrons, with what torments, with what racks would those good fathers chasten and correct thee if they were alive againe, to see that ingratitude, misbehavior, and disobedience which thou usest towards thy father, who with many prayers and requestes hath provided one of the greatest lords of this province to be thy husband, a gentleman of best renoume, and indued with all kinde of vertues, of whome thou and I be unworthie, both for the notable masse of goodes and substance wherwith he is enriched, as also for the honour and generositie of the house whereof hee is discended, and yet thou playest the parte of an obstinate and rebellious childe against thy fathers wil. I take the omnipotencie of that almightie God to witnesse, whiche hath vouchsafed to bryng thee forth into this worlde, that if upon Tuesday nexte thou failest to prepare thy selfe to be at my castel of Villafranco, where the Counte Paris purposeth to meete us, and there give thy consent to that which thy mother and I have agreed upon, I will not onely deprive thee of my worldly goodes, but also will make thee espouse and marie a prison so strayght and sharpe, as a thousande times thou shalt curse the day and tyme wherin thou wast borne. Wherefore from henceforth take advise-ment what thou dost, for except the promise be kept which I have made to the Counte Paris, I will make thee feelee how great the just choler of an offended father is against a childe unkinde." And without stay-ing for other answer of his daughter, the olde man departed the chamber, and lefte hir upon hir knees.

Julietta knowing the furie of hir father, fearing to incurre his indignation, or to provoke his further wrath, retired for that day into hir chamber, and contrived the whole nyght more in weeping than sleeping. And the next morning faining to goe heare service, she went forth with the woman of hir chamber to the friers, where she caused father Laurence to be called unto her, and prayed him to heare hir confession. And when she was upon hir knees before him, shee began hir confession with teares, tellyng him the great mischief that was prepared for hir, by the mariage accorded betweene hir father and the Counte Paris. And for conclusion said unto him: "Sir, for so much as you know that I cannot by Gods law be married twice, and that I have but one God, one husbände, and one faith, I am determined (when I am from hence) to with these two hands which you see joyned before you, this day to end my sorowful life, that my soule may beare witnesse in the heavens, and my bloode upon the earth, of my faith and loyaltie preserved." Then havynge ended hir talke, she looked about hir, and seemed by her wilde countenaunce, as though she had devised some sinister purpose. Wherefore frier Laurence, astonned beyond mesure, fearing lest she wold have executed that which she was determined, sayd unto hir: "Mistresse Julietta, I pray you in the name of God by litle and litle to moderate youre conceyved grieffe, and to content your-selfe whilst you be here, untill I have provided what is best for you to do, for before you part from hence, I wil give you such consolation and remedie for your afflictions, as you shall remaine satisfied and contented." And resolved uppon this goode minde, he speedily wente out of the Church unto his chamber, where he began to consider of many things, his conscience beyng moved to hinder the mariage betweene the Counte Paris and hir, knowing that by his meanes

she had espoused an other, and calling to remembrance what a dangerous enterprise he had begonne by committynge hymselfe to the mercie of a symple damosell, and that if shee failed to be wyse and secrete, all their doings should be descried, he defamed, and Rhomeo hir spouse punished. Hee then after he had well debated upon an infinite numbred of devises, was in the ende overcome with pitie, and determined rather to hazarde his honour, than to suffer the adulterie of Counte Paris with Julietta. And beyng determined hereupon, opened his closet, and takynge a vyoll in hys hande, retourned agayne to Julietta, whome hee founde lyke one that was in a traunce, wayhtynge for newes, eyther of lyfe or deathe. Of whome the good olde father demaunded upon what day hir maryage was appointed. "The first day of that appointment (quoth she) is upon wednesday, which is the day ordeined for my consent of mariage accorded betwene my father and Counte Paris, but the nuptiall solemnitie is not before the .x. day of September." "Wel then" (quod the religious father) "be of good cheere daughter, for our Lord God hath opened a way unto me both to deliver you and Rhomeo from the prepared thralldom. I have knowne your husband from his cradle, and hee hath daily committed unto me the greatest secretes of his conscience, and I have so dearely loved him again, as if he had ben mine own sonne. Wherefore my heart can not abide that any man shold do him wrong in that specially wherein my counsell may stande him in stede. And for somuch as you are his wife, I ought likewyse to love you, and seke meanes to deliver you from the martyrdome and anguish wherewith I see your heart besieged. Understande then (good daughter) of a secrete which I purpose to manifest unto you, and take heede above all things that you declare it to no living creature, for therein



consisteth your life and death. Ye be not ignorant by the common report of the citizens of this Cittie, and by the same published of me, that I have tra-vailed thorough all the Provinces of the habitable earth, wherby during the continuall time of .xx. yeres, I have sought no rest for my wearied body, but rather have mani times protruded the same to the mercy of brute beasts in the wilderness, and many times also to the mercylesse waves of the seas, and to the pitie of common pirates, together with a thousand other daungers and shipwracks upon sea and land. So it is good daughter that all my wandryng voyages have not bene altogether unprofitable. For besides the incredible contentation received ordinarily in mynde, I have gathered some particular fruit, whereof by the grace of God you shall shortly feele some experience. I have proved the secrete properties of stones, of plants, metals, and other things hidden within the bowels of the earth, wherewith I am able to helpe my selfe against the common law of men, when necessity doth serve : specially in things wherein I know mine eternall God to be least offended. For as thou knowest I being approched as it were, even to the brimme of my grave, and that the time draweth neare for yelding of mine accompt before the auditor of all auditors, I ought therefore to have some deepe knowledge and apprehension of Gods judgement more than I had when the heat of inconsidered youth did boyle within my lusty body. Know you therefore good daughter, that with those graces, and favors which the heavens prodigally have bestowed upon me, I have learned and proved of long time the composition of a certaine paaste, which I make of divers soporiferous simples, which beaten afterwards to poudre, and dronke with a quantitie of water, within a quarter of an houre after, bringeth the receiver into such a sleepe, and

burieth so deeply the senses and other sprites of life. that the cunningest Phisitian wil judge the party dead: and besides that it hath a more marvellous effect, for the person which useth the same feeleth no kinde of grief, and according to the quantie of the dough, the pacient remaineth in a sweete slepe, but when the operation is perfect and done, hee returneth into his first estate. Now then Julietta receive mine instruction, and put of all feminine affection by taking upon you a manly stomake, for by the only courage of your minde consisteth the hap or mishap of your affaires. Beholde heere I give you a viole which you shal keepe as your owne propre heart, and the night before your mariage, or in the morninge before day, you shal fil the same up with water, and drink so much as is contained therin. And then you shall feele a certain kind of pleasant sleepe, which incroching by litle and litle all the parts of your body, wil constrain them in such wise, as unmoveable they shal remaine: and by not doing their accustomed dueties, shall loose their naturall feelings, and you abide in such extasie the space of . xl. houres at the least, without any beating of poulse or other perceptible motion, which shall so astonne them that come to see you, as they will judge you to be dead, and according to the custome of our Citie you shall be caried to the churchyard hard by our Church, where you shall be intombed in the common monument of the Capellets your ancestors, and in the meane time we wil send word to Lord Rhomeo by a speciall messenger of the effect of our devise, who now abideth at Mantua. And the night folowing I am sure he will not faile to be heere, then he and I togither will open the grave, and lift up your body, and after the operation of the poudre is past, he shall convey you secretly to Mantua, unknowen to all your Parents and friends. Afterwards (it may be) Time, the mother of truthe, shall cause concord betwene the offended Citie

of Verona and Rhomeo. At which time your common cause may be made open to the generall contentacion of all your frendes." The words of the good Father ended, new joy surprised the heart of Julietta, who was so attentive to his talke as she forgate no one point of hir lesson. Then she sayde unto him : " Father, doubt not at all that my heart shall faile in performance of your commaundement : for were it the strongest poyson, or moste pestiferous venome, rather would I thrust it into my body, than to consent to fall into the hands of him, whome I utterly mislike : with a right strong reason then may I fortifie my self, and offer my body to any kind of mortal danger to approche and draw neare to him, upon whome wholly dependeth my life and al the contentation I have in this world." " Go your wayes then my daughter " (quod the Frier) " the mighty hand of God keepe you, and his surpassing power defend you, and confirme that will and good mind of yours, for the accomplishment of this worke." Julietta departed from frier Laurence, and returned home to hir fathers pallace about . xi. of the clock, where she founde hir mother at the gate attending for hir : and in good devotion demaunded if she continued stil in hir former follies? But Julietta with more gladsome cheere than she was wont to use, not suffering hir mother to aske againe, sayde unto hir : " Madame, I come from S. Frauncis Church, where I have taried longer peradventure than my duetie requireth : how be it not without frute and great rest to my afflicted conscience, by reason of the godly persuasions of our ghostly father frier Laurence, unto whom I have made a large declaration. of my life. And chiefly have communicated unto him in confession, that which hath past betwene my Lord my father and you, upon the mariage of Counte Paris and me. But the good man hath reconciled me by his holy words, and commendable exhortations, that where I

had minde never to marry, now I am well disposed to obey your pleasure and commaundement. Wherefore, Madame, I beseeche you to recover the favor and good will of my father, aske pardon in my behalfe, and say unto him (if it please you) that by obeying his fatherly request, I am ready to meete the Counte Paris at Villafranco, and there in your presence to accept him for my Lord and husband : in assurance wherof, by your pacience, I meane to repair into my closet, to make choise of my most pretious jewels, that I being richly adorned and decked, may appeare before him more agreeable to his mind and pleasure." The good mother, rapte with exceeding great joy, was not able to answer a word, but rather made speede to seeke out hir husband the Lord Antonio, unto whome she reported the good will of hir daughter, and how by meanes of frier Laurence hir minde was chaunged. Wherof the good olde man marvellous joyfull, praised God in heart, saying : "Wife, this is not the first good turne which we have received of that holy man, unto whom euery Citizen of this Common wealth is dearly bound. I wold to God that I had redeemed . xx. of his years with the third parte of my goods, so grievous is to me his extreme olde age." The self same houre the Lord Antonio went to seeke the Counte Paris, whome he thought to persuade to goe to Villafranco. But the Counte tolde him againe, that the charge would be to great, and that better it were to reserve that cost to the mariage day, for the better celebration of the same. Notwithstanding if it were his pleasure, he would himself goe visite Julietta : and so they went together. The mother advertised of his comming, caused hir daughter to make hir self ready, and to spare no costly jewels for adorning hir beauty against the Counte's comming, which she bestowed so wel for garnishing of hir personage, that before the Counte

parted from the house, she had so stolne away his heart, as he lived not from that time forth, but upon meditation of hir beautie, and slacked no time for acceleration of the mariage day, ceasing not to be importunate upon father and mother for the ende and consummation thereof. And thus with joy inoughe passed forth this day and many others untill the day before the mariage, against which time the mother of Julietta did so well provide, that there wanted nothing to set forth the magnificence and nobilitie of their house. Villafranca, wherof we have made mention, was a place of pleasure, where the lorde Antonio was wont many times to recreate himself a mile or two from Veronna, there the dynner was prepared, for so muche as the ordinary solemnitie of necessitie muste be done at Veronna. Julietta perceiving hir time to approach, dissembled the matter so well as shee coulde: and when time forced hir to retire to her chambre, hir woman wold have waited upon hir, and have lyen in hir chambre, as hir costume was: But Julietta sayde unto hir: "Good and faithfull mother, you know that to morrow is my mariage day, and for that I would spende the most parte of the night in prayer, I pray you for this time to let me alone, and to morrow in the morning about .vi. of the clocke come to me againe to helpe make mee redie." The good olde woman willing to follow hir mind, suffred hir alone, and doubted nothing of that whiche she did meane to do. Julietta being within hir chambre having an eawer ful of water standing upon the table filled the viole which the Frier gave hir: and after she had made the mixture, she set it by hir bed side, and went to bed. And being layde, new thoughts began to assaile hir, with a concept of grievous death, which broughte hir into such case as she coulde not tell what to doe, but playning incessantly sayd: "Am not I the most unhappy and desperat creature, that

ever was borne of woman? For me there is nothyng left in this wretched worlde but mishap, misery, and mortall woe, my distresse hath brought me to such extremitie, as to save mine honor and conscience, I am forced to devoure the drinke wherof I know not the virtue: but what know I (sayd she) whether the operation of this pouder will be to soone or to late, or not correspondent to the due time, and that my faulte being discovered, I shall remayne a fable to the people? What know I moreover, if the serpents and other venomous and crauling wormes, which commonly frequent the graves and pittes of the earth, will hurt me, thinking that I am dead? But howe shal I indure the stinche of so many carions and bones of myne auncestors which rest in the grave, if by fortune I do awake before Rhomeo and frier Laurence doe come to help me?" And as she was thus plunged in the deepe contemplation of things, she thought that she sawe a certaine vision or fansie of her cousin Thibault, in the very same sort as she sawe him wounded and imbrued wyth blod, and musyng howe that she must be buried quicke amongs so many dead carcasses and deadly naked bones, hir tender and delicate body began to shake and tremble, and her yelow locks to stare for feare, in such wise as frighted with terrour a colde sweate beganne to pierce hir heart and bedew the rest of all hir mem-bres, in suche wise as she thought that a hundred thousand deathes did stande about hir, haling her on every side, and plucking her in pieces, and feelyng that hir forces diminyshed by litle and litle, fearing that through to great debilitie she was not able to do hir enterprise, like a furious and insensate woman, without further care, gulped up the water within the viol, then crossing hir armes upon hir stomacke, she lost at that instant all the powers of hir body, and remained in a traunce. And when the mornyng light began to thrust

Chhotá Údaipúr, just an hour or two after he had reached that place. Considering the climate, the nature of the country, and the other difficulties of the route, this march must be considered as rivalling any of which history makes record.

The force commanded by Parke consisted of two 9-pounder guns Bombay Artillery, fifty men 8th Hussars, fifty of the 2nd Bombay Cavalry, a party of the Maráthá horse under Kerr—which, after having disarmed the southern Maráthá country, had been sent from the west to join Michel—Moore's Aden Horse, a hundred of the 72nd Highlanders, mounted on camels, and a hundred and twenty-five Gujrátí Irregular Horse. For the last twenty miles before reaching Chhotá Údaipúr, this force had, as I have stated, threaded its way through a dense jungle, skilfully piloted by Moore with his Aden Horse. On emerging

Force under  
Parke.  
Discovery of  
Tántiá's  
force.

from the jungle Moore perceived the rebels. He instantly surprised their outlying picket. The ground beyond the jungle was covered with large trees, brushwood, and tents still standing,\* and was so broken as to be very difficult for cavalry and artillery. As Parke's troops debouched on to it, he deployed his force, placing some of the 8th Hussars, of the Maráthá Horse and the Aden horse on his right; the rest of the Maráthá Horse, under Kerr, on his left, the 72nd Highlanders flanking the two guns in his centre; the remainder of the cavalry in the rear. His whole front scarcely covered two hundred yards. The rebels meanwhile, roused to action, had formed up about six hundred yards distant. They numbered three thousand five hundred men and outflanked the

Parke sets  
his force in  
battle array.  
Tántiá's  
aggressive  
action is  
checked.

British force on both sides. Tántiá first endeavoured to turn the British left, but Kerr, changing his front, charged with great impetuosity, and, driving the rebels from the field, pursued them for a considerable distance, laying sixty of them low. A similar attempt on the British right was met with equal success by the cavalry stationed there, Bannerman, of the Southern Maráthá Horse, greatly distinguishing himself and killing four men with his own hands. In the pursuit a standard of the 5th Bengal Irregulars, borne by the rebels, was captured. Whilst the wings were thus engaged, the two British guns had kept up

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\* Tántiá admits that he was surprised on this occasion.

after they had inquired of the life past of Julietta, deemed by common reporte, that melancholie was the cause of that sodaine death, and then their sorowes began to renue a freshe. And if ever day was lamentable, piteous, unhappie, and fatall, truely it was that wherein Julietta hir death was published in Verona: for shee was so bewailed of great and small, that by the common plaintes, the Common wealth seemed to be in daunger, and not without cause: for besides hir natural beautie (accompanied with many virtues where-with nature had enriched hir) she was else so humble, wise and debonaire, as for that humilitie and curtesie she had stollen away the heartes of every wight, and there was none but did lamente hir misfortune. And whilst these things were in this lamented state, frier Laurence with diligence dispatched a Frier of his Covent, named frier Anselme, whome he trusted as himselfe, and delivered him a letter written with his owne hande, commanding him expressly not to gyve the same to any other but to Rhomeo, wherein was conteyned the chaunce which had passed betwene him and Julietta, specially the vertue of the powder, and commanded him the nexte ensuing night to speede himselfe to Verona, for that the operation of the powder that time would take ende, and that he should cary with him back againe to Mantua his beloved Julietta, in dissembled apparell, untill Fortune had otherwise provided for them. The frier made such hast as (too late) he arived at Mantua, within a while after. And bicause the maner of Italie is, that the frier travailing abroad oughte to take a companion of his covent, to doe his affaires within the Citie, the frier went into his covent, but bicause he was entred in, it was not lawfull for him to come out againe that day, for that certain dayes before, one religious of that covent, as it was sayd, did die of the plague. Wherefore the magistrates appointed for the healthe and



visitation of the sicke, commaunded the warden of the house that no Friers should wander abroad the Citie, or talke with any citizen, untill they were licensed by the officers in that behalfe appointed, which was the cause of the great mishap, which you shal heare hereafter. The Frier being in this perplexitie, not able to goe forth, and not knowing what was contained in the letter, deferred his jorney for that day. Whilest things were in this plight, preparation was made at Veronna, to doe the obsequies of Julietta. There is custome also (which is common in Italie), to place all the beste of one lignage and familie in one Tombe, wherby Julietta was layde in the ordinarie grave of the Capelletes, in a Churcheyarde, harde by the Church of the Friers, where also the Lorde Thibault was interred. And hir obsequies honourably done, every man returned: whereunto Pietro, the servant of Rhomeo, gave hys assystance. For as we have before declared, his mayster sent him backe againe from Mantua to Veronna, to do his father service, and to advertise hym of that whiche shoulde chaunce in his absence there: who seeing the body of Julietta, inclosed in tombe, thinkyng with the rest that she had bene dead in deede, incontinently toke poste horse, and with diligence rode to Mantua, where he founde his master in his wonted house, to whome he sayde, with his eyes full of teares: "Syr, there is chaunced unto you so straunge a matter, as if so bee you do not arme your selfe with constancie, I am afrayde that I shall be the cruell minister of your death. Be it knowne unto you syr, that yesterday morning my mistresse Julietta left hir lyfe in this world to seke rest in an other: and wyth these eyes I saw hir buried in the Churchyarde of S. Frauncis." At the sounde of which heavie message, Rhomeo began wofully to lamente, as though his spirites grieved with the torment of his passion at that instant woulde

have abandoned his bodie. But strong Love which would not permittē hym to faint untill the extremitie, framed a thoughte in his fantasie, that if it were possible for hym to dye besides hir, his death shoulde be more glorious, and shee (as he thought) better contented. By reason whereof, after hee had washed his face for feare to discover hys sorrow, he went out of hys chamber, and commaunded hys man to tarrie behind hym, that hee might walke through oute all the corners of the Citie, to fynde propre remedie (if it were possyble) for hys grieve. And amonges others, beholdyng an Apotecaries shoppē of lytle furniture and lesse store of boxes and other things requisite for that science, thought that the verie povertie of the mayster Apothecarye would make hym wyllingly yelde to that whych he pretended to demaunde. And after hee hadde taken hym aside, secretly he sayd unto hym: "Syr, if you be the mayster of the house, as I thynke you be, behold here Fiftie Ducates, whych I gyve you, to the intent you delyver me some strong and violent poyson that within a quarter of an houre is able to procure death unto hym that shall use it." The covetous Apothecarie entised by gayne, agreed to hys request, and sayning to gyve hym some other medicine before the peoples face, he speedily made ready a strong and cruel poyson, afterwarde hee sayd unto hym softly: "Syr, I gyve you more than is needefull, for the one halfe in an houres space is able to destroye the strongest manne of the worlde:" who after he hadde receyved the poyson, retourned home, where he commaunded his man to depart with diligence to Veronna, and that he should make provision of candels, a tynder boxe, and other instrumentes meete for the openyng of the grave of Julietta, and that above all things he should not faile to attende hys commyng besides the Churchyarde of S. Frauncis, and upon paine of his life to keepe his intente in scilence.

Which Pietro obeyed in order as his master had commaunded hym, and made therin such expedition, as he arrived in good tyme to Verona, taking order for all thinges that were commaunded him. Rhomeo in the mean whyle beyng solicited wyth mortal thoughtes, caused incke and paper to be broughte unto hym, and in fewe wordes put in writing all the discourse of his love, the mariage of hym and Julietta, the meane observed for consummation of the same, the helpe that he hadde of Frier Laurence, the buying of his poyson, and last of all his death. Afterwardes, having finished his heavie tragedie, hee closed the letters, and sealed the same with his seale, and directed the Superscription thereof to hys father: and puttyng the letters into his pursse, he mounted on horsebacke, and used such diligence, that he arrived uppon darke night at the Citie of Veronna, before the gates were shut, where he found his servant taryng for him with a Lanterne and instruments as is beforesayd, meete for the openyng of the grave, unto whome hee said: "Pietro, helpe mee to open this Tombe, and so soone as it is open, I commaunde thee uppon payne of thy lyfe, not to come neere me, nor to stay me from the thing I purpose to doe. Beholde, there is a letter which thou shalt present to morrow in the morning to my father at hys uprisyng, which peradventure shall please him better than thou thynkest." Pietro, not able to imagine what was his maisters intent, stode somewhat aloofe to beholde his maisters gestes and countenance. And when they hadde opened the vaulte, Rhomeo descended downe two steppes, holdyng the candell in his hand and beganne to beholde wyth pitifull eye, the body of hir, which was the organ of his lyfe, and washt the same with the teares of his eyes, and kyst it tenderly, holding it harde betwene his armes, and not able to satisfie him selfe with her sight, put his fearefull handes uppon the colde stomacke

of Julietta. And after he had touched her in manye places, and not able to feel any certain judgemente of lyfe, he drewe the poyson out of his boxe, and swallowyng downe a greate quantitie of the same, cried out: "O Julietta, of whome the worlde was unworthie, what death is it possible my hearte coulde choose out more agreable than that whiche it suffereth hard by thee? What grave more glorious, than to be buried in thy tombe? What more worthie or excellent Epytaph can bee vowed for memorie, than the mutuall and pitifull sacrifice of our lyves?" And thinking to renue his sorowe, his hearte began to frette thorough the violence of the poyson, which by litle and litle assailed the same, and looking aboute hym, espyed the bodie of the Lorde Thibault, lying nexte unto Julietta, whyche as yet was not al together putrified, and speakyng to the bodye as though it hadde been alyve, sayde; "In what place so ever thou arte (O cousyn Thibault) I most heartily doe crye thee mercy for the offense whyche I have done by deprivyng of thy lyfe: and if thy ghost doe wyshe and crye oute for vengeaunce upon mee, what greater or more cruell satisfaction canste thou desyre to have, or henceforth hope for, than to see hym which murdered thee, to bee empoysoned wyth hys own handes, and buried by thy syde?" Then endyng hys talk, feling by litle and litle that his life began to faile, falling prostrate uppon his knees, with feeble voice hee softly said: "O my Lord God, which to redeeme me didst descend from the bosome of thy father, and tokest humane flesh in the wombe of the virgine, I acknowledge and confesse, that this body of mine is nothing else but earth and dust." Then seased upon with desperate sorow, he fell downe upon the body of Julietta with sutch vehemence, as the heart faint and attenuated with too great torment, not able to beare so hard a violence, was abandoned of all his sense

and naturall powers, in such sort as the siege of his soul failed him at that instant, and his membres stretched forth, remained stiffe and colde. Frier Laurence, which knew the certaine time of the pouders operation, marvelled that he had no answere of the letter which he sent to Rhomeo by his fellow frier Anselme, departed from S. Frauncis, and with instruments for the purpose, determined to open the grave to let in air to Julietta, which was ready to wake: and approaching the place, he espied a light within, which made him afraid untill that Pietro which was hard by, had certified him that Rhomeo was within, and had not ceased there to lament and complaine the space of half an houre. And when they two were entred the grave, and finding Rhomeo without life, made such sorowe as they can well conceive which love their deare friend with like perfection. And as they were making their complaints, Julietta rising out of hir traunce, and beholding light within the tombe, uncertaine whether it were a dreame or fantasie that appeared before hir eyes, comming againe to hir selfe, knew frier Laurence, unto whom she sayd: "Father, I pray thee in the name of God to perfourme thy promise, for I am almost deade." And then frier Laurence concealing nothing from hir, (because he feared to be taken through his too long abode in that place) faithfully rehearsed unto hir, how he had sent frier Anselme to Rhomeo at Mantua, from whome as yet he had received no answer. Notwithstanding he found Rhomeo dead in the grave, whose body he pointed unto, lying hard by hir, praying hir sith it was so, patiently to beare that sodaine misfortune, and that if it pleased hir, he would convey hir into some monastery of women, where she might in time moderate hir sorow, and give rest unto hir minde. Julietta had no sooner cast eye upon the dead corpse of Rhomeo, but began to breake the fountaine pipes of gushing

teares, which ran forth in such aboundance, as not able to support the furor of her grief, she breathed without ceasing upon his mouth, and then throwing hir selfe upon his body, and embracing it very hard, seemed that by force of sighes and sobs, she wold have revived, and brought him againe to life, and after she had kissed and rekindled him a million of times, she cried out: "Ah the swete rest of my cares, and the only porte of all my pleasures and pastimes, hadst thou so sure a heart to choose thy Churchyard in this place betwene the armes of thy perfect lover, and to ende the course of thy life for my sake in the floure of thy youth when life to thee shold have bene most dear and delectable? how had this tender body power to resist the furious combat of death, very death it self being here present? How could thy tender and delicate youth willingly permit that thou shouldest approach into this filthy and infected place, where from henceforth thou shalt be the pasture of worms unworthy of thee? Alas, alas, by what meanes shall I now renew my plaints, which time and long pacience ought to have buried and clearly quenched? Ah I miserable and caitife wretch, thinking to finde remedie for my griefs, have shapned the knife that hath given me this cruell blow, wherof I receive the cause of mortall wound. Ah happy and fortunate grave which shalt serve in world to come for witnesse of the most perfect aliance that ever was betwene two most unfortunate <sup>1</sup> lovers, receive now the last sobbing sighes, and intertainment of the most cruel of all the cruell subjects of ire and death." And as she thought to continue hir complaints, Pietro advertised frier Laurence that he heard a noise bisides the citadel, wherwith being afraid, they spedily departed, fearing to be taken. And then Julietta seing

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1 [*Fortunate* in text]

hir self alone, and in full libertie, toke againe Rhomeo betwene hir armes, kissing him with such affection, as she semed to be more attained with love than death, and drawing out the dagger which Rhomeo ware by his side, she pricked hir self with many blowes against the hart, saying with feble and pitiful voyce : Ah death the end of sorow, and beginning of felicity, thou art most heartily welcome : feare not at this time to sharpen thy dart : give no longer delay of life, for fear that my sprite travail not to finde Rhomeos ghost amonges such nombre of carion corpses. And thou my deare Lord and loyall husbande Rhomeo, if there rest in thee any knowledge, receive hir whome thou hast so faithfully loved, the only cause of thy violent death, which frankely offereth up hir soule that none but thou shalt joy the love wherof thou hast made so lawfull conquest, and that our soules passing from this light, may eternally live together in the place of everlasting joy : ” and when she had ended those words she yelded up hir ghost. While these things thus were done, the garde and watch of the Citie, by chance passed by, and seeing light within the grave, suspected straight that they were Necromancers which had opened the tombe to abuse the dead bodies for aide of their arte : and desirous to know what it ment, went downe into the vault, where they found Rhomeo and Julietta, with their armes imbracing eche others neck, as though there had ben some token of life. And after they had well viewed them at leisure, they knew in what case they were. And then all amazed they sought for the thieves which (as they thought) had done the murder, and in the end found the good father frier Laurence, and Pietro the servaunt of dead Rhomeo (which had hid themselves under a stall) whom they carried to prison, and advertised the Lord of Escala, and the Magistrates of Verona of that horrible murder, which by and by was

published throughout the Citie. Then flocked together al the Citizens, women and children, leaving their houses, to looke upon that pitiful sight, and to the ende that in presence of the whole Citie, the murder should be knowne, the Magistrates ordained that the two dead bodies should be erected upon a stage to the view and sight of the whole world, in such sort and maner as they were found within the grave, and that Pietro and frier Laurence should publikey be examined, that afterwarde there might be no murmur or other pretended cause of ignorance. And this good olde Frier being upon the scaffold, having a white beard all wet and bathed with teares, the judges commaunded him to declare unto them who were the authors of that murder, sith at untimely houre he was apprehended with certaine irons bisides the grave. Frier Laurence a rounde and franke man of talke, nothing moved with that accusation, sayd unto them with stoute and bolde voyce: "My masters, there is none of you all (if you have respect unto my forepassed life, and to my aged yeres, and therewithall have consideration of this heavy spectacle, wherunto unhappy fortune hath presently brought me) but doeth marvell of so sodaine mutation and change unlooked for, for so much as these three score and ten or twelve yeares sithens I came into this world, and began to prove the vanities thereof, I was never suspected, touched, or found guilty of any crime which was able to make me blush, or hide my face, although (before God) I doe confesse my self to be the greatest and most abominable sinner of al the redeemed flock on earth. So it is notwithstanding, that sith I am prest and ready to render mine accompt, and that death, the grave and wormes do daily summon this wretched corps of mine to appeare before the justice seate of God, still wayhtyng and attending to be caried to my hoped grave, this is the houre I say, as you likewise may thinke



wherein I am fallen to the greatest damage and prejudice of my life and honest port, and that which hath ingendred this sinister opinion of me, may peradventure be these great teares which in abundance trickle downe my face as though the holy scriptures do not witnesse, that Jesus Christ moved with humane pitie, and compassion, did wepe, and pour forth teares, and that many times teares be the faithfull messengers of a mans innocency. Or else the most likely evidence and presumption, is the suspected houre, which (as the magistrate doth say) doe make me culpable of the murder, as though all houres were not indifferently made equall by God their creator, who in his owne person declareth unto us that there be twelve houres in the day, shewing therby that there is no exception of houres nor of minutes, but that one may doe either good or yll at all times indifferently, as the partie is guided or forsaken by the sprite of God: touching the irons which were found about me, needefull it is not now to let you understand for what use Iron was first made, and that of it self it is not able to increase in man either good or evill, if not by the mischevous minde of him which doth abuse it. Thus much I have thought good to tell you, to the intent that neyther teares nor iron, ne yet suspected houre, are able to make me Guiltie of the murder, or make me otherwise than I am, but onely the witnesse of mine owne conscience, which alone if I were guilty should be the accuser, the witnesse, and the hangman, which, by reason of mine age and the reputation I have had amongs you, and the litle time that I have to live in this world should more torment me within, than all the mortall paines that could be devised. But (thankes be to mine eternall God) I feele no worme that gnaweth, nor any remorse that pricketh me touching that fact, for which I see you all troubled and amazed. And to set your hearts at rest, and to

remove the doubts which hereafter may torment your consciences, I sweare unto you by al the heavenly parts wherein I hope to be, that forthwith I will disclose from first to last the entire discourse of this pitifull tragedie, which peradventure shall drive you into no lesse wondre and amaze, than those two pore passionate lovers were strong and pacient, to expone themselves to the mercy of death, for the fervent and indissoluble love betwene them." Then the Fatherly Frier began to repeate the beginning of the love betwene Julietta and Rhomeo, which by certaine space of time confirmed, was prosecuted by woordes at the first, then by mutuall promise of mariage, unknowne to the world. And as wythin fewe dayes after, the two lovers feelinge themselves sharpned and incited with stronger onset, repaired unto him under colour of confession, protesting by othe that they were both married, and that if he would not solempnize that mariage in the face of the Church, they should be constrained to offend God to live in disordred lust. In consideration whereof, and specially seeing their alliance to be good, and conformable in dignitie, richesse and Nobilitie on both sides, hoping by that meanes perchance to reconcile the Montesches and Capellets, and that by doing such an acceptable worke to God, he gave them the Churches blessing in a certaine Chappel of the Friers Church, whereof the night following, they did consummate the mariage fruites in the Palace of the Capellets. For testimony of which copulation, the woman of Juliettaes chamber was able to depose: Adding moreover, the murder of Thibault, which was cosin to Julietta: by reason whereof the banishment of Rhomeo did folowe, and how in the absence of the said Rhomeo, the mariage being kept secrete betwene them, a new Matrimonie was intreated wyth the Counte Paris, which misliked by Julietta, she fell

downe prostrate at his feete in a Chappell of S. Frauncis church, with full determination to have killed hir selfe with hir owne hands, if he gave hir not counsell how she should avoide the mariage agreed betwene hir father and the Counte Paris. For conclusion, he sayd, that although he was resolved by reason of his age and nearnesse of death to abhorre all secrete Sciences, wherein in his yonger yeares hee had delight, notwithstanding, pressed with importunitie, and moved with pitie, fearing least Julietta should doe some crueltie against hir self, he st[r]ained his conscience, and chose rather with some little fault to grieve his minde, than to suffer the yong Gentlewoman to destroy hir body, and hazarde the daunger of hir soule. And therefore he opened some part of his auncient cunning, and gave her a certaine powder to make hir sleepe, by meanes wherof she was thought to be deade. Then he told them how he had sent frier Anselme to cary letters to Rhomeo of their enterprise, whereof hitherto he had no answer. Then briefly he concluded how hee founde Rhomeo deade within the grave, who as it is most likely did impoison himselfe, or was otherwise smothered or suffocated with sorow by finding Julietta in that state, thinking she had bene dead. Then he tolde them how Julietta did kill hir selfe with the dagger of Rhomeo, to beare him company after his death, and how it was impossible for them to save hir for the noise of the watch, which forced them to flee from thence. And for more ample approbation of his saying, he humbly besought the Lord of Veronna and the Magistrates to send to Mantua for frier Anselme to know the cause of his slacke returne, that the content of the letter sent to Rhomeo might be seene. To examine the woman of the chamber of Julietta, and Pietro the servaunt of Rhomeo, who not attending for further request, sayd unto them: "My Lordes when

Rhomeo entred the grave, he gave me this Pacquet, written as I suppose with his owne hand, who gave me expresse commaundement to deliver them to his father." The pacquet opened, they found the whole effecte of this story, specially the Apothecaries name, which solde him the poyson, the price, and the cause wherefore he used it, and all appeared to be so cleare and evident, as there rested nothing for further verification of the same, but their presence at the doing of the particulars thereof, for the whole was so wel declared in order, as they were out of doubt that the same was true. And then the Lord Bartholomew of Escala, after he had debated with the Magistrates of these events, decreed that the woman of Julietta hir chamber should be banished, bicause she did conceyle that privie mariage from the father of Rhomeo, which if it hadde been knowne in time, had bred to the whole Citie an universal benefit. Pietro bicause he obeyed his masters commaundement, and kept close his lawful secrets, according to the wel conditioned nature of a trusty servant, was set at liberty. The Poticarie taken, rackt, and founde guiltie, was hanged. The good olde man frier Laurence, as well for respect of his auncient service which he had done to the Common wealth of Veronna, as also for his vertuous lyfe (for the which he was specially recommended) was let goe in peace, withoute any note of infamie. Notwithstanding by reason of his age, he voluntarily gave over the worlde, and closed him selfe in a hermitage, two miles from Veronna, where he lived . v. or . vi. yeares, and spent his tyme in continuall prayer, untill he was called out of this transitorie worlde, into the blisfull state of everlasting joy. And for the compassion of so straunge an infortune, the Montesches and Capellets poured forth such abundance of teares, as with the same they did evacuate their auncient grudge and choler, whereby they were

then reconciled. And they which could not be brought to attonement by any wisdom or humane councell, were in the ende vanquished and made friends by pitie. And to immortalize the memorie of so intier and perfect amitie, the lorde of Veronna ordeined that the two bodies of those miraculous lovers should be fast intombed in the grave where they ended their lives, where was erected a high marble piller, honoured with an infinite nombre of Epitaphes, which to this day be apparant, with such noble memorie, as amongs all the rare excellencies, wherewith that Citie is furnished, there is none more famous than the monument of Rhomeo and Julietta.

KING RICHARD II.

No original for King Richard II., except the account of his life and reign found in the "Chronicles," is at present known to exist; but Camden speaks of a drama (different from Shakespeare's) which was performed at the Globe Theatre in 1601 and (as it appears from other authorities) afterwards. Hayward's History of the First Year of Henry IV., which relates the deposition of his predecessor, was not published till 1599, whereas Shakespeare's play came from the press in 1597.

In Spedding's edition of Bacon's "Conference of Pleasure," 4<sup>o</sup>, 1870, p. xix., is a curious early reference from a MS. at Northumberland House to this drama and to "Richard III."

See further in Dyce's Shakespeare, 1868, iv. 102-3.

FIRST AND SECOND PARTS  
OF  
KING HENRY IV.



Two plays, anterior to Shakespeare's two-part drama on this reign, appear to have been once in existence ; but they are no longer known, and consequently the poet's amount of obligation to them cannot be ascertained. The comic business is chiefly of Shakespeare's own invention, as usual.

Thomas Shipman mentions in his volume of poems, entitled "Carolina," 8<sup>o</sup>, 1683, p. 169, that he had composed a dramatic work on Henry IV. ; but it does not seem to have come down to us.

HENRY V.

THE old romance-poem of the "Batayle of Egyngecourte" will be found printed, with notes and an introduction, in Hazlitt's "Popular Poetry," vol. II. But it was thought that the ballad here annexed would have a certain interest in connection with the play, as it is nearer Shakespeare's time, and is more likely to have fallen under his notice than the older performances, on which it was perhaps founded.

"The Famous Victories of Henry V." will form part of the Second Series of "Shakespeare's Library," and will be reprinted for the first time from the extraordinarily rare *editio princeps* of 1598.



*Agincourt,*  
*OR THE ENGLISH BOWMANS GLORY.*

*To a pleasant new Tune.*



AGINCOURT, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt,  
Where English slue and hurt  
All their French foemen ?  
With their pikes and bills brown,  
How the French were beat downe,  
Shot by our Bowmen !

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt,  
Neuer to be forgot,  
Or known to no men ?  
Where English cloth-yard arrows  
Killed the French, like tamed sparrows,  
Slaine by our Bowmen !

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt,  
Where we won field and fort,  
French fled like wo-men ?

By land, and eke by water,  
Neuer was seene such slaughter,  
    Made by our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt ?  
English of euery sort,  
    High men and low men,  
Fought that day wondrous well, as  
All our old stories told us,  
    Thanks to our Bowmen !

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt ?  
Either tale or report  
    Quickly will show men  
What can be done by courage ;  
Men without food or forage,  
    Still lusty Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt ?  
Where such a fight was fought,  
    As, when they grow men,  
Our boys shall imitate,  
Nor neede we long to waite ;  
    They'll be good Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt ?  
Where our fift Harry taught  
    Frenchmen to know men :  
And when the day was done  
Thousands there fell to one  
    Good English Bowman.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Huzza for Agincourt !

When that day is forgot  
    There will be no men :  
It was a day of glory,  
And till our heads are hoary,  
    Praise we our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt ;  
When our best hopes were nought,  
    Tenfold our foemen ?  
Harry led his men to battle,  
Slue the French like sheep and cattle,  
    Huzza ! our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt ?  
O, it was noble sport !  
    Then did we owe men :  
Men who a victory won us  
Gainst any odds among us :  
    Such were our Bowmen.

Agincourt, Agincourt !  
Know ye not Agincourt ?  
Deare was the victory bought  
    By fifty yoemen.  
Ask any English wench,  
They were worth all the French :  
    Rare English Women !

TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

THE story of "Fehsmena," upon which it is generally held that Shakespeare built portions of the framework of this play, is contained, as mentioned presently, in Yonge's version of the "Diana" of Montemayor. But that book, though not printed till 1598, had been finished sixteen years before. He seems to have commenced the undertaking soon after his return from Spain in 1579. Before Yonge's time, a partial version was made by Edward Paston, Esquire, and in 1596 the First Part was turned into English by Thomas Wilson, and dedicated to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton; but neither apparently was ever printed.



## MR COLLIER'S INTRODUCTION.



THE present portion of our publication would not have been included by us (and we only give the earlier part of the tale as a specimen), but for the opinion of Farmer and others, "that the story of Proteus and Julia (in 'The Two Gentlemen of Verona') might be taken for a similar one in the 'Diana' of George of Montemayor." The objection to this notion is, that there can be no reasonable doubt "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" was one of Shakespeare's earliest plays, while the "Diana" was not translated by Bartholomew Young until 1598, in which year Francis Meres mentions "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" as a known play.<sup>1</sup> ("Palladis Tamia," 1598, 8°, sig. Oo2). The opinion that other incidents of that play were derived from Sidney's "Arcadia," first printed 1590, 4°, is more plausible; but the resemblance is too slight and casual to warrant any decided conclusion of that kind. The source of the plot of "The Two Gentlemen of Verona" is yet to be discovered. It is not impossible that the "History," called (in the "Revels' Accounts," by Mr P. Cunningham, p. 189) "Felix and Philomena," may have been a drama upon the ensuing incidents, one of the names having been miswritten.

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<sup>1</sup> [See, however, what is said on the preceding leaf.]



## *The Shepherdess Felismena.*



YOU shall therefore knowe (faire nymphes) that great Vandalia is my native countrey, a province not far hence, where I was borne, in a citie called Soldina, my mother called Delia, my father Andronius, for linage and possessions the chieftest of all that province. It fell out that as my mother was married many yeeres and had no children (by reason whereof she lived so sad and malecontent that she enjoyed not one merry day), with teares and sighes she daily importuned the heauens, and with a thousand vowes and deuout offerings, besought God to grant her the summe of her desire: whose omnipotencie it pleased, beholding from his imperiall throne her continuall orisons, to make her barren bodie (the greater part of her age being now spent and gone) to become fruitfull. What infinite joy she conceiued thereof, let her judge, that after a long desire of any thing, fortune at last doth put it into her handes. Of which content my father Andronius being no less partaker, shewed such tokens of inward joy as are impossible to be expressed. My mother Delia was so much giuen to reading of ancient histories, that if, by reason of sickness or any important businesse, she had not bene

hindred, she would neuer (by her will) haue passed the time away in any other delight ; who (as I said) being now with childe, and finding herselfe on a night ill at ease, intreated my father to reade something vnto her, that, her minde being occupied in contemplation thereof, she might the better passe her greefe away. My father, who studied for nothing els but to please her in all he might, began to reade vnto her the historie of Paris, when the three Ladies referred their proude contention for the golden Apple to his conclusion and iudgement. But as my mother held it for an infallible opinion that Paris had partially giuen that sentence (perswaded thereunto by a blinde passion of beautie), so she said, that without all doubt he did not with due reason and wisdom consider the Goddesses of battels ; for, as martiall and heroicall feates (saide she) excelled all other qualities, so with equitie and iustice the Apple should haue bene giuen to her. My father answered, that since the Apple was to be giuen to the fairest, and that Venus was fairer than any of the rest, Paris had rightly giuen his iudgement, if that harme had not ensued thereof, which afterwarde did. To this my mother replied, that, though it was written in the Apple, *That it should be giuen to the fairest*, it was not to be vnderstood of corporall beautie, but of the intellectual beautie of the mind. And therefore since fortitude was a thing that made one most beautiful, and the exercise of arms an exterior act of this vertue, she affirmed, that to the Goddesses of battels this Apple should be giuen, if Paris had iudged like a prudent and vnappassionate iudge. So that (faire Nymphes) they spent a great part of the night in controuersie, both of them alledging the most reasons they could to confirme their own purpose. They persisting in this point, sleepe began to ouercome her, whom the reasons and arguments of her husband coulde not once mooue ; so

that being very deepe in her disputations, she fell into as deepe a sleepe, to whom (my father being now gone to his chamber) appeered the Goddesse Venus, with as frowning a countenance as faire, and saide, I maruell, Delia, who hath mooued thee to be so contrarie to her, that was neuer opposite to thee? If thou hadst but called to minde the time when thou wert so ouercome in loue for Andronius, thou wouldest not have paide me the debt (thou owest me) with so ill coine. But thou shalt not escape free from my due anger; for thou shalt bring forth a sonne and a daughter, whose birth shall cost thee no lesse than thy life, and them their contentment, for vttering so much in disgrace of my honour and beautie: both which shall be as infortunate in their loue as any were ever in all their liues, or to the age wherein, with remedylesse sighes, they shall breath forth the summe of their ceaselesse sorrowes. And hauing saide thus, she vanished away: when, likewise, it seemed to my mother that the Goddesse Pallas came to her in a vision, and with a merry countenance saide thus unto her: With what sufficient rewardes may I be able to requite the due regarde (most happie and discreete Delia) which thou hast alleaged in my fauour against thy husbands obstinate opinion, except it be by making thee vnderstand that thou shalt bring forth a sonne and a daughter, the most fortunate in armes that haue bene to their times. Having thus said, she vanished out of her sight, and my mother, thorow exceeding feare, awaked immediately. Who, within a moneth after, at one birth was deliuered of me, and of a brother of mine, and died in childebed, leauing my father the most sorrowfull man in the world for her sudden death; for greefe whereof, within a little while after, he also died. And bicause you may knowe (faire Nymphes) in what great extremities loue hath put me, you must vnderstand, that (being a

woman of that qualitie and disposition as you haue heard) I haue bene forced by my cruell destinie to leaue my naturall habit and libertie, and the due respect of mine honour, to follow him, who thinkes (perhaps) that I doe but leese it by louing him so extremely. Behold, how booteless and vnseemely it is for a woman to be so dextrous in armes, as if it were her proper nature and kinde, wherewith (*faire Nymphes*) I had neuer bene indued, but that, by meanes thereof, I should come to doe you this little seruice against these villaines; whiche I account no less then if fortune had begun to satisfie in part some of those infinite wrongs that she hath continually done me. The *Nymphes* were so amazed at her words, that they coule neither aske nor answer any thing to that the faire *Shepherdess* tolde them, who, prosecuting her historie, saide :

My brother and I were brought vp in a Nunnerie, where an aunt of ours was Abbesse, until we had accomplished twelue yeeres of age, at what time we were taken from thence againe, and my brother was caried to the mightie and inuincible King of Portugall his Court (whose noble fame and princely liberalitie was bruted ouer all the world) where, being growen to yeeres able to manage armes, he atchieued as valiant and almost incredible enterprises by them, as he suffered vnfortunate disgraces and foiles by loue. And with all this he was so highly fauoured of that magnificent King, that he would neuer suffer him to depart from his court. Vnfortunate I, reserued by my sinister destinies to greater mishaps, was caried to a grandmother of mine, which place I would I had neuer seene, since it was an occasion of such a sorrowfull life as neuer any woman suffered the like. And bicause there is not any thing (*faire Nymphes*) which I am not forced to tell you, as well for the great uertue and desertes which your excellent beauties doe testifie, as also for that for my minde doth giue me,

that you shall be no small part and meanes of my comfort, knowe, that as I was in my grandmothers house, and almost seventeene yeeres olde, a certaine yong Gentleman fell in loue with me, who dwelt no further from our house than the length of a garden Terrasse, so that he might see me euery sommers night when I walked in the garden. When as therefore ingratefull Felix had beheld in that place the vnfortunate Felismena (for this is the name of the wofull woman that tels you her mishaps) he was extremely enamoured of me, or else did cunningly dissemble it, I not knowing then whether of these two I might beleeeue, but am now assured, that whosoeuer beleeeues lest, or nothing at all in these affaires, shall be most at ease. Many daies Don Felix spent in endeauouring to make me know the paines which he suffered for me, and many more did I spende in making the matter strange, and that he did not suffer them for my sake. And I know not why loue delaied the time so long by forcing me to loue him, but onely that (when he came indeed) he might enter into my hart at once, and with greater force and violence. When he had, therefore, by sundrie signes, as by Tylt and Tourneyes, and by prauncing vp and down vpon his proude jennet before my windowes, made it manifest that he was in loue with me (for at the first I did not so well perceiue it) he determined in the end to write a letter vnto me; and hauing practised diuers times before with a maide of mine, and at length, with many gifts and faire promises, gotten her good will and furtherance, he gaue her the letter to deliuer to me. But to see the meanes that Rosina made vnto me, (for so was she called) the dutifull seruices and vnwoonted circumstances, before she did deliuer it, the othes that she sware vnto me, and the subtile words and serious protestations she used, it was a pleasant thing, and woorthie the noting. To whom (neuertheless) with an angrie countenance I turned againe,

saying, If I had not regard of mine owne estate, and what heereafter might be said, I would make this shamelesse face of thine be knowne euer after for a marke of an impudent and bolde minion. But bicause it is the first time, let this suffice that I haue saide, and giue thee warning to take heede of the second.

Me thinkes I see now the craftie wench, how she helde her peace, dissembling very cunningly the sorrow that she conceiued by my angrie answer; for she fained a counterfaite smiling, saying, Iesus, Mistresse! I gaue you, bicause you might laugh at it, and not to mooue your patience with it in this sort: for if I had any thought that it would haue prouoked you to anger, I praie God he may shew his wrath as great towards me as euer he did to the daughter of any mother. And with this she added many wordes more (as she could do well enough) to pacifie the fained anger and ill opinion that I had conceiued of her, and taking her letter with her, she departed from me. This hauing passed thus, I began to imagine what might ensue thereof, and loue (me thought) did put a certaine desire into my minde to see the letter, though modestie and shame forbad me to ask it of my maide, especially for the wordes that had passed betweene vs, as you haue heard. And so I continued all that day vntill night, in varietie of many thoughts. But when Rosina came to helpe me to bedde, God knowes how desirous I was to haue her entreat me againe to take the letter, but she would neuer speake vnto me about it, nor (as it seemed) did so much as once thinke thereof. Yet to trie, if by giuing her some occasion I might preuaile, I said vnto her: And is it so, Rosina, that Don Felix, without any regard to mine honour, dares write vnto me? These are things, Mistresse (saide she demurely to me againe), that are commonly incident to loue, wherefore I beseech you pardon me, for if I had thought

to haue angered you with it, I would haue first pulled out the bals of mine eies. How cold my hart was at that blow, God knowes, yet did I dissemble the matter, and suffer my selfe to remaine that night onely with my desire, and with occasion of little sleepe. And so it was, indeede, for that (me thought) was the longest and most painfull night that euer I passed. But when, with a slower pace (then I desired) the wished day was come, the discreet and subtle Rosina came into my chamber to helpe me to make me readie, in dooing whereof, of purpose she let the letter closely fall, which, when I perceiued, what is that that fell downe? (saide I), let me see it. It is nothing, Mistresse, saide she. Come, come, let me see it (saide I): what! mooue me not, or else tell me what it is. Good Lord, Mistresse (saide she), why will you see it: it is the letter I would haue giuen you yesterday. Nay, that it is not (saide I), wherefore shewe it me, that I may see if you lie or no. I had no sooner said so but she put it into my handes, saying, God neuer giue me good if it be anie other thing; and although I knew it well indeede, yet I saide, what, this is not the same, for I know that well enough, but it is one of thy louers letters: I will read it, to see in what neede he standeth of thy fauour. And opening it, I founde it contained this that followeth:

“I euer imagined (deere Mistresse) that your discretion and wisdom would haue taken away the feare I had to write vnto you, the same knowing well enough (without any letter at all) how much I loue you, but the very same hath so cunningly dissembled, that wherein I hoped the only remedie of my griefes had been, therein consisted my greatest harme. If according to your wisdom you censure my boldnes, I shall not then (I know) enioy one hower of life; but if you do consider of it according to loues



accustomed effects, then will I not exchange my hope for it. Be not offended, I beseech you (good Ladie), with my letter, and blame me not for writing vnto you, vntil you see by experience whether I can leaue of to write : and take me besides into the possession of that which is yours, since all is mine doth wholly consist in your hands, the which, with all reuerence and dutifull affection, a thousand times I kisse."

When I had now seene my Don Felix his letter, whether it was for reading it at such a time, when by the same he shewed that he loued me more than himselfe, or whether he had disposition and regiment ouer part of this wearied soule, to imprint that loue in it whereof he wrote vnto me, I began to loue him too well (and, alas, for my harme !) since he was the cause of so much sorrow as I haue passed for his sake. Whereupon, asking Rosina forgiuenes of what was past (as a thing needfull for that which was to come) and committing the secrecie of my loue to her fidelitie, I read the letter once againe, pausing a little at euery worde (and a very little indeede it was), because I concluded so soone with my selfe, to do that I did, although in verie truth it lay not otherwise in my power to do. Wherefore, calling for paper and inke, I answered his letter thus :

"Esteeme not so slightly of mine honour, Don Felix, as with fained wordes to think to enueagle it, or with thy vaine pretenses to offend it any waies. I know wel enough what manner of man thou art, and how great thy desert and presumption is; from whence thy boldness doth arise (I gesse), and not from the force (which thing thou wouldest faine perswade me) of thy feruent loue. And if it be so (as my suspicion suggesteth) thy labor is as vaine as thy imagination is presumptuous, by thinking to make me do any thing contrarie to that which I owe vnto mine honour. Consider (I beseech thee) how seldome things com-

menced vnder sottletie and dissimulation haue good successe ; and that it is not the part of a Gentleman to meane them one way and speak them another. Thou praieest me (amongst other things) to admit thee into possession of that that is mine : but I am of so ill an humour in matters of this qualitie, that I trust not things experienced, how much lesse then thy bare wordes ; yet, neuerthelesse, I make no small account of that which thou hast manifested to me in thy letter ; for it is ynough that I am incredulous, though not unthankfull."

This letter did I send, contrarie to that I should haue done, because it was the occasion of all my harmes and greefes ; for after this, he began to waxe more bolde by unfolding his thoughts, and seeking out the meanes to haue a parly with me. In the end (faire Nymphes), a few daies being spent in his demaunds and my answers, false loue did worke in me after his wonted fashions, euery hower seasing more strongly vpon my vnfortunate soule. The Tourneies were now renewed, the musicke by night did neuer cease ; amorous letters and verses were re-continued on both sides ; and thus passed I away almost a whole yeere, at the end whereof, I felt my selfe so far in his loue, that I had no power to retire, nor stay my selfe from disclosing my thoughts vnto him, the thing which he desired more then his owne life. But my aduerse fortune afterwardes would, that of these our mutuall loues (when as now they were most assured) his father had some intelligence, and whosoever reauled them first, perswaded him so cunningly, that his father (fearing lest he would haue married me out of hand) sent him to the great Princesse Augusta Cæsarinas court, telling him, it was not meete that a yoong Gentleman, and of so noble a house as he was, should spend his youth idly at home, where nothing could be learned but ex-

amples of vice, whereof the verie same idlenes (he said) was the only Mistresse. He went away so pen-siue, that his great greefe would not suffer him to acquaint me with his departure ; which when I knew, how sorrowfull I remained, she may imagine that hath bene at any time tormented with like passion. To tell you now the life that I led in his absence, my sadnes, sighes, and teares, which euery day I powred out of these weariéd eies, my toong is far vnable : if then my paines were such that I cannot now expresse them, how could I then suffer them ? But being in the mids of my mishaps, and in the depth of those woes which the absence of Don Felix caused me to feele, and it seeming to me that my greefe was without remedie, if he were once seene or knownen of the Ladies in that Court (more beautifull and gracious then my selfe). By occasion whereof, as also by absence (a capitall enemie to loue), I might easily be forgotten, I determined to aduenture that, which I think neuer any woman imagined ; which was to apparell my selfe in the habit of a man, and to hye me to the Court to see him, in whose sight al my hope and content remained : which determination, I no sooner thought of, then I put in practise, loue blinding my eies and minde with an inconsiderate regarde of mine owne estate and condition. To the execution of which attempt I wanted no industrie ; for, beink furnished with the helpe of one of my approoued friends, and treasouresse of my secrets, who bought me such apparell as I willed her, and a good horse for my journey, I went not onely out of my countrie, but out of my deere reputation, which (I thinke) I shall neuer recouer againe ; and so trotted directly to the Court, passing by the way many accidents, which (if time would giue me leaue to tell them) would not make you laugh a little to heare them. Twenty daies I was in going thither, at the ende of

which, being come to the desired place, I took vp mine Inne in a streete less frequented with concourse of people. And the great desire I had to see the destroier of my ioy did not suffer me to thinke of any other thing, but how or where I might see him. To inquire of him of mine host I durst not, lest my comming might (perhaps) haue bene discovered; and so seeke him forth I thought it not best, lest some inopinate mishap might haue fallen out, whereby I might haue bene knownen. Wherefore I passed all that day in these perplexities, while night came on, each hower whereof (me thought) was a whole yeere vnto me. But midnight being a little past, mine host called at my chamber doore, and tolde me if I was desirious to heare some braue musicke, I should arise quickly, and open a window towards the street. The which I did by and by, and making no noise at all, I heard how Don Felix his Page, called Fabius (whom I knew by his voice), saide to others that came with him, Now it is time, my Masters, bicause the Lady is in her gallerie ouer her garden, taking the fresh aire of the coole night. He had no sooner saide so, but they began to winde three Cornets and a Sackbot, with such skill and sweetenesse, that it seemed celesstiall musicke. And then began a voice to sing, the sweetest (in my opinion) that euer I heard. And though I was in suspence, by hearing Fabius speake, whereby a thousand doubtles and imaginations (repugnant to my rest) occurred in my minde, yet I neglected not to heare what was sung, bicause their operations were not of such force that they were able to hinder the desire, nor distemper the delight that I conceiued by hearing it. That therefore which was sung were these verses :—

*Sweete Mistresse, harken vnto me  
(If it greeues thee to see me die),*

*And hearing, though it greeueth thee,  
To heare me yet do not denie.*

*O grant me then this short content,  
For forc'd I am to thee to flie.  
My sighes do not make thee relent,  
Nor teares thy hart do mollifie.*

*Nothing of mine doth giue thee payne,  
Nor think'st thou of no remedie :  
Mistresse, how long shall I sustaine  
Such ill as still thou dost applie ?*

*In death there is no helpe, be sure,  
But in thy will, where it doth lie :  
For all those illes which death doth cure,  
Alas ! they are but light to trie !*

*My troubles do not trouble thee,  
Nor hope to touch thy soule so nie :  
O ! from a will that is so free,  
What should I hope when I do crie ?*

*How can I mollifie that braue  
And stonie hart of pitie drie ?  
Yet Mistresse, turne those eies (that haue  
No peeres) shining like stars in skie ;*

*But turne them not in angrie sort,  
If thou wilt not kill me thereby :  
Though yet, in anger or in sport,  
Thou killest onely with thine eie.*

After they had first, with a concert of musicke, sung this song, two plaied, the one vpon a Lute, the other vpon a siluer sounding Harpe, being accompanied with the sweete voice of my Don Felix. The great ioy that I felt in hearing him cannot be imagined, for (me thought) I heard him nowe, as in that happie and passed time of our loues, But after the deceit of

this imagination was discouered, seeing with mine eies, and hearing with mine eares, that this musick was bestowed vpon another, and not on me, God knowes what a bitter death it was vnto my soule. And with a greeuous sigh, that carried almost my life away with it, I asked mine host if he knew what the Ladie was for whose sake the musicke was made? He answered me, that he could not imagine on whom it was bestowed, bicause in that streete dwelled manie noble and faire Ladies. And when I saw he could not satisfie my request, I bent mine eares againe to heare my Don Felix, who now, to the tune of a delicate harpe, whereon he sweetely plaied, began to sing this Sonnet following :—

## A SONNET.

*My painefull yeeres impartiall Loue was spending  
In vaine and booteles hopes my life appaying,  
And cruell Fortune to the world bewraying  
Strange samples of my teares that have no ending.  
Time, euerie thing at last to truth commending,  
Leaues of my steps such marks, that now betraying,  
And all deceitfull trusts shall be decaying,  
And none haue cause to plaine of his offending.  
Shee, whom I lou'd to my obliged power,  
That in her sweetest loue to me discouers  
Which neuer yet I knew (those heauenly pleasures),  
And I do saie, exclaiming euery hower,  
Do not you see what makes you wise, O Louers?  
Loue, Fortune, Time, and my fair Mystresse treasures.*

The Sonnet being ended, they paused awhile, playing on fower Lutes together, and on a paire of Virginals, with such heauenly melodie, that the whole worlde (I thinke) could not afford sweeter musick to the eare nor delight to any minde, not subiect to

the panges of such predominant greefe and sorrow as mine was. But then fower voices, passing well tuned and set together, began to sing this song following :—

A SONG.

*That sweetest harme I doe not blame,  
First caused by thy fairest eies,  
But greeue, bicause too late I came,  
To know my fault, and to be wise.*

*I neuer knew a worser kind of life,  
To liue in feare, from boldnesse still to cease :  
Nor, woorse than this, to liue in such a strife,  
Whether of bothe to speake, or holde my peace ?*

*And so the harme I do not blame,  
Caused by thee or thy faire eies ;  
But that to see how late I came,  
To know my fault and to be wise.*

*I euer more did feare that I should knowe  
Some secret things, and doubtfull in their kinde,  
Because the surest things doe euer goe  
Most contrarie vnto my wish and minde.*

*And yet by knowing of the same  
There is no hurt ; but it denies  
My remedie, Since late I came,  
To knowe my fault, and to be wise.*

When this song was ended, they began to sound diuers sorts of instruments, and voices most excellently agreeing together, and with such sweetnes that they could not chuse but delight any very much who were not so farre from it as I. About dawning of the day the musicke ended, and I did what I could to espie out my Don Felix, but the darknes of the night was mine enimie therein. And seeing now that they were gone, I went to bed againe, where I bewailed

my great mishap, knowing that he whom most of al I loued, had so vnwoorthily forgotten me, whereof his music was too manifest a witnes. And when it was time, I arose, and without any other consideration, went straight to the Princesse her pallace, where (I thought) I might see that which I so greatly desired, determining to call my selfe Valerius, if any (perhaps) did aske my name. Comming therefore to a faire broad court before the pallace gate, I viewed the winlowes and galleries, where I sawe such store of blazing beauties, and gallant Ladies, that I am not able now to recount, nor then to do any more but woonder at their graces, their gorgeous attyre, their iewels, their braue fashions of apparell, and ornaments wherewith they were so richly set up. Vp and downe this place, before the windowes, roade many lords and braue gentlemen in rich and sumptuous habits, and mounted vpon proud Iennets, euery one casting his eie to that part where his thoughts were secretly placed. God knowes how greatly I desired to see Don Felix there, and that his iniurious loue had beene in that famous pallace; bicause I might then haue beene assured that he should neuer haue got any other guerdon of his sutes and seruices, but onely to see and to be scene, and sometimes to speake to his Mistresse, whom he must serue before a thousand eies, bicause the priuilege of that place doth not giue him any further leave. But it was my ill fortune that he had settled his loue in that place where I might not be assured of this poore helpe. Thus, as I was standing neere to the pallace gate, I espied Fabius, Don Felix his page, comming in great haste to the pallace, where, speaking a word or two with a porter that kept the second entrie, he returned the same waie he came. I gessed his errant was, to knowe whether it were fit time for Don Felix to come to dispatch certaine busines that his father had in the court, and that he could



not choose but come thither out of hand. And being in this supposed ioy which his sight did promise me, I sawe him comming along with a great traine of followers attending on his person, all of them being brauely appparelled in a liuerie of watchet silke, garded with yellow veluet, and stitched on either side with threedes of twisted siluer, wearing likewise blew, yellow, and white feathers in their hats. But my Lorde Don Felix had on a paire of ash colour hose, embrodered and drawen foorth with watchet tissue; his dublet was of white saten, embrodered with knots of golde, and likewise an embrodered ierkin of the same coloured veluet; and his short cape cloke was of blacke veluet, edged with gold lace, and hung full of buttons of pearle and gold, and lined with razed watchet satten: by his side he ware, at a paire of embrodered hangers, a rapier and dagger, with engrauen hilts and pommell of beaten golde. On his head, a hat beset full of golden stars, in the mids of eucrie which a rich orient pearle was enchased, and his feather was likewise blew, yellow, and white. Mounted he came vpon a faire dapple graie Iennet, with a rich furniture of blew, embrodered with golde and seede pearle. When I saw him in this rich equipage, I was so amazed at his sight, that how extremely my senses were rauished with sudden ioye I am not able (faire Nymphes) to tell you. Truth it is, that I could not but shed some teares for ioy and greefe, which his sight did make me feelee, but, fearing to be noted by the standers by, for that time I dried them vp. But as Don Felix (being now come to the pallace gate) was dismounted, and gone vp a paire of staires into the chamber of presence, I went to his men, where they were attending his returne; and seeing Fabius, whom I had seene before amongst them, I tooke him aside, and saide vnto him, My friend, I pray you tell me what Lord this is, which did but euen now alight from his

Iennet, for (me thinkes) he is very like one whom I haue seene before in an other farre countrey. Fabius then answered me thus: Art thou such a nouice in the court that thou knowest not Don Felix? I tell thee there is not any Lord, knight, or gentleman better knowne in it than he. No doubt of that (saide I), but I will tell thee what a nouice I am, and how small a time I haue beene in the court, for yesterday was the first that euer I came to it. Naie then, I cannot blame thee (saide Fabius) if thou knowest him not. Knowe, then, that this gentleman is called Don Felix, borne in Vandalia, and hath his chiefest house in the antient cittie of Soldina, and is remaining in this court about certaine affaires of his fathers and his owne. But I pray you tell me (saide I) why he giues his liueries of these colours? If the cause were not so manifest, I would conceale it (saide Fabius), but since there is not any that knowes it not, and canst not come to any in this court who cannot tell thee the reason why, I thinke by telling thee it, I do no more then in courtesie I am bound to do. Thou must therefore vnderstand, that he loues and serues a Ladie heere in this citie named Celia, and therefore weares and giues for his liuerie an azure blew, which is the colour of the skie, and white and yellow, which are the colours of his Lady and mistresse. When I heard these words, imagine (faire Nymphes) in what a plight I was; but dissembling my mishap and grieve, I answered him: This ladie certes is greatly beholding to him, bicause he thinkes not enough, by wearing her colours, to shew how willing he is to serue her, vnlesse also he beare her name in his liuerie; wherevpon I guesse she cannot but be very faire and amiable. She is no lesse, indeede (saide Fabius), although the other whom he loued and serued in our owne countrey in beautie farre excelled this, and loued and fauoured him more then ever this did. But this

mischieuous absence doth violate and dissolve those things which men thinke to be most stronge and firme. At these wordes (faire Nymphes) was I faine to come to some composition with my teares, which, if I had not stopped from issuing foorth, Fabius could not haue chosen but suspected, by the alteration of my countenance, that all was not well with me. And then the Page did aske me, what countreyman I was, my name, and of what calling and condition I was: whom I answered, that my countrey where I was borne was Vandalia, my name Valerius, and till that time serued no Master. Then by this reckoning (saide he) we are both countrey-men, and may be both fellowes in one house if thou wilt; for Don Felix my Master commanded me long since to seeke him out a Page. Therefore if thou wilt serue him, say so. As for meate, drinke, and apparell, and a couple of shillings to play away, thou shalt neuer want; besides pretie wenches, which are not daintie in our streete, as faire and amorous as Queens, of which there is not anie that will not die for the loue of so proper a youth as thou art. And to tell thee in secret (because, perhaps, we may be fellowes), I know where an old Cannons maide is, a gallant fine girle, whom if thou canst but finde in thy hart to loue and serue as I do, thou shalt neuer want at her hands fine hand-kerchers, peeces of bacon, and now and then wine of S. Martyn. When I heard this, I could not choose but laugh, to see how naturally the vnhappy page played his part by depainting foorth their properties their liuely colours. And because I thought nothing more commodious for my rest, and for the enioying of my desire, then to follow Fabius his counsel, I answered him, thus: In truth, I determined to serue none; but now, since fortune hath offered me so good a seruice, and at such a time, when I am constrained to take this course of life, I shall not do amisse if I frame myself to the seruice of some Lord

or Gentleman in this Court, but especially of your Master, because he seemes to be a woorthy Gentleman, and such an one that makes more reckoning of his seruants then an other. Ha, thou knowest him not so well as I (said Fabius); for I promise thee, by the faith of a Gentleman (for I am one indeede, for my father comes of the Cachopines of Laredo), that my master Don Felix is the best natured gentleman that euer thou knewest in thy life, and one who vseth his pages better than any other. And were it not for those troublesome loues, which makes vs runne vp and downe more, and sleepe lesse, then we woulde, there were not such a master in the whole worlde againe. In the end (faire Nymphes) Fabius spake to his master, Don Felix, as soone as he was come forth, in my behalfe, who commanded me the same night to come to him at his lodging. Thither I went, and he entertained me for his Page, making the most of me in the worlde; where, being but a few daies with him, I sawe the messages, letters, and gifts that were brought and caried on both sides, greeuous wounds (alas! and corsiuies to my dying hart), which made my soule to flie sometimes out of my body, and euery hower in hazard to leese my forced patience before euery one. But after one moneth was past, Don Felix began to like so well of me, that he disclosed his whole loue vnto me, from the beginning vnto the present estate and forwardnes that it was then in, committing the charge thereof to my secrecie and helpe; telling me that he was fauored of her at the beginning, and that afterwards she waxed wearie of her louing and accustomed entertainment, the cause whereof was a secret report (whosoever it was that buzzed it into her eares) of the loue that he did beare to a Lady in his owne countrey, and that his present loue vnto her was but to entertaine the time, while his business in the court were dispatched.

And there is no doubt (saide Don Felix vnto me) but that, indeede, I did once commence that loue that she laies to my charge ; but God knowes if now there be any thing in the world that I loue and esteeme more deere and precious then her. When I heard him say so, you may imagine (faire Nymphes) what a mortall dagger pierced my wounded heart. But with dissembling the matter the best I coulede, I answered him thus : It were better, sir (me thinkes), that the Gentlewoman should complaine with cause, and that it were so indeed ; for if the other Ladie, whom you serued before, did not deserue to be forgotten of you, you do her (vnder correction, my Lord) the greatest wrong in the world. The loue (said Don Felix againe) which I beare to my Celia will not let me vnderstand it so ; but I haue done her (me thinkes) the greater iniurie, hauing placed my loue first in an other, and not in her. Of these wrongs (saide I to my selfe) I know who beares the woorst away. And (disloyall) he, pulling a letter out of his bosome, which he had received the same hower from his Mistresse, reade it vnto me, thinking he did me a great fauour thereby, the contents whereof were these :—

*Celias letter to Don Felix.*

Neuer any thing that I suspected, touching thy loue, hath been so farre from the truth, that hath not giuen me occasion to beleeeue more often mine owne imagination then thy innocencie ; wherein, if I do thee any wrong, referre it but to the censure of thine owne follie. For well thou mightest haue denied, or not declared thy passed loue, without giuing me occasion to condemne thee by thine owne confession. Thou saiest I was the cause that made thee forget thy former loue. Comfort thy selfe, for there shall not want another to make thee forget thy second. And

assure thy selfe of this (Lord Don Felix) that there is not any thing more vnbeseeeming a Gentleman, then to finde an occasion in a Gentlewoman to leese himselfe for her loue. I will saie no more, but that in an ill, where there is no remedie, the best is not to seeke out any.

After he had made an end of reading the letter, he said vnto me, What thinkest thou, Valerius, of these words? With pardon be it spoken, my lord; That your deedes are shewed by them. Go to, said Don Felix, and speake no more of that. Sir, saide I, they must like me wel, if they like you, because none can iudge better of their words that loue well then they themselues. But that which I thinke of the letter is, that this Gentlewoman would haue beene the first, and that Fortune had entreated her in such sort, that all others might have enuied her estate. But what wouldst thou counsell me? said Don Felix. If thy grieffe doth suffer any counsell, saide I, that thy thoughts be diuided into this second passion, since there is so much due to the first. Don Felix answered me againe, sighing, and knocking me gently on the shoulder, saying, How wise art thou, Valerius, and what good counsell thou dost giue me if I could follow it. Let vs now go in to dinner, for when I haue dined, I will have thee carie me a letter to my Lady Celia, and then thou shalt see if any other loue is not woorthy to be forgotten in lieu of thinking onely of her. These were wordes that greeued Felismena to the hart, but bicause she had him before her eies, whom she loued more than her-selfe, the content, that she had by onely seeing him, was a sufficient remedie of the paine, that the greatest of these stings did make her feelee. After Don Felix had dined, he called me vnto him, and giuing me a speciall charge what I should do (because he had imparted his grieffe vnto

me, and put his hope and remedie in my hands) he willed me to carie a letter to Celia, which he had alreadie written, and, reading it first vnto me, it said thus—

*Don Felix his letter to Celia.*

The thought, that seekes an occasion to forget the thing which it doth loue and desire, suffers it selfe so easily to be knowne, that (without troubling the minde much) it may be quickly discerned. And thinke not (Faire Ladie) that I seeke a remedie to excuse you of that, wherewith it pleased you to vse me, since I neuer came to be so much in credit with you, that in lesser things I woulde do it. I have confessed vnto you that indeede I once loued well, because that true loue, without dissimulation, doth not suffer any thing to be hid, and you (deare Ladie) make that an occasion to forget me, which should be rather a motiue to loue me better. I cannot perswade me, that you make so small an account of your selfe, to thinke that I can forget you for any thing that is, or hath euer been, but rather imagine that you write cleane contrarie to that, which you have tried by my zealous loue and faith towards you. Touching all those things, that, in preiudice of my good will towards you, it pleaseth you to imagine, my innocent thoughts assure me to the contrarie, which shall suffice to be ill recompenced being so ill thought of as they are.

After Don Felix had read this letter vnto me, he asked me if the answer was correspondent to those words that his Ladie Celia had sent him in hers, and if there was any thing therein that might be amended; whereunto I answered thus: I thinke, Sir, it is needlesse to amende this letter, or to make the Gentlewoman amendes, to whom it is sent, but her, whom you do iniure so much with it. Which vnder your

Lordships pardon I speake, bicause I am so much affected to the first loue in all my life, that there is not any thing that can make me alter my minde. Thou hast the greatest reason in the world (said Don Felix) if I coulede perswade my selfe to leaue of that, which I haue begun. But what wilt thou haue me do, since absence hath frozen the former loue, and the continuall presence of a peerlesse beautie rekindled another and more feruent within me? Thus may she thinke her selfe (saide I againe) vniustly deceiued, whom first you loued, because that loue which is subiect to the power of absence cannot be termed loue, and none can perswade me that it hath beene loue. These words did I dissemble the best I could, because I felt so sensible grieve, to see myselfe forgotten of him, who had so great reason to loue me, and whom I did loue so much, that I did more, then any would have thought, to make my selfe still unknown. But taking the letter and mine errant with me, I went to Celias house, imagining by the way the wofull estate whereunto my haplesse loue had brought me; since I was forced to make warre against mine owne selfe, and to be the intercessour of a thing so contrarie to mine owne content. But comming to Celias house, and finding a page standing at the dore, I asked him if I might speake with his Ladie: who being informed of me from whence I came, tolde Celia how I would speake with her, commending therewithall my beautie and person vnto her, and telling her besides, that Don Felix had but lately entertained me into his seruice; which made Celia saie vnto him, What, Don Felix so soone disclose his secret loues to a page, but newly entertained? he hath (belike) some great occasion that mooues him to do it. Bid him com in, and let us know what he would haue. In I came, and to the place where the enimie of my life was, and, with great



reuerence kissing her hands, I deliuered Don Felix his letter vnto her. Celia tooke it, and casting her eies vpon me, I might perceiue how my sight had made a sudden alteration in her countenance, for she was so farre besides herselfe, that for a good while she was not able to speake a worde, but, remembring her selfe at last, she saide vnto me, What good fortune hath beene so fauourable to Don Felix to bring thee to this Court, to make thee his Page? Euen that, faire Ladie, saide I, which is better then euer I imagined, bicause it hath beene an occasion to make me behold such singular beautie and perfections as now I see cleerely before mine eies. And if the paines, the teares, the sighes, and the continuall disquiets that my lord Don Felix hath suffred haue greeued me heeretofore, now that I haue seene the source from whence they flow, and the cause of all his ill, the pittie that I had on him is now wholly conuerted into a certaine kinde of enuie. But if it be true (faire Lady) that my comming is welcome vnto you, I beseech you by that, which you owe to the great loue which he beares you, that your answer may import no lesse vnto him. There is not anie thing (saide Celia) that I would not do for thee, though I were determined not to loue him at all, who for my sake hath forsaken another. For it is no small point of wisdomedome for me to learne by other womens harmes to be more wise, and warie in mine owne. Beleeue not, good Lady (saide I), that there is any thing in the worlde that can make Don Felix forget you. And if he hath cast off another for your sake, woonder not thereat, when your beautie and wisdomedome is so great, and the others so small that there is no reason to thinke that he will (though he hath woorthelie forsaken her for your sake) or euer can forget you for any woman else in the worlde. Doest thou then know Felismena (saide Celia), the

lady whom thy Master did once loue and serue in his owne countrey? I know her (saide I), although not so well as it was needfull for me to haue preuented so many mishaps (and this I spake softly to my selfe). For my fathers house was neere to hers; but seeing your great beautie adorned with such perfectiones and wisdome, Don Felix can not be blamed, if he hath forgotten his loue only to embrace and honour yours. To this did Celia answer, merily and smiling, Thou hast learned quickly of thy Master to sooth. Not so, faire Ladie, saide I, but to serue you woulde I faine learne: for flatterie cannot be, where (in the iudgement of all) there are so manifest signes and proofes of this due commendation. Celia began in good earnest to ask me what manner of woman Felismena was, whom I answered, that, touching her beautie, some thought her to be very faire; but I was neuer of that opinion, bicause she hath many daies since wanted the chiefest thing that is requisite for it. What is that? said Celia. Content of minde, saide I, bicause perfect beautie can neuer be, where the same is not adioyned to it. Thou hast the greatest reason in the world, saide she, but I haue seene some ladies whose liuely hewe sadnes hath not one whit abated, and others whose beautie anger hath encreased, which is a strange thing me thinkes. Haplesse is that beauty, saide I, that hath sorrow and anger the preseruers and mistresses of it, but I cannot skill of these impertinent things. And yet that woman, that must needes be molested with continuall paine and trouble, with greefe and care of minde and with other passions to make her looke well, cannot be reckoned among the number of faire women, and for mine owne part I do not account her so. Wherein thou hast great reason, saide she, as in all things else that thou hast saide, thou hast showed thy selfe wise and discreete. Which I haue

deerely bought, saide I againe: But I beseech you (gracious Lady) to answer this letter, because my Lord Don Felix may also haue some contentment, by receiuing this first well employed seruice at my hands. I am content, saide Celia, but first thou must tell me if Felismena in matters of discretion be wise, and well aduised? There was neuer any woman (saide I againe) more wise than she, bicause she hath beene long since beaten to it by her great mishaps: but she did neuer aduise her selfe well, for if she had (as she was accounted wise) she had neuer come to haue bene so contrarie to her selfe. Thou speakest so wisely in all thy answeres, saide Celia, that there is not any that woulde not take great delight to heare them: which are not uiands (saide I) for such a daintie taste, nor reasons for so ingenious and fine a conceit (faire lady), as you haue, but boldly affirming, that by the same I meane no harme at all. There is not any thing, saide Celia, whereunto thy wit cannot attaine, but because thou shalt not spende thy time so ill in praising me, as my Master doth in praying me, I will reade thy letter, and tell thee what thou shalt say vnto him from me. Whereupon vnfoldng it, she began to read it to her selfe, to whose countenance and gestures in reading of the same, which are oftentimes outwarde signes of the inwarde disposition and meaning of the hart, I gaue a watchfull eie. And when she had read it, she said vnto me, Tell thy Master, that he that can so well by wordes expresse what he meanes, cannot choose but meane as well as he saith: and comming neerer unto me, she said softly in mine eare, And this for the loue of thee, Valerius, and not for much for Don Felix thy master his sake, for I see how much thou lovest and tenderest his estate. And from thence, alas (saide I to my selfe), did all my woes arise. Whereupon kissing her hands for the great curtesie and fauour she shewed

me, I hied me to Don Felix with this answer, which was no small ioy to him to heare it, and another death to me to report it, saying manie times to my selfe (when I did either bring him home some ioyfull tydings or carrie letters or tokens to her), O thrise vnfortunate Felismena, that with thine owne weapons art constrained to wounde thy ever-dying hart, and to heape vp fauours for him, who made so small account of thine. And so did I passe away my life with so many torments of minde, that if by the sight of my Don Felix they had not beene tempered, it could not haue otherwise beene but that I must needes haue lost it. More then two monethes together did Celia hide from me the feruent loue she bare me, although not in such sort, but that by certaine apparant signes I came to the knowledge thereof, which was no small lighting and case of that grieffe, which incessantly haunted my wearied spirites; for as I thought it a strong occasion, and the onely meane to make her vterly forget Don Felix, so likewise I imagined, that, perhaps, it might befall to him as it hath done to many, that the force of ingratitude, and contempt of his loue, might haue vtterly abolished such thoughtes out of his hart. But, alas, it happened not so to my Don Felix; for the more he perceiued that his ladie forgot him, the more was his minde troubled with greater cares and greefe, which made him leade the most sorrowfull life that might be, whereof the least part did not fall to my lot. For remedie of whose sighes and pitious lamentations, poore Felismena (euen by maine force) did get fauours from Celia, scoring them up (whensoever she sent them by me) in the catalogue of my infinite mishaps. For if by chaunce he sent her anie thing by any of his other seruants, it was so slenderly accepted, that he thought it best to send none vnto her but my selfe, perceiuing what inconuenience did ensue thereof. But God knowes

how many teares my messages cost me, and so many they were, that in Celia's presence I ceased not to powre them forth, earnestly beseeching her with praiers and petitions not to entreat him so ill, who loued her so much, bicause I would binde Don Felix to me by the greatest bonde, as neuer man in like was bounde to any woman. My teares greeued Celia to the hart, as well for that I shed them in her presence, as also for that she sawe if I meant to loue her, I woulde not (for requitall of hers to me) haue sollicitied her with such diligence, nor pleaded with such pittie, to get fauours for another. And thus I liued in the greatest confusion that might be, amidst a thousand anxieties of minde, for I imagined with my selfe, that if I made not a shew that I loued her, as she did me, I did put it in hazard lest Celia, for despite of my simplicitie or contempt, woulde haue loued Don Felix more then before, and by louing him that mine could not haue any good successe; and if I fained my selfe, on the other side, to be in loue with her, it might haue bene an occasion to haue made her reiect my Lord Don Felix; so that with the thought of his loue neglected, and with the force of her contempt, he might haue lost his content, and after that, his life, the least of which two mischiefes to preuent I would haue giuen a thousand liues, if I had them. Manie daies passed away in this sort, wherein I serued him as a thirde betweene both, to the great cost of my contentment, at the end whereof the successe of his loue went on woorse and woorse, bicause the Loue that Celia did beare me was so great, that the extreme force of her passion made her loose some part of that compassion she should haue had of her selfe. And on a day after that I had caried and recaried many messages and tokens betweene them, sometimes faining some my selfe from her vnto him, bicause I could not see him

(whom I loued so deerely) so sad and pensiue, with many supplications and earnest praiers I besought lady Celia with pittie to regard the painfull life that Don Felix passed for her sake, and to consider that by not fauouring him, she was repugnant to that which she owed to her selfe: which thing I entreated, bicause I saw him in such a case, that there was no other thing to be expected of him but death, by reason of the continuall and great paine which his greeuous thoughts made him feelee. But she with swelling teares in her eies, and with many sighes, answered me thus: Vnfortunate and accursed Celia, that nowe in the end dost know how thou liuest deceiued with a false opinion of thy great simplicitie (vngratefull Valerius) and of thy small discretion. I did not beleeeue till now that thou didst craue fauours of me for thy Master, but onely for thy selfe, and to enioy my sight all that time, that thou diddest spende in suing to me for them. But now I see thou dost aske them in earnest, and that thou art so content to see me vse him well, that thou canst not (without doubt) loue me at all. O how ill dost thou acquite the loue I beare thee, and that which, for thy sake, I do nowe forsake? O that time might reuenge me of thy proude and foolish minde, since loue hath not beene the meanes to do it. For I cannot thinke that Fortune will be so contrarie vnto me, but that she will punish thee for contemning that great good which she meant to bestow on thee. And tell thy Lord Don Felix, that if he will see me aliue, that he see me not at all: And thou, vile traitour, cruell enemy to my rest, com no more (I charge thee) before these weariied eies, since their teares were neuer of force to make thee knowe how much thou art bound vnto them. And with this she suddenly flang out of my sight with so many teares, that mine were not of force to staie her. For in the greatest haste in the worlde she got into her chamber,

where, locking the dore after her, it auailed me not to call and crie unto her, requesting her with amorous and sweete words to open me the dore, and to take such satisfaction on me as it pleased her: nor to tell her many other things, whereby I declared vnto her the small reason she had to be so angrie with me, and to shut me out. But with a strange kinde of furie she saide vnto me, Come no more, vngratefull and proud Valerius, in my sight, and speake no more unto me, for thou art not able to make satisfaction for such great disdaine, and I will haue no other remedie for the harme which thou hast done me, but death it selfe, the which with mine owne hands I will take in satisfaction of that, which thou deseruest: which words when I heard, I staid no longer, but with a heaue cheere came to my Don Felix his lodging, and, with more sadnes then I was able to dissemble, tolde him that I could not speake with Celia, because she was visited of certaine Gentlewomen her kinsewomen. But the next day in the morning it was bruted ouer all the citie, that a certaine trance had taken her that night, wherein she gaue vp the ghost, which stroke all the court with no small woonder. But that, which Don Felix felt by her sudden death, and how neere it greeued his very soule, as I am not able to tell, so cannot humane intendment conceiue it, for the complaints he made, the teares, the burning sighes, and hart-breake sobbes, were without all measure and number. But I saie nothing of my selfe, when on the one side the vnlucky death of Celia touched my soule very neere, the teares of Don Felix on the other did cut my hart in two with greefe: and yet this was nothing to that intollerable paine which afterwards I felt. For Don Felix heard no sooner of her death, but the same night he was missing in his house, that none of his seruants nor any bodie else could tell any newes of him.

Whereupon you may perceiue (faire Nymphes) what cruell tormentes I did then feele : then did I wish a thousand times for death to preuent all these woes and mysteries, which afterwards befell vnto me : for Fortune (it seemed) was but wearie of those which she had but till then giuen me. But as all the care and diligence which I employed in seeking out my Don Felix was but in vaine, so I resolved with my selfe to take this habite vpon me as you see, wherein it is more then two yeeres since I haue wandered vp and downe, seeking him in manie countreyes : but my Fortune hath denied me to finde him out, although I am not a little now bounde vnto her by conducting me hither at this time, wherein I did you this small piece of seruice. Which (faire Nymphes) belecue me, I account (next after his life in whom I haue put all my hope) the greatest content that might haue fallen vnto me.

The Shepherdesse hauing made an ende of her sharpe answer, and Felismena beginning to arbitrate the matter between them ; they heard a great noise in the other side of the meadow, like to the sounde of blowes, and smiting of swordes vpon harneies, as if some armed men had fought together, so that all of them with great haste ranne to the place, where they heard the noise, to see what the matter was. And being come somewhat neere, they saw in a little Iland (which the riuer with a round turning had made), three knights fighting against one. And although he defended himselfe valiantly, by shewing his approued strength and courage, yet the three knights gaue him so much to do, that he was faine to helpe himselfe by all the force and pollicie he could. They fought on foote, for their horses were tied to little trees, that grew thereabouts. And now by this time, the knight that fought all alone and defended himselfe, had laide one of them at his feete



with a blowe of his good sword, which ended his life. But the other two that were very strong and valiant, redoubled their force and blowes so thicke on him, that he looked for no other thing then death. The Shepherdesse Felismena seeing the knight in so great danger, and if she did not speedily helpe him, that he could not escape with life, was not afraide to put hers in ieopardy, by doing that, which in such a case she thought, she was bound to performe: wherefore putting a sharpe headed arrowe into her bowe, shee saide vnto them: Keepe out knights, for it is not beseeming men that make account of this name and honour, to take aduantage of their enimies with so great oddes. And ayming at the sight of one of their helmets, she burst it with such force, that the arrow running into his eies, came out of the other side of his head, so that he fell downe dead to the ground. When the distressed knight sawe two of his enimies dead, he ran vpon the third with such force, as if he had but then begun the combat; but Felismena helped him out of that trouble, by putting another arrow into her bow, the which transpiercing his armour, she left vnder his left pap, and so iustly smote his heart, that this knight also followed his two companions. When the Shepherds and the knight beheld what Felismena had done, and how at two shootes she had killed two such valiant knights, they were all in great wonder. The knight therefore taking off his helmet, and comming unto her saide, How am I able (faire Shepherdesse) to requite so great a benefite, and good turne, as I have received at thy hands this day, but by acknowledging this debt for euer in my gratefull minde. When Felismena beheld the knights face, and knew him, her senses were so troubled, that being in such a traunce she could scarce speake, but comming to herselfe againe, she answered him. Ah my Don Felix, this is not the first debt, wherein thou art bound vnto

me. And I cannot beleue, that thou wilt acknowledge this (as thou saiest) no more then thou hast done greater then this before. Beholde to what a time and ende my fortune and thy forgetnesse hath brought me, that she that was woont to be serued of thee in the citie with Tilt and Tourneyes, and honoured with many other things, whereby thou didst decieue me (or I suffered my selfe to be deceued) doth nowe wander vppe and downe, exiled from her natie countrey and libertie, for vsing thus thine owne. If this brings thee not into the knowledge of that which thou owest me, remember how one whole yeere I serued thee as thy page in the Princesse Cesarinas Court: and how I was a solicitor against my selfe, without discouering my selfe, or my thoughts vnto thee, but onley to procure thy remedie, and to helpe the greefe, which thine made thee feele. How many times did I get thee fauours from thy mistresse Celia to the great cost of my teares and greefes.: all which account but small Don Felix in respect of those dangers (had they beene vnsufficient) wherein I would haue spent my life for redresse of thy paines, which thy iniurious loue affoorded thee. And vnlesse thou art weary of the great loue that I haue borne thee, consider and weigh with thy selfe the strange effects, which the force of loue hath caused me to passe. I went out of my natie countrey, and came to serue thee, to lament the ill that thou did'st suffer, to take vpon me the iniuries and disgraces that I receiued therein; and to giue thee any content, I cared not to lead the most bitter and painefull life that euer woman liued. In the habite of a tender and daintie Ladie I loued thee more then thou canst imagine, and in the habite of a base page I serued thee (a thing more contrarie to my rest and reputation then I meane now to reherse), and yet now in the habite of a poore and simple Shepherdesse I came to do thee

this small seruice. What remains then more for me to doe, but to sacrifice my life to thy louelesse soule, if with the same yet, I could giue thee more content : and if in lieu therof thou wouldest but remember, how much I haue loued, & do yet loue thee : here hast thou thy sword in thy hand ; let none therefore but thy selfe reuenge the offence that I haue done thee. When the Knight heard Felismenas words, and knew them all to be as true as he was disloyall, his hart by this strange & sudden accident recouered some force againe to see what great iniurie he had done her, so that the thought thereof, and the plenteous effusion of blood that issued out of his woundes, made him like a dead man fall downe in a swoone at faire Felismenas feete. Who with great care, and no lesse feare, laying his head in her lap, with showers of teares that rained from her eies, vpon the Knights pale visage, began thus to lament. What meanes this cruell Fortune ? Is the periode of my life come iust with the last ende of my Don Felix his daies ? Ah my Don Felix (the cause of all my paine) if the plenteous teares, which for thy sake I haue shed, are not sufficient : and these which I now distill vpon thy louely cheekes, too fewe to make thee come to thy selfe againe, what remedie shall this miserable soule haue to preuent, that this bitter ioy by seeing thee, turne not into occasion of vtter despaire. Ah my Don Felix, Awake my loue, if thou dost but sleepe, or beest in a traunce, although I would not woonder if thou dost not, since neuer any thing that I could do, preuailed with thee to frame my least content. And in these and other lamentations was faire Felismena plunged, whom the Portugall Shepherdesses with their teares and poore supplies, endeouored to incourage, when on the sudden they saw a faire Nymph comming ouer the stony causey that lead the way into the Ilande, with a golden bottel in one hand, & a

siluer one in the other, whom Felismena knowing by and by, saide vnto her, Ah Doria, could any come at this time to succour me, but thou faire Nymph? Come hither then, & thou shalt see the cause of al my troubles, the substance of my sighs, & the obiect of my thoughts, lying in the greatest danger of death that may be. In like occurrents (saide Doria) vertue and a good hart must take place. Recall it then (faire Felismena) and reuiue thy daunted spirits, trouble not thy selfe any more, for nowe is the ende of thy sorrowes and the beginning of thy contentment come. And speaking these wordes, she besprinkled his face with a certaine odoriferous water which she brought in the siluer bottle, whereby he came to his memorie againe, and then saide vnto him, If thou wilt recouer thy life, Sir Knight, and giue it her that hath passed such an ill one for thy sake, drinke of the water in this bottle: The which Don Felix taking in his hande, drunke a good draught, and resting vpon it a little, founde himselfe so whole of his wounds, which the three knights had giuen him, and of that, which the loue of Celia had made in his brest, that now he felt the paine no more, which either of them had caused in him, then if he had neuer had them. And in this sort he began to rekindle the old loue, that he bare to Felismena, the which (he thought) was neuer more zealous then now. Whereupon sitting downe vpon the greene grasse, hee tooke his Lady and Shepherdesse by the hands, and kissing them manie time saide thus vnto her. How small account would I make of my life (my deerest Felismena) for cancelling that great bond, wherein (with more then life) I am for euer bound vnto thee: for since I enioy it by thy meanes, I thinke it no more then right, to restore thee that which is thine owne. With what eies can I behold thy peerelesse beautie, which (though vnadvisedly) I knew not to be such, yet how dare I (for that which I

owe thee) cast them in any other part? What wordes are sufficient to excuse the faults, that I haue committed against thy faith, and firmest loue, and loyaltie? Wretched and accursed for euer shall I be, if thy condition and clemencie be not enclined to my fauour and pardon: for no satisfaction can suffice for so great an offence, nor reason to excuse me for that, which thou hast to forget me. Truth it is, that I loued Celia well, and forgot thee, but not in such sort that thy wisdom and beautie did euer slide out of my minde. And the best is, that I knowe not wherein to put this fault, that may be so iustly attributed to me; for if I will impute it to the yoongage that I was then in, since I had it to loue thee, I shoulde not haue wanted it to haue bene firme in the faith that I owed thee. If to Celias beautie, it is cleere, that thine did farre excell hers and all the worlds besides. If to the change of time, this shoulde haue bene the touchstone which should haue shewed the force and vertue of my firmeres. If to iniurious and trayterous absence, it serues as little for my excuse, since the desire of seeing thee should not haue been absent from supporting thy image in my memorie. Behold then Felismena, what assured trust I put in thy goodness, that (without any other meanes) I dare put before thee, the small reason thou hast to pardone me. But what shall I doe to purchase pardon at thy gracious hands, or after thou hast pardoned me, to beleuee, that thou art satisfied: for one thing grieues me more then any thing else in the world, and this it is. That, though the loue which thou hast borne me, and wherewith thou dost yet blesse me, is an occasion (perhaps) to make thee forgiue me, and forget so many faults: yet I shal neuer lift vp mine eyes to behold thee, but that euerie iniurie, which I have done thee, will be worse than a mortal incision in my guiltie hart. The Shepherdesse Felismena, who saw

Don Felix so penitent for his passed misdeedes, and so affectionately returned to his first thoughts, with many teares told him, that she did pardon him, bicause the loue, that she had euer borne him, would suffer her to do no lesse: which if she had not thought to do, she would neuer haue taken so great paines and so many wearie iourneyes to seeke him out, and many other things, wherewith Don Felix was confirmed in his former loue. Whereupon the faire Nymph Doria came then to the Knight, and after many louing words and courteous offers in the Ladie Felicias behalfe passed betweene them, she requested him and faire Felismena to goe with her to Dianas Temple, where the sage Ladie (with great desire to see them) was attending their comming. Don Felix agreed thereunto, and taking their leaue of the Portugall Shepherdesses (who wondered not a little to see what had happened) and of the woefull Shepherd Danteus, mounting vpon the horses of the dead Knights that were slaine in the late combate, they went on their waie. And as they were going, Felismena told Don Felix with great ioy, what she had past since she had last seene him, which made him to marvell verie much, and especially at the death of the three Sauages, and at the Palace of the sage Ladie Felicia, and successe of the Shepherds and Shepherdesses, and at euerie thing else contained in this booke. And Don Felix wondred not a little to vnderstand how his Ladie Felismena had serued him so many daies as his page, and that he was so far gon out of his wits and memorie, that he knew her not all that while. And his ioy on the other side, to see that his Ladie loued him so well, was so great, that by no meanes he could hide it. Thus therefore riding on their way, they came to Dianas Temple, where the sage Felicia was looking for their comming: and likewise the Shepherd Arsileus, and Belisa, Sylvanus, and Seluagia, who were now come thither not

many daies before. They were welcōmed on euerie side, and with great ioy intertained ; but faire Felismena especially, who for hir rare vertues and singular beautie was greatly honored of them all. There they were all married with great ioy, feasts, and triumphes, which were made by all the goodly Nymphes, and by the sage and noble Ladie Felicia ; the which Syrenus with his comming augmented not a little.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.



To what Mr Collier printed in his edition we have now added the curious old ballads of the "Northern Lord," of which an edition exists coeval, or nearly so, with Shakespeare's time, and which contains the story of the bond, and of "Gerutus, the Jew of Venice"

Another play, called "The Jew," is cited by Gosson in his "School of Abuse," 1579, as then, or at an earlier date, in favour, and as one of the pieces performed at the Bull Theatre.

The story of the three caskets is given in Moilini's "Nouvelle," Nov. 5, as pointed out by Douce ("Illustr." ii. 276), and that critic seems to trace the origin of all these stories, as regards their general structure, to the classical legend of Prometheus.

## MR COLLIER'S INTRODUCTION.



THE story of "The Merchant of Venice," as regards the penalty of flesh for the non-payment of money at a stipulated time, is unquestionably of oriental origin. It was, however, written in Italian, by Giovanni Fiorentino, as early as 1378, although not printed until nearly two centuries afterwards. Whether it had previously found a place in the "*Gesta Romanorum*" may be a question of difficult solution, but we certainly trace it there at a very early date. It has been printed by Mr Wright, in his "*Latin Stories of the Thirteenth and Fourteenth Centuries*," which he compiled for the Percy Society, and which includes many other interesting and highly curious early narratives illustrative of our ancient literature. It is there entitled (p. 114), "*De Milite conventionem faciente cum Mercatore*;" but the merchant is not represented as a Jew, and the contract is, "*conventio talis erit, quod mihi cartam unam de sanguine tuo facias, quod si diem inter nos non tenueris assignatam, libere habeam sine conditione omnes carnes tui corporis evelere cum gladio acuto.*" In the novel in "*Il Pecorone*" of Giovanni Fiorentino, the lender of the money (under very similar circumstances, and the wants of the Christian borrower arising out of nearly the same events), is a Jew, and there also we have the

"equal pound

Of your fair flesh, to be cut off and taken  
In what part of your body pleaseth me."

The words in the Italian are, "che 'l Giudeo gli potesse levare una libra di carne d'addosso di qualunque luogo e' volesse," which are so nearly like those of Shakespeare as to lead us to believe that he followed here some literal translation of the novel in "Il Pecorone." None such has, however, reached our time, and the version we have printed at the foot of the Italian was made and published in 1755.

The translation, which we may suppose to have existed in the time of Shakespeare, was not the occasion of the "Declamation," as it is called, in the work entitled "The Orator," printed in 1598, because that was "englished" from the French of Silvayn, by Anthony Munday, under the assumed name of Lazarus Piot. We know that Shakespeare's "Merchant of Venice" was written before 1596, because in that year it is mentioned by Francis Meres in his "Palladis Tamia," 1598; and the "Declamation," with "The Christian's Answer," as given by Munday, does not seem to refer to the same incidents as those in the play, because we are told that "the ordinary judge of the place appointed him (the Jew) to cut a just pound of the Christian's flesh; and if he cut either more or less, then his own head should be smitten off." Nothing is here hinted at of the intervention of Portia, nor is anything said of the consequences of shedding "one drop of Christian blood."

It seems at least a plausible supposition that "The Merchant of Venice" had been preceded by some drama upon similar incidents; for in his "School of Abuse," 1579 (Shakespeare Society's reprint, p. 30), Stephen Gosson especially praises a play called "The Jew," which, he adds, "represented the greediness of worldly chusers, and bloody minds of usurers."

The words the "greediness of worldly chusers" lead us to notice the final portion of our present publication, for they seem to refer to that part of the plot of "The

Merchant of Venice" which relates to the choice of the caskets. The work known as the "*Gesta Romanorum*" is here again resorted to; and as certain portions of it had been translated and published as early as 1577, by Robinson, we have reprinted what relates to the selection of one out of three caskets by a young princess. The connecting link between this story and Shakespeare's play is the description of the caskets themselves, and of the inscriptions upon them, which closely resemble those given in "*The Merchant of Venice*." Tyrwhitt was of opinion that Shakespeare "followed some unknown novelist, who saved him the trouble of working the two stories into one." Such may have been the fact; but it is also not at all impossible, and Gosson seems to hint as much, that in the old play of "*The Jew*," which had been "shown at the Bull" before 1579, the incidents regarding the pound of flesh and the three caskets were united.



NOVELS, &c.,  
MORE OR LESS RESEMBLING  
*THE MERCHANT OF VENICE.*



I.—*THE ADVENTURES OF GIANNETTO.*

[*From the Pecorone of Ser Giovanni Fiorentino,  
Milano 1558.*]

EGLI hebbe in Firenze in casa gli Scali un mercatante, il quali hebbe nome Bindo; il quale era stato piu volte e alla Tana, e in Alessandria, e in tutti que' gran viaggi che si fanno con le mercatantie. Era questo Bindo assai ricco, e haveva tre figliuoli maschi grandi; et venendo à morte, chiamò il maggior e 'l mezzano, et fece in lor presenza testamento, et lasciò lor due heredi di ciò ch' egli haveva al mondo; e al minore non lasciò niente. Fatto ch' egli hebbe testamento, il figliuol minore, che

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THERE lived at Florence, in the house of the Scali, a merchant whose name was Bindo, who had been several times at Tana, and at Alexandria, and had made the other long voyages usually made by the merchants. This Bindo was rich, and had three sons grown to man's estate. He being near his end, called for the two eldest, and in their presence made his will, and left these two heirs of every thing he had in the world; to

aveva nome Giannetto, sentendo questo andò à trovarlo al letto, et gli disse, Padre mio, io mi maraviglio forte di quello che voi havete fatto, à non esservi ricordato di me su 'l testamento. Rispose il padre, Giannetto mio, e' non è creatura : à cui voglia meglio che à te et però ò io non voglio che dopo la morte mia tu stia qui, anzi voglio, com' io son morto, che tu te ne vada à Vinegia à un tuo santolo, che ha nome messere Ansaldo, il quale non ha figliuolo nessuno, e hammi scritto piú volte ch' io te gli mandi. Et sotti dire ch' egli è il piú ricco mercatante che sia hoggi tra Christiani. Et però voglio, che come io son morto tu te ne vada à lui, et gli porti questa lettera : et se tu saprai fare, tu rimarrai ricco huomo. Disse il figliuolo, Padre mio, io sono apparecchiato à fare ciò che voi mi comandate : di che il padre gli dié la benedizione, et ivi à pochi dí si morì, et tutti i figliuoli ne fecero grandissimo lamento, et fecero al corpo quello honore che si gli conveniva. Et poi ivi à pochi dí questi due fratelli chiamarono Giannetto, et sí gli dissero, Fratello nostro, egli è vero che nostro padre fece testamento, et lasciò heredi noi, et di te

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the youngest he left nothing. The will being made, this youngest, whose name was Giannetto, hearing what had been done, went to his father's bed-side, and said to him, What has my father done? not to have mentioned me in his will is somewhat extraordinary. The father replied, My dear Giannetto, there is no creature living to whom I wish better than to you ; and therefore 'tis my desire that you leave this city after my death, and that you go to Venice to your godfather, whose name is Ansaldo ; he has no child, and has wrote to me often to send you there to him ; and I can tell you, he is the richest merchant amongst the Christians ; and therefore it is my request, that as soon as I am dead, you go and carry this letter to him, and if you behave well, you will be certainly a rich man. The son answered, I am ready to do whatever my dear father shall command : upon which he gave him his benediction, and in a few days died.

The sons all made great lamentation at his death, and paid

non fe veruna menzione : nondimeno tu se pure nosto fratello, et per tanto à quell' hora manchi à te, che à noi, quello che c' è. Rispose Gianetto, Fratelli miei, io vi ringratio della vostra proferta ; ma quanto à me, l'animo mio é d'andare à procacciare mia ventura in qualche parte ; et così son fermo di fare, et voi v' habbiate l' heredità segnata et benedetta. Onde i fratelli veggendo la volontà sua, diedergli un cavallo et danari per le spese. Gianetto prese commiato da loro, et andossene à Vinegia, et giunse al fondaco di messere Ansaldo, et diegli la lettera che 'l padre gli haveva dato innanzi che morisse. Perche messere Ansaldo leggendo questa lettera, conobbe che costui era il figliuolo del suo carissimo Bindo ; e come l' hebbe letta, di subito l' abbraccio, dicendo, ben venga il figliuoccio mio, il quale io ho tanto desiderato : et subito lo domandò di Bindo ; dove Giannetto gli rispose ch' egli era morto : percho'egli con molte lagrime l'abbracciò et basciò, et disse, ben mi duole la morte di Bindo, perch'egli m' aiutò guadagnare gran parte di quel ch' io ho ; ma tanta è l' allegrezza ch'io ho hora di te, che mitiga quel dolore. Et

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all necessary honours to his corpse. Some days after, the two brothers sent for Giannetto, and told him, Brother, it is true that our father made a will, and we two are left his heirs, without any mention of you ; nevertheless, you are our brother, and shall have the command of every thing as much as we ourselves ; you shall not want till we are in want. Giannetto replied to this, My dear brothers, I thank you most heartily for your offer, but I am resolved to seek my fortune in some other place, and do you enjoy here the riches left to you. His brothers, finding him determined, made him a present of a horse, and money to bear his expenses. Giannetto took leave of them, and went to Venice, to the counting-house of Ansaldo, and presented the letter given by the father before his death. Ansaldo reading the letter, knew this young man to be the son of his dearest friend Bindo ; and having finished the letter, ran immediately to embrace him, crying out, My dearest godson, whom I have so long wished to see, is welcome to my arms.

fecelo menare à casa, et comandò à fattori suoi, e à compagni, e à scudieri, e à fanti, e quanti n'erano in casa, che Giannetto fosse ubidito et servito piu che la sua persona. Et prima allui consegnò le chiavi di tutti i suoi contanti, et disse, Figliuolo mio, ciò che c'è spendi, et vesti, et calza hoggi mai come ti piace, et metti tavola à cittadini, et fatti conoscere: però ch'io lascio à te questo pensiero, et tanto meglio ti vorrò, quanto più ben ti farai volere. Perche Giannetto cominciò à usare co' gentilhuomini di Vinegia, à fare corti, desinari, à donare, et vestir famigli e à comperare di buoni corsieri, e à giostrare e bagordare, come quel ch'era esperto, et pratico, et magnonimo, et cortese in ogni cosa; et ben sapeva fare honore et cortesia dove si conveniva: et sempre rendeva honore à messere Ansaldo piu che se fosse stato cento volte suo padre. Et seppesi sí saviamente mantenere con ogni maniera di gente, che quasi il commune di Vinegia gli voleva bene, veggendolo tanto savio, et con tanta piacevolezza, et cortese oltre à misura: di che le donne et gli huomini ne pare vano innamorati; et messere Ansaldo non vedeva piu oltre che lui,

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Then asking news of his father, Giannetto replied, He is dead. Embracing him again with tears, and kissing him, I am much grieved, replied Ansaldo to hear of the death of Bindo; by his assistance it was that I got the greatest part of what I am worth; but the joy I feel in seeing you mitigates my sorrow for the loss of him. He conducted him to his house, and gave orders to his clerks, his grooms, his servants, and every one in the house, that Giannetto should be obeyed, and served with more attention than had been paid to himself. He then delivered him the keys of his ready money; and told him, Son, spend this money in dressing and equipping yourself in the manner you like best; keep a table to entertain company, and make yourself known; I shall leave it to you to do as you think best; and remember, that the more you gain the goodwill of everybody, the more you will be dear to me.

Giannetto now began to visit and frequent the gentlemen of Venice, to give entertainments, had a number of servants, and



tanto gli piacevano i modi et le maniere sue. Ne si faceva quasi niuna festa in Venegia, che l' detto Giannetto non vi fosse invitato, tanto gli era voluto bene da ogni persona. Ora avvenne che due suoi cari compagni volsero andare in Alessandria con loro mercatantie, con due navi, com' erano usati di fare ogni anno, onde eglino il dissero à Giannetto, dicendo, Tu devresti diletartarti del mare con noi, per vedere del mondo, et massimamente quel Damasco,<sup>1</sup> et quel paese di là. Rispose Giannetto, In buona fe chio verrei molto volentieri, se 'l padre mio messere Ansaldo mi desse la parola. Disser cestoro, Noi faremo sì ch'è te la darà, et sarà contento. Et subito se n'andarono à messer Ansaldo, et dissero, Noi vi vogliamo pregare, che vi piaccia di dare parola à Giannetto che ne venga in questa primavera con noi in Alessandria, et che gli forniate qualche legno ò nave, acciò ch'egli vegga un poco del mondo. Disse messere Ansaldo, Io son contento, se piace à lui. Risposero costoro, Messere,<sup>2</sup> egli è contento. Perche messere Ansaldo subito gli fe fornire una bellissima nave, et fella caricare di molta

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bought good horses to assist at all tiltings and tournaments, and such like exercises, at which he excelled; being adroit, expert, well-bred, and knowing how to do the honours on all the occasions that offered; particularly to Ansaldo, he was more obedient and courteous than if he had been an hundred times his father. He conducted himself so discreetly with all sorts of people, that almost everybody in Venice was fond of him, and loved him greatly. Ansaldo could think of nothing but him; so much was he pleased with his good manners and behaviour. There was scarce any party of pleasure in Venice to which Giannetto was not invited, so much was he esteemed by all.

Now it happened, that two of his most intimate acquaintance had designed to go with two ships, laden with merchandize, to Alexandria, as was usual every year; they told Giannetto he would do well to take pleasure in a voyage at sea with them, to

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<sup>1</sup> *Damasco* in text.

<sup>2</sup> *Missere* in text.

mercatantia, et guernire di bandiere et d' armi quanto fe mestiero. Et dipoi ch'ella fu acconcia, messere Ansaldo commandò al padrone et à gli altri, ch'erano al servizio della nave, che facessero ciò che Giannetto commandasse loro, et che fosse loro raccomandato; però ch'io non lo mando, diceva egli, per guadagno ch'io voglia ch'e' faccia, ma perch' egli vada à suo diletto veggendo il mondo. Et quando Giannetto fu per montare tutta Vinegia trasse à vedere, perche di gran tempo non era uscita di Vinegia una nave tanto bella, et tanto ben fornita, quanto quella. Et à ogni persona cresceva della sua partita: et così prese commiato da messere Ansaldo et tutti i suoi compagni, e entrarono in mare, e alzarono le vele, et presero il camino d' Alessandria nel nome di Dio, et di buona ventura. Ora essendo questi tre compagni in tre navi, et navigando più e più di, avvenne che una mattina innanzi giorno il detto Giannetto vide un golfo di mare con un bellissimo porto, et domandò il padrone come si chiamava quel porto; il quale gli rispose, Messere, quel luogo è d'una gentildonna vedova, la quale ha fatto pericolare molti signori. Disse Gian-

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see the world, and more especially Damascus, and the countries near it. Giannetto said, In good faith I would go willingly if my father Ansaldo will give leave. We will manage so well with him, his companions answered, as to make him content. They go to Ansaldo, and beg his permission for Giannetto to go in the spring with them to Alexandria; and desire him to provide him a ship, that he might see a little of the world. Ansaldo said he would give leave if the other desired it. They answered, it was his desire. Ansaldo immediately provided a very fine ship, and loaded it with merchandize, and adorned it with streamers, and furnished it with arms as many as were necessary; and as soon as it was ready, he gave orders to the captain and sailors to do every thing Giannetto commanded. He told them, he did not send him in hopes of great gain, but to see the world at his pleasure. And when Giannetto was going on board, all Venice was gathered to see him; for there had not, for a long time, so fine a ship been seen to sail from thence.

netto, Come? Rispose costui, Messere, questa è una bella donna et vaga, et tiene questa legge; che chiunque v' arriva, convien che dorma con lei; et s' egli ha à far seco convien ch'è la tolga per moglie, et è signora del porto et di tutto'l paese. Et s'egli non ha à fare con lei, perde tutto ciò ch' egli ha. Pensò Giannetto fra se un poco, et poi disse; Trova ogni modo che tu vuoi, et pommi à quel porto. Disse il padrone, Messere, guardate cio che voi dite, però che molti signori vi sono iti, che ne sono rimasi diserti. Disse Giannetto, Non t' impacciare in altro; fa quel ch'io ti dico; et così fu fatto, che subito volsero la nave, et calaronsi in quel porto, che i compagni dell' altre navi non se ne furono accorti niente. Perche la mattina si sparse la novella, come questa bella nave era giunta in porto; tal che tutta la gente trasse à vedere; et fu subito detto alla donna, si ch'ella mandò per Giannetto, il quale incontanente fu à lei, et con molta riverenza la salutò; et ella lo prese per mano, et domandollo chi egli era, et donde, et se e' sapeva l' usanza del paese. Rispose Giannetto; che sì, et che non v' era ito per nessuna

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Everybody was concerned at his departure. He took his leave of Ansaldo and his acquaintances, and went to sea, they hoisted the sails, and stood for . . . three friends with their ships sailing in company for some days, it happened one morning early, that Giannetto saw a gulph, with a fine port, and asked the captain how the port was called? He replied, That place belongs to a widow lady, who has ruined many gentlemen. In what manner? says Giannetto. He answers, This lady is a fine and beautiful woman, and has made a law, that whosoever arrives here is obliged to go to bed with her, and if he can have the enjoyment of her, he must take her for his wife, and be lord of the port, and all the country; but if he cannot enjoy her, he loses every thing he has brought with him. Giannetto, after a little reflection, tells the captain to do every thing in his power to get into the port. The captain bids him consider what he had commanded; that many persons had gone in who had been stripped of every thing. Giannetto tells him

altra cosa. Et ella disse, Et voi siate il ben venuto per cento volte ; et così gli fece tutto quel giorno grandissimo honore, et fece invitare baroni, et conti, et cavalieri assai, ch' ella haveva sotto se, perch' e' tenessero compagnia à costui. Piacque molto à tutti i baroni la maniera di Giannetto, e'l suo essere costumato, et piacevole, et parlante ; sì che quasi ogniuno se ne innamorò, et tutto quel giorno si danzò, et si cantò, et fecesi festa nella corte per amore di Giannetto ; e ogniuno sarebbe stato contento d'haverlo havuto per signore. Ora venendo la sera la donna lo prese per mano, et menollo in camera, et disse, E' mi pare hora d' andarsi à letto. Rispose Giannetto, Madonna, io sono à voi ; et subito vennero due damigelle, l'una con vino, et l' altra con confetti. Disse la donna, Io so, che voi avete colto sete, però bevete. Giannetto prese de confetti, et bevve di questo vino, il quale era lavorato da far dormire, et egli nol sapeva, et hebbene una mezza tazza, perche gli parve buono ; et subitamente si spogliò, e andossi à riposare. Et come egli giunse nel letto, così fu addormentato. La donna si coricò à lato à costui,

not to trouble himself on that score ; do what I order. He was obeyed ; and in an instant they turned the ship, and slide into the port so easily that the other ships perceived nothing.

In the morning the news was spread of a fine ship being arrived in the port, so that everybody ran to see it. The lady was informed soon of it, and sent for Giannetto, who waited on her immediately, and salutes her with a low bow. She, taking him by the hand, asks him who he is ? from whence he came ? and if he knew the custom of the country ? He answers in the affirmative ; and that the knowledge of that custom was his only reason for coming. The lady replies, You are a hundred times welcome ; and that day paid him great honours, and sent for her barons, counts, and knights in great number, who were her subjects, to keep Giannetto company. These nobles were highly delighted with the good breeding and manners of Giannetto ; every one was in raptures with him, and the whole day was spent in musick and dancing, and feasting at the court, in honour

che mai non si risentì infino alla mattina, ch'era passata terza. Perche la donna quando fu giorno si levò, e fe cominciare à scaricare la nave, la quale trovò piena di molta ricca et buona mercatantia. Ora essendo passata la terza, le cameriere della donna andarono al letto à Giannetto, et fecerlo levare, et dissergli, che s'andasse con Dio ; però ch'egli haveva perduto la nave, cio et v' che era ; di ch' e' si vergognò, e parvegli avere mal fatto. La donna gli fece dare un cavallo, et danari per le spese, et egli se n' andò tristo et doloroso, e vennessene verso Vinegia ; dove come fu giunto, non volle andare à casa per vergogna, ma di notte se n' andò à casa d' un suo compagno, il qual si maravigliò molto, et gli disse, Oime Giannetto, ch'è questo ? Et egli rispose, La nave mia percosse una notte in uno scoglio, et ruppeasi, et fracassossi ogni cosa, et chi andò qua, et chi là ; io m' attenni à un pezzo di legno, che mi gittò à proda, et così me ne sono venuto per terra, et son qui. Giannetto stette più giorni in casa di questo suo compagno, il quale andò un dì à visitare messere Ansaldo, et trovollo molto maninconso. Disse messere Ansaldo, Io ho sì grande la paura, che questo

of him ; and all would have been rejoiced to have him for their lord.

The night being come, the lady taking him by the hand, and leading him to her chamber, said, It seems to be time to go to bed. Giannetto tells the lady he is entirely devoted to her service ; and immediately two damsels enter with wine and sweet meats. The lady says, she is sure he must be thirsty ; and enticats him to taste the wine : he takes the sweet meats and drinks some of the wine, which was prepared with ingredients to cause sleep ; this he was ignorant of, and drank half the cup, as he found it to his taste. He then undresses himself, and goes into the bed, where he instantly falls asleep ; the lady lays in the bed by his side : he never wakes till late in the morning ; but the lady rose with the sun, and gave orders to unload the vessel, which she found full of rich and costly merchandize. After nine o'clock, the women servants of the lady go to the bedside, order Giannetto to rise and be gone, for he

mio figliuolo non sia morto, ò che 'l mare non gli faccia male, ch'io non trovo luogo, et non ho bene ; tanto è l'amore ch'io gli porto. Disse questo giovane, Io ve ne so dire novelle, ch'egli ha rotto in mare, et perduto ogni cosa, salvo ch' egli è campato. Disse messere Ansaldo, Lodato sia Dio ; pur ch' egli sia campato, io son contento ; dell' avere ch'è perduto non mi curo. Ov' è ? Questo giovane rispose, Egli è in casa mia ; et di subito messere Ansaldo si mosse, et volle andare à vederlo ; et com' egli lo vide subito corse ad abbracciarlo, et disse, Figliuol mio, non ti bisogna vergognar di me, ch'egli è usanza che delle navi rompano in mare ; et però, figliuol mio non ti sgomentare ; poiche non t' hai fatto male, io son contento ; et menosselo à casa, sempre confortandolo. La novella si sparse per tutta Vinegia, e à ogniuno incresceva del danno che havea havuto Giannetto. Ora avvenne ch' indi à poco tempo quei suoi compagni tornarono d'Alessandria, et tutti ricchi, et com' eglino giunsero, domandarono di Giannetto, et fu loro detta ogni cosa : perche subito corsero ad abbracciarlo dicendo, Come ti partisti tu, ò dove andasti, che noi

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had lost the ship and every thing belonging to it. He was much ashamed ; and then perceived that he had been guilty of great folly. The lady gave him a horse, and money for his pocket, and he leaves the place very sorrowful and melancholy, and goes forwards on the way towards Venice. When he arrives, he dares not return home for shame ; but at night goes to the house of a friend, who is surprised to see him, and inquires of him the cause of his return ? He answers, his ship had struck on a rock in the night, and was broke in pieces, and every thing destroyed ; he held fast a great piece of wood, which threw him on shore, and so he came there by land.

He staid many days in the house of this friend, who going one day to make a visit to Ansaldo, and finding him very disconsolate : I fear, says Ansaldo, so much, that this son of mine is either dead, or that the sea does not agree with him, that I have no rest day or night ; so great is my love to him. The friend told him, he could tell him news of him ; that he had been ship-

non potemmo mai sapere nulla di te, et tornammo indietro tutto quel gioino, ne' mai ti potemmo vedere, ne sapere dove tu fossi ito; e n' habbiamo havuto tanto dolore, che per tutto questo camino non ci siamo potuti rallegrare, credendo che tu fossi morto? Rispose Giannetto, E' si levo un vento in contrario in un gomito di mare, che menò la nave mia à piombo à ferire in uno scoglio ch'era presso à terra, che appena campai; e ogni cosa andò sottosopra. Et questa è la scusa che Giannetto diè, per non iscoprire il difetto suo. Et si fecero insieme la festa grande, ringraziando Iddio pur ch'egli era campato; dicendo, A quest' altra primavera, con la gratia di Dio, guadagneremo cio che tu hai perduto à questa volta; et però attendiamo a darci buon tempo senza maninconia. E così attesero a darsi piacere et buon tempo, com'erano usati prima. Ma pure Giannetto non faceva se non pensare, com' egli potesse tornare à quella donna, imaginando et dicendo, Per certo e' conviene ch'io l' habbia per moglie, ò io vi morirò; et quasi non si poteva rallegrare. Per che messere Ansaldo gli disse più volte, Non ti dare maninconia, che non hab-

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wreckt, and had lost his all; but that he himself was safe. God be praised, says Ansaldo; if he be alive, I am satisfy'd: I do not value the loss of the ship: where is he? The young man reply'd, He is at my house. Ansaldo instantly gets up, and runs to find him, and when he saw him, embracing him, My dear son, says he, you need not fear my displeasure for what has happened; it is a common accident; trouble yourself no farther; as you have received no hurt, all is well. He takes him home, all the way telling him to be cheerful and easy.

The news of this accident was soon known all over Venice, and every one was concerned for the loss Giannetto had sustained. Some time after this, his companions arrived from Alexandria very rich, and demanded what was become of their friend, and having heard the story, they ran to see and embrace him, asking him in what manner he parted from them? where he went? that they could hear nothing of him; that they sailed backwards and forwards all that day, and could not see

biamo tanta roba, che noi ci possiamo stare molto bene. Rispose Giannetto, Signor mio, io non sarò mai contento, se io non rifo un' altra volta questa andata. Onde veggendo pure messere Ansaldo la volontà sua, quando fu il tempo gli fornì un' altra nave di più mercatantia che la prima, et di più valuta, tal che in quella mise la maggior parte di ciò ch' egli haveva al mondo. I compagni, quando ebbero fornite le navi loro di ciò che faceva mestiero, entrarono in mare con Giannetto insieme, et fecer vela, et presero lor viaggio; et navicando più et più giorni, Giannetto stava sempre attento di rivedere il porto di quella donna, il quale si chiamava il porto della donna del Belmonte. Et giugnendo una notte alla foce di questo porto, il quale era in un gomito di mare, Giannetto l' hebbe subito conosciuto, et fe volgere le vele e' l' timone, et calovvisi dentro, tal che i compagni, ch' erano nell' altre navi anchora non se n' accorsero. La donna levandosi la mattina, et guardando giù nel porto, vide sventolare le bandiere di questa nave, et subito l' ebbe conosciute; et chiamò una sua cameriera, et disse, Conoscitu quelle bandiere? Disse la

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nor hear any tidings of his ship. They told him their uneasiness had been so great during the voyage, that the pleasure was spoiled by the fear of hearing news of his death. Giannetto tells them, a contrary wind blowing from an arm of the sea, drove his ship plum against a rock near shore, and with difficulty he saved himself; but every thing was wreckt. This was the excuse Giannetto forged, not to be obliged to make known his folly. They rejoiced with him, and returned thanks to God for his safety; telling him that next spring, by God's assistance, he might gain as much as he had lost the last; and therefore, say they, let us enjoy ourselves, and not be dejected: and they amused and diverted themselves as usual. But Giannetto had no thoughts other than of his return to the lady; and was resolved to marry her, or die in the attempt: and with these thoughts could hardly be chearful. Ansaldo told him frequently, not to be cast down; says he, We have enough left to live very comfortably. Giannetto said, he should never be happy till he



cameriera, Madonna, ella pare la nave di quel giovane che chi airivò, hora fa uno anno, che chi mise cotanta dovitia con quella sua mercatantia. Disse la donna, Per certo tu di il vero ; et veramente che costui non meno che gran fatto debbe essere innamorato di me ; però ch'io non ce ne vidi mai mai nessuno, che ci tornasse piu che una volta. Disse la cameriera, Io non vidi mai il piu cortese ne il più gratioso huomo di lui. La donna mandò per lui donzelli et scudieri assai, iquali con molta festa lo visitarono ; et egli con tutti fece allegrezza e festa ; e cosi venne su nel castello et nel cospetto della donna. Et quando ello lo vide, con grandissima festa e allegrezza l'abbracciò ; et egli con molta riverenza abbracciò lei : et cosi stettero tuto quel giorno in festa e in allegrezza, peiò che la donna fece invitare baroni et donne assai, i quali vennero alla corte à far festa per amore di Giannetto ; et quasi à tutti i baroni n' incresciva, et volentieri l'haverebbono voluto per signore per la sua tanta piacevolezza et cortesia ; et quassi tutte le donne n' erano innamorate, veggendo con quanta misura e' guidava una danza ; et sempre quel suo viso stava allegro, che

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was at liberty to make another voyage. Ansaldo, perceiving his intention, when the time was come, provided another ship of more value, and with more merchandizes than the first ; and, indeed, freighted it with almost all he was worth in the world. His companions, when their ships had every thing in order, set sail, with Giannetto ; and sailing along for several days together, he was all attention to discover once more the port of the lady, which was called The port of the lady of Belmonte. Coming one night to the mouth of it, which was in a gulph of the sea, he immediately knew it to be the same, and shifting sails and rudder, he entered so secretly, that his companions in the other ships had no apprehension that his ship was missing.

The lady the next morning looking on the port from the bed-chamber, and seeing the streamers of the ship playing in the wind, knew it ; and asked her maid, if she knew the streamers ? The maid said, she imagined it was the ship of the young man who arrived the last year, and had left so fine a cargo behind

ogniuno s'avisava ch' e' fosse figliuolo di qualche gran signore. Et veggendo il tempo d' andare à dormire questa donna, prese per mano Giannetto et disse, Andianci à posare ; e andaronsi in camera, et posti à sedere, ecco venire due damigelle con vino et confetti, et quivi bevono et confettaronsi, et poi s' andarono a letto ; et com' egli fu nel letto, così fu addormentato. La donna si spogliò e coricossi à lata à costui, et brevemente e' non si risentì in tutta notte. Et quando venne la mattina, la donna si levò, et subito mandò à fare scaricare quella nave. Passato poi terza, et Giannetto si risentì, et cercò per la donna, et non la trovò ; alzò il capo, et vide ch' egli era alta mattina ; levossi et cominciò à vergognare ; et così gli fu donato un cavallo et danari per ispendere, et dettogli, Tira via ; e tegli con vergogna subito si partì tristo et maninconoso ; e infra molte giornate non ristette mai, che giunse à Vinegia ; e di notte se ne andò a casa di questo suo compagno : il quale quando lo vide, si diè maggior maraviglia del mondo, dicendo, Oimè ch' è questo ? Rispose Giannetto ; E male per me ; che maladetta sia la fortuna mia, che mai ci arrivai in questo paese. Disse questo

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him. You are in the right, answered the lady ; he must surely have a great regard for me, for never any one returned here a second time : the maid said, she had never seen a more agreeable man. The lady sent her servants in great number to attend him, who served him with much attention, and he treated them very graciously ; and went to the castle and presented himself to the lady ; who, as soon as she saw him, embraced him, which embrace he as devoutly returned, and the day was passed in joy and revels ; for the lady had sent for her nobles of both sexes, who came to do honour to Giannetto, and were so well pleased with his behaviour, that they were sorry not to have him for their master. The ladies were enamoured of his dancing ; the comeliness of his person, and the sweetness of his countenance, made all of them suppose him to be the son of some great man. Bed-time being come, the lady taking him by the hand, entreated him to go to rest : when they were seated in the chamber, the two damsels entered with wine and sweet meats ; and having eat and drank

suo compagno, Per certo tu la puoi ben maladire, però che tu hai disertato questo messere Ansaldo, il quale era il maggiore e' l più ricco mercatante che fosse tra Christiani; et peggio è la vergogna che 'l danno. Giannetto stette nascoso più di in casa questo suo compagno et non sapeva che si fare ne che si dire, e quasi si voleva tornare à Firenze senza far motto à messere Ansaldo; e poi si deliberò pure d' andare allui, e così fece. Quando messere Ansaldo lo vide, si levò rittò, et corse ad abbracciarlo et disse, Ben venga il figliuol mio. Et Giannetto lagrimando abbracciò lui. Disse messere Ansaldo, quando hebbe inteso tutto, Sai com'è, Giannetto? non ti dare punto di maninconia; poi ch'io t'ho rihavuto, io son contento. Anchora c'è rimaso tanto che noi ci potremo stare pianamente. Egli è usanza del mare ad altri dare, ad altri togliere. La novella andò per tutta Vinegia di questo fatto, e ogniuno diceva di messere Ansaldo, et gravemente gl' increbbeva del danno ch'egli haveva havuto e convenne che messere Ansaldo vendesse di molte possessioni per pagare i creditori che gli havevano dato la roba. Avvenna che quei

of them, they go to bed, and immediately Giannetto falls asleep, the lady undressed lying by his side; but, in short, he waked not the whole night. In the morning, the lady rises, and gives orders to strip the ship. After nine o'clock, he awakes, seeks for the lady, finds nothing; raises his head from the pillow, and finding it is late, gets up, and is ashamed of what has happened.

He has a horse and money given to him, and is told to be gone, and away he goes sorrowful and sad, and never stops till he gets to Venice; and at night goes to the house of the same friend, who when he saw him, with great wonder and astonishment asked him what was the matter? I am undone, says Giannetto, my cursed ill fortune first brought me to Venice. His friend answered, You may well curse your fortune, for you are the cause of the ruin of Ansaldo, who was the greatest and richest merchant of any of the Christians; and your shame ought to be greater than the loss you have suffered. Giannetto lived privately many days in the house of his friend, not knowing what

compagni di Giannetto tornarono d' Alessandria molto ricchi, et giunti in Vinegia fu lor detto come Giannetto era tornato, et come gli haveva rotte e perduto ogni cosa, di che essi si maravigliarone dicendo, Questo è il maggior fatto che si vedesse mai; e andarono à messere Ansaldo e à Giannetto, e facendogli gran festa, dissero, Messere, non vi sgomentate, che noi intendiamo d' andare questo altro anno à guadagnare per voi; però che noi siamo stati cagione quasi di questa vostra perdita, da che noi fummo quegli, che inducemmo Giannetto à venire con noi da prima. Et però non temete, et mentre che noi habbiamo della roba, fatene come della vostra. Messere Ansaldo gli ringraziò, et disse che benet haveva anchora tanto, che ci potevano stare. Ora avvenne che stando sera et mattina Giannetto sopra questi pensieri, e' non si poteva rallegrare: et messere Ansaldo lo domandò quello ch' egli haveva; et egli rispose, Io non sarò mai contento, s' io non racquisto quello ch' io ho perduto. Disse messere Ansaldo, Figliuol mio, io non voglio che tu vi vada più; però ch' egli è il meglio, che noi ci stiamo pianamente con questo poco che noi habbiamo, che tu lo

to do or say, in the design of returning to Florence without seeing Ansaldo. At last he took a resolution of seeing him, and accordingly waited on him. When Ansaldo saw him, he rose from his chair, and coming to embrace him, told him he was welcome: Giannetto with tears accepted his embraces. Ansaldo, when he had heard his tale, Do not grieve, my dear son, says he, be assured that I cannot be angry, since I find you safe; we have still enough remaining to live decently; the sea enriches some men, others it ruins.

All Venice heard the story, and was concerned for Ansaldo: this misfortune obliged him to sell some estates to satisfy his creditors, who furnished the goods. The companions of Giannetto returned again from Alexandria very rich, and when at Venice they were informed of this accident, they said it was the most extraordinary accident that could happen: they made a visit to Ansaldo and Giannetto, and with great kindness told them not to take too much to heart what was passed. We pro-

metta più à partito. Rispose Giannetto, Io son fermo di fare tutto quel ch' io posso : perch' io mi riputerei in grandissima vergogna, s' io stessi à questo modo. Per che veggendo messere Ansaldo la volontà sua, si dispose à vendere cio ch' egli haveva al mondo, et fornire à costui un' altra nave ; et cosi fe ; che vendè, tal che non gli rimase niente, e fornì una bellissima nave di mercatantia : et perchè gli mancavano dieci mila ducati, andò à un Giudeo à Mestri, e accattogli con questi patti e condizioni, che s' egli non glie l'havesse renduti dal detto di à San Giovanni di Giugno prosimo à venire, che 'l Giudeo gli potesse levare una libra di carne d'addoso di qualunque luogo e' volesse ; e cosi fu contento messere Ansaldo, e 'l Giudeo di questo fece trarre carta autentica con testimoni, et con quelle cautele e solennità, che intorno à cio bisognavano : et poi gli annoverò diecimila ducati doro, de quali danari messere Ansaldo fornì cio che mancava alla nave ; e se l' altre due furone belle, la terza fu molto più ricca e mè fornita ; et così i compagni fornirono le loro due, con animo che cio ch' eglino guadagnassero fosse di Giannetto. Et

pose to make, say they, the next year, a voyage on your account : we have been the cause of this your loss, as we advised Giannetto at first to venture to sea ; therefore fear nothing ; as long as we have any thing, it will be at your disposal as much as if it was your own. Ansaldo returned them his thanks, and said he had still enough not to be troublesome to his friends. Poor Giannetto's head was day and night full of the thoughts of his bad success, and he could not put on a face of cheerfulness : when Ansaldo enquired what was the matter, he confessed, he could never be contented till he should be in a condition to regain all that he lost. My dear child, you shall go no more, says Ansaldo ; it will be better to stay here, content with the little we have left, than to risk another voyage.

Giannetto told him, he had made a firm resolution, to do all in his power to go again ; that he could not bear the shame of living in the manner he must do. When Ansaldo found him resolved, he began to sell every thing he had, and equip another

quando fu il tempo d'andare, essendo per muovere, messere Ansaldo disse a Giannetto, Figliuol mio, tu vai, e vedi nell' obbligo ch' io rimango, d'una gratia ti prego, che se pure tu arrivassi male, che ti piaccia venire a vedermi, sì ch' io possa vedere te innanzi ch' io moia, e andronne contento. Giannetto gli rispose, Messere Ansaldo, io farò tutte quelle cose ch' io creda piacervi. Messere Ansaldo gli diè la sua beneditione, et così presero commiato, e andarono à loro viaggio. Havevano questi due compagni sempre cura alla nave di Giannetto: et Gianetto andava sempre avvisato e attento di calarsi in questo porto di Belmonte. Perch' e' fe tanto con uno de' suoi nocchieri, che una notte e' condusse la nave nel porto di questa gentildonna. La mattina rischiurato il giorno i compagni ch' erano nell' altre due navi ponendosi mente intorno, et non veggendo in nessun luogo la nave di Giannetto, et dissero fra loro, Per certo questa è la mala ventura per costui, et presero per partito di seguire il camin loro, facendosi gran maraviglia di cio. Ora essendo questa nave giunta in porto, tutto quel castello trasse a ve-

ship; and so he did, and disposed of all he was worth, and left himself destitute, to furnish this other fine ship with merchandize: but, as he wanted still ten thousand ducats, he apply'd himself to a Jew at Mestri, and borrowed them on condition, that if they were not paid on the feast of St John in the next month of June, that the Jew might take a pound of flesh from any part of his body he pleased. Ansaldo agreed, and the Jew had an obligation drawn, and witnessed, with all the form and ceremony necessary; and then counted him the ten thousand ducats of gold; with which Ansaldo bought what was still wanting for the vessel. This last ship was finer and better freighted than the other two, and his companions made ready for the voyage, with a design that whatever they gained should be for their friend. When it was time to depart, Ansaldo told Giannetto, that since he well knew of the obligation to the Jew, he entreated him in case any misfortune happened, that he would return to Venice, that he might see him before he died; and then he could leave the world with

dere, sentendo che Giannetto era tornato, et maravigliandosi di ciò molto, et dicendo, Costui dee essere figliuolo di qualche grand' humo, considerando ch' egli ci viene ogni anno con tanta mercantia e con sì bè navigli ; che volesse Iddio, ch' egli fosse nostro signore ; et così fu visitato da tutti i maggiori, et da baroni et cavalieri di quella terra, et fu detto alla donna ; come Giannetto era tornato in porto : perche ella si fece alle finestre del palazzo, et vide questa bellissima nave, et conobbe le bandiere : et di ciò si fece ella il segno della santa croce, dicendo, Per certo che questi è qualche gran fatto, et è quell' huomo che ha messo dovizia in questo paese ; e mandò per lui. Giannetto andò allei con molte abbracciate, et si salutarono, et fecersi riverenza : et quivi s' attese tutto quel giorno à fare allegrezza et festa ; et fessi per amor di Giannetto una bella giostra ; et molti baroni et cavalieri giostrarono quel giorno, et Giannetto volle giostrare anch' egli, et fece il di miracoli di sua persona ; tanto stava bene nell' armi' e à cavallo ; et tanto piacque la maniera sua à tutti i baroni, che ogniuno lo desiderava per signore. Ora avvenne che la sera essendo tempo d'andare à posarsi,

satisfaction : Giannetto promised to do every thing that he conceived might give him pleasure. Ansaldo gave him his blessing, they take their leave, and the ships set out.

The two companions observed carefully the ship of Giannetto, while he had nothing in his head but to contrive in what manner to steal into the port of Belmonte ; and he prevailed with one of the sailors in the night to sail the vessel into the port of the lady. The morning being clear, his companions looking round, and not seeing any where the vessel, said to themselves, Giannetto has certainly bad luck ; but continued their course, wondering greatly where the ship could be gone. The ship being arrived in port, all ran from the castle, hearing Giannetto was come again, and wondering much at his return. He must undoubtedly, say they, be the scion of Belmonte, as he comes every year with such riches : would to God he was our master ! He was visited by all the principal men of the country, and it was told to the lady, that Giannetto was arrived in

la donna prese per mano Giannetto, e disse, Andiamo à posarci; et essendo sull' uscio della camera, una cameriera della donna, cui incresceva di Giannetto, si gl' inchinò così all' orecchio, e disse pianamente, Fa vista di bere, et non bere sta sera. Giannetto, intese le parole, e entrò in camera, et la donna disse, Io so che voi havete colto sete, et però io voglio che voi beate prima che v'andiate à dormire; et subito vennero due donzelle, che parevano due agnioli, con vino e confetti al modo usato, et si attesero à dar bere. Disse Giannetto, Chi si terrebbe di non bere, veggendo queste due damigelle tante belle? di che la donna rise. Et Giannetto prese la tazza, e fe vista di bere, e cacciòsello giù pel seno, et la donna si credete ch' egli havesse bevuto, et disse fra 'l suo cuore, Tu condurrai un' altra nave, che questa hai tu perduta. Giannetto se n' andò nel letto, e sentissi tutto chiaro, e di buona volontà, e parevagli mille anni, che la donna ne venisse à letto; et diceva fra se medesimo, Per certo io ho giunta costei, si ch' e' ne pensa una il giotto, e un' altra il tavernaio. Et perche la donna venisse piu tosto nel letto, com-

port. Shesaw from the window the vessel, and knew the streamers; and making the sign of the cross, cries: This is certainly a bold undertaking! This is the man who has already left so great riches in this country; and immediately sent for him.

Giannetto goes to the castle, salutes, embraces her, and makes his bows, and the day is spent in joy and feasting; and to honour him, a tournament is ordered, and many barons and knights tilted that day. Giannetto did wonders, so well did he understand the lance, and was so graceful a figure on horseback; he pleased so much, that all were again desirous to have him for their lord.

The lady, when it was the usual time, taking him by the hand, begged him to take his rest. When he passed the door of the chamber, one of the damsels of the lady, laying her mouth to his ear, in a whisper said to him, Make a pretence to drink the liquor, but touch not one drop this evening. He understood what she meant, and when the lady said, I know



inciò à far vista di russare et dormire. Per che la donna disse, Sta bene, et subito si spoglio, e andò à leto à Giannetto, il quale non aspettò punto, ma comunque la donna fu entrata sotto, così si volse allei, e abbracciola, et disse, hora ho quel ch' io ho tanto desiderato, et con questo le donò la pace del santissimo matrimonio, et in tutta notte non gli uscì di braccio ; di che la donna fu piu che contenta, et si levò la mattina innanzi giorno, e fece mandare per tutti i baroni e cavalieri, e altri cittadini assai, e disse loro, Giannetto è vostro signore, e però attendete à far festa ; di che subito per la terra si levò il romore, gridando, Viva il signore, viva il signore, et da nelle campane et ne gli stromenti sonando à festa ; et mandossi per molti baroni et conti ch' erano fuor del castello, dicendo loro, Venite à vedere il signor vostro ; et quivi si cominciò una grande et bellissima festa. Et quando Giannetto uscì della camera, fu fatto cavaliere, et posto sulla sedia, et dato gli fu la baccheta in mano, et chiamato signore con molto trionfo et gloria. Et poi che tutti i baroni et le donne furono venute à corte, egli sposò questa gentil-

you must be thirsty, I must have you drink before you go to bed, immediately two damsels, handsome as angels, with wine and sweet meats, in the usual manner, entered the room, and presented the wine. Who can refuse wine from such beautiful hands ? cries Giannetto ; at which the lady smiled. Giannetto takes the cup, and making as if he had drank, pours the wine into his bosom. The lady thinking he had drank, says aside to herself with great joy, You must go, young man, and bring another ship, for this is condemned. Giannetto went to bed, and finding himself brisk and in great spirits, he thought it a thousand years till the lady came to bed, comforting himself with the hopes that he had caught her now certainly, and that she would find she was mistaken in her man ; and in order to entice her soon to bed, he began to snore as if he slept soundly. The lady perceiving this, said, This will do, and laid herself down by his side. Giannetto loses no time, but turning to the lady, embraces her, saying, Now am I in possession of my

donna con tanta festa, et con tanta allegrezza, che non si potrebbe né dire né imaginare, perche tutti i baroni et signori del paese vennero alla festa à fare allegrezza, giostrare, armeggiare, danzare, cantare, et sonare, con tutte quelle cose che s'appartengono à far festa. Messer Giannetto, come magnanimo cominciò a donare drappi di seta e altre ricche cose ch' egli haveva recate, et diventò virile, et fecesi temere à mantenere ragione et giustizia à ogni maniera di gente : et così si stava in questa festa e allegrezza, e non si curava ne ricordava di messere Ansaldo cattivello, ch' era rimasto pegno per dieci mila ducati à quel Giudeo. Ora essendo un giorno messer Giannetto alla finestra del palazzo con la donna sua, vide passare per piazza una brigata d' homini con torchietti in mano accesi, i quali andavano à offerire. Disse messer Giannetto, Che vuol dir quello ? Rispose la donna, Quella è una brigata d' artefici che vanno à offerire alla chiesa di san Giovanni, perch'egli è hoggi la festa sua. Messer Giannetto si ricordò allhora di messer' Ansaldo, et levossi dalla finestra, et trasse un gran sospiro, et tutto si cambiò nel viso, e andava di

utmost wishes. He gave her immediately the strongest proofs of his affection, and lay all night in her arms. The lady was highly pleased with her lover, and early in the morning sent for her principal subjects, telling them that Giannetto was their lord ; and gave them orders to pay all possible honours to him. Immediately the news is spread through the whole territory ; the people crying, Long live our new master ! long live our new master ! the bells and musical instruments inviting all to joy and mirth. The nobles who were not at the castle were sent for to appear there, and behold their master, and assist at all the rejoicings. When Giannetto came out of his chamber, he was knighted, and placed in the chair of state ; had the sceptre put into his hand, and was proclaimed sovereign of the country, with great pomp and splendour ; and when the lords and ladies were come to the castle, he married the lady in great ceremony. Nothing can be imagined equal to the joy on that occasion, as every one endeavoured to excell in tilting,

giu in su per la sala piu volte pensando sopra questo fatto. La donna il domandò quel ch' egli aveva. Rispose messer Giannetto : Io non ho altro. Perche la donna il cominciò à esaminare, dicendo, Per certo voi havete qualche cosa, et non lo volete dire; et tanto gli disse che messer Giannetto le contò come messer' Ansaldo era rimasto pegno per dieci mila ducati, et questo di corre il termine, diceva egli, et però ho gran dolore che mio padre moia per me, perche se hoggi e' non glie li da, ha à perdere una libra di carne d' addosso. La donna disse, Messer, montate subitamente à cavallo, et attraversate per terra, che andrete piu tosto che per mare, et menate quella compagna che vi piace, et portate cento mila ducati, et non restate mai che voi siate à Vinegia; et se non è morto, fate di menarlo qui. Perche egli subito fe dare nella trombetta, e montò à cavallo con venti compagni, e tolse danari assai, e prese il camino verso Vinegia. Ora avvenne che compiuto il termine, il Giudeo fe pigliare messer' Ansaldo, et volevagli levare una libra di carne d' addosso, onde messer' Ansaldo lo pregava, che gli piacesse d' indugiargli

dancing, musick, and every amusement and diversion practiced at such solemnities.

Giannetto, who was of a disposition that did honour to his exaltation, gave presents of every thing of value he had brought with him : he governed excellently well, and caused justice to be administered impartially to all sorts of people. He continued some time in this happy state, and never had entertained a thought of poor Ansaldo, who had given his bond to the Jew for ten thousand ducats. But one day, as he stood at the window of the palace with his bride, he saw a number of people pass along the piazza, with lighted torches in their hands, who were going to make their offerings. What is the meaning of this? says he. The lady answered, They are a company of artificers, who are going to make their offerings at the Church of St John, this day is his festival. Giannetto instantly recollected Ansaldo, and leaving the window, he gave a great sigh, and turned pale; running about the room in great distraction. His lady inquired

quella morte qualche dì, acciocché se il suo Giannetto venisse, almeno e' lo potesse vedere. Disse il Giudeo : Io son contento di dare ciò che voi volete quanto all' ondugio, ma s' egli venisse cento volte, io intendo di levarvi una libra di carne d' addosso, come dicono le carte. Rispose messere Ansaldo ; ch' era contento. Di che tutte Vinegia parlava di questo fatto ; ma à ogniuno ne incresceva, e molti mercatanti si raunarono per volere pagar questi danari, e 'l Giudeo non volle mai, anzi voleva fare quella homicidio, per poter dire che havesse morto il maggiore mercatante che fosse tra' Christiani. Ora avvenne, che venendo forte messer Giannetto, la donna sua subito si gli mosse dietro vestita come un giudice con due famigli. Giugnendo in Vinegia messer Giannetto andò à casta il Giudeo, et con molta allegrezza abbracciò messere Ansaldo, e poi disse al Giudeo che gli voleva dare i danari suoi, e quel piú ch' egli stesso voleva. Rispose il Giudeo, che non voleva danari, poi che non gli haveva havuti al tempo ; ma che gli voleva levare una libra di carne d' addosso : et quì fu la quistion grande, e ogni persona dava il torto al Giudeo ; ma pure considerato

the cause of his sudden change. He said, he felt nothing. She continued to press with great earnestness, till he was obliged to confess the cause of his uneasiness, that Ansaldo was engaged for the money, and that the term was expired ; and the grief he was in, lest his father should lose his life for him : that if the ten thousand ducats were not paid that day, he must lose a pound of his flesh. The lady told him to mount on horseback, and go by land the nearest way, which was better than to go by sea ; to take some attendants, and an hundred thousand ducats ; and not to stop till he arrived at Venice : and if he was not dead, to endeavour to bring Ansaldo to her. Giannetto takes horse with twenty attendants, and makes the best of his way to Venice.

The time being expired, the Jew had seized Ansaldo, and insisted on having a pound of flesh. He entreated him only to wait some days, that if his dear Giannetto arrived, he might have the pleasure of embracing him before his death : the Jew replied

Vinegia essere terra di ragione, e il Giudeo haveva le sue ragioni piene e in publica forma, non is gli osava di dire il contrario per nessuno, se non pregalro. Talche tutti i mercatanti di Vinegia vi furono su à pregare questo Giudeo ; et egli sempre più duro che mai. Perche messer Giannetto glie ne volle dare venti mila, et non volse, poi venne à trenta mila, et poi à cinquanta mila ; et cosi ascese infno à cento mila ducati : ove il Giudeo disse, Sai com' è ? se tu mi desce più ducati che non vale questa città, non gli torrei per esser contento ; anzi i vuo fare quel che dicon le carte mie. Et cosi stando in questa quistione, ecco giugnere in Vinegia questa donna vestita à modo di giudice, et smontò à uno albergo : et l' albergatore domandò un famiglio, Chi è questo gentil' huomo ? Il famiglio già avisato dalla donna di cio che 'l doveva dire essendo di lei interrogato, rispose, Questo si è un gentil' huomo giudice, che vien da Bologna da studio, et tornasi à cassa sua. L' albergatore cio intendendo gli fece assai honore, et essendo à tavola il giudice disse all' albergatore, come si regge questa vostra città ? Rispose l' hoste : Messere, fac-

he was willing to wait, but, says he, if he comes an hundred times over, I will cut off the pound of flesh, according to the words of the obligation : Ansaldo answered that he was content.

Every one at Venice who had heard of this affair was much concerned : several merchants would have jointly paid the money ; the Jew would not hearken to the proposal, but insisted that he might commit this homicide, to have the satisfaction of saying, that he had put to death the greatest of the Christian merchants. Giannetto making all possible haste to Venice, his lady soon followed him in a lawyer's habit, with two servants following her. Giannetto when he came to Venice, goes to the Jew, and (after embracing Ansaldo) tells him, he is ready to pay the money, and as much more as he should demand. The Jew said, he would take no money, since it was not paid at the time due ; but that he would have the pound of flesh. And now this was much talked of, and every one blamed the Jew : but as Venice was a place where justice was strictly administered, and

isi troppa ragione. Disse il giudice, Come? Soggiunse l' hoste, Come messere io ve lo dirò. E' ci venne da Firenze un giovane, il quale haveva nome Giannetto, et venne qui à un suo nonno che ha nome messere Ansaldo, et è stato tanto aggratiato et tanto costumato, che gli huomini et le donne di questa terra erano innamorati di lui. Et non ci venne mai in questa città nessuno tanto aggratiato quanto era costui. Ora questo suo nonno in tre volte gli fornì tre navi, le quali furono di grandissima valuta, e ogni hotta glie ne incontrò sciagura, si che alla nave da sezzo gli mancò danari, tal che questo messere Ansaldo accattò dieci mila ducati da un Giudeo, con questi patti, che s' egli non glie li havesse renduti da ivi à San Giovanni di giugno prossimo che venia, il detto Giudeo gli potesse levare una libra di carne d' addosso dovunque e' volesse. Ora è tornato questo benedetto giovane, e per que' dieci mila ducati glie ne ha voluto dare cento mila, e 'l falso Giudeo non vuole; et sonnvì statì à pregarlo tutti i buoni huomini di questa terra, et non giova niente. Rispose il giudice, Questa quistione è agevole à diter-

the Jew had his pretensions grounded on publick and received forms, nobody dared to oppose him, and their only resource was entreaty; and when the merchants of Venice applied to him, he was inflexible. Giannetto offered him twenty thousand, which he refused; then thirty thousand, afterwards forty, fifty, and at last an hundred thousand ducats. The Jew told him, if he would give him as much gold as the city of Venice was worth, he would not accept it; and says he, you know little of me, if you think I will desist from my demand.

The lady now arrives at Venice, in her lawyer's dress; and alighting at an inn, the landlord asks of one of the servants who his master was? The servant having learned his lesson, answered, that he was a young lawyer who had finished his studies at Bologna, and was returning to his own country. The landlord upon this shews his guest great civility: and when he attended at dinner, the lawyer, inquiring how justice was administered in that city, he answered, Justice in this place is too severe. How

minare. Disse l' hoste, Se voi ci volete durar fatica à terminarla, sì che quel buon' huomo non muoia, voi n' acquisterete la gratia et l' amore del piu virtuoso giovane che nascesse mai, et poi di tutti gli huomini di questa terra. Onde questo giudice fece andare un bando per la terra, che qualunque havesse à determinare quistion nessuna venisse da lui ; ove fut detto à messer Giannetto come e' v' era venuto un giudice da Bologna, che determinarebbe ogni quistione. Per che messer Giannetto disse al Giudeo, Andiamo à questo giudice. Disse il Giudeo, Andiamo ma venga chi vuole, che à ragione io n' ho à fare quanto dice la carta. Et giunti nel cospetto del giudice, et fattogli debita rivrenza, il giudice connobbe messer Giannetto, ma messer Giannetto non conobbe gia lui, perche con certe herbe s' era trasfigurata la faccia. Messer Giannetto e 'l Giudeo dissero ciascuno la ragion sua, et la quistione ordinatamente innanzi al giudice; il quale prese le carte et lessele, et poi disse al Giudeo, Io voglio che tu ti tolga questi cento mila ducati, et liberi questo buon huomo, il qual' anco te ne sarà sempre tenuto. Rispose il Giudeo, Io non farò niente. Disse

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comes that ? says the lawyer. I will tell how, says the landlord : You must know, that some yeais ago there came here a young man from Florence, whose name was Giannetto, he was recommended to the care of a relation who is called Ansaldo : he behaved here so well as to possess the esteem and affections of every living creature, and never was a youth so well beloved. Now this Ansaldo sent him out three times, each time with a ship of great value ; he, every time, was unfortunate : and to furnish the last, Ansaldo was forced to borrow ten thousand ducats of a Jew, on condition, that if he did not repay them in June, at the Feast of St John, the Jew might take a pound of his flesh. This excellent young man is now returned, and offers to pay an hundred thousand ducats : the wicked Jew won't take them, although the best merchants in the city have applied to him, but to no purpose. Says the lawyer, This question may be easily answered. If you can answer it, says the landlord, and will take the trouble to do it, and save this worthy man from death,

il giudice, Egli è il tuo meglio. E 'l Giudeo, che al tutto non ne voleva far nulla. Et d' accordo se n' andarono all' ufficio d'eterminato sopra tali casi, e' l giudice parlò per messere Ansaldo et disse, Oltre fa venir costui; et fattolo venire, disse il giudice, orsu lievagli una libra di carne dovunque tu vuoi, e fa i fatti tuoi. Dove il Giudeo lo fece spogliare ignudo, et recossi in mano un rasoio, che per ciò egli haveva fatto fare. Et messer Giannetto si volse al giudice, et disse, Messere, di questo non vi pregava io. Rispose il giudice, Sta franco, che egli non ha anchora spiccata una libra di carne. Pure il Giudeo gli andava addosso. Disse il giudice, Guarda come tu fai; però che se tu ne leverai piu ò meno che una libra, io ti farò levare la testa. E anho io ti dico piu, che se n' uscirà pure una giocciola di sangue, io ti farò morire; però che le carte tue non fanno menzione di spargimento di sangue, anzi dicono che tu gli debba levare una libra di carne, et non dice ne piu ne meno. Et per tanto, se tu se' savio, tieni que' modi che tu credi fare il tuo meglio. Et così subito fe mandare per lo giustitiere, et fegli recare il ceppo

you will get the love and esteem of a most deserving young man, and of all the best men of this city. The lawyer caused a proclamation to be made, that whoever had any law matters to determine, they should have recourse to him: so it was told to Giannetto, that a famous lawyer was come from Bologna, who could decide all cases in law. Giannetto proposed to the Jew to apply to this lawyer. With all my heart, says the Jew: but let who will come, I will stick to my bond. When they came to this judge, and had saluted him, he immediately knew Giannetto; but he did not remember him: for he had disguised his face with the juice of certain herbs. Giannetto, and the Jew, each told the merits of the cause to the judge; who, when he had taken the bond and read it, said to the Jew, I must have you take the hundred thousand ducats, and release this honest man, who will always have a grateful sense of the favour done to him. The Jew replied, I will do no such thing. The judge answered, It will be better for you. The Jew was positive to yield nothing.



et la mantaia, et disse, Com' io ne vedrò uscire gioccioia di sangue, così ti farò levare la testa. Il Giudeo cominciò haver paura, et messer Giannetto à rallegrarsi. Et dopo molte novelle disse il Giudeo, Messer lo giudice, voi n' havete saputo piu di me, ma fatemi dare quei cento mila ducati, et son contento. Disse il giudice, Io voglio che tu vi levi una libra di carne, come dicono le carte tue, però ch' io non ti darei un danaio; havessigli tolti, quando io te gli volli far dare. Il Giudeo venne à nonanta mila, et poi à ottanta mila, e 'l giudice sempre più fermo. Disse messer Giannetto al giudice, Diangli ciò che e' vuole, pure che ce lo renda. Disse il giudice, Io ti dico, che tu lasci fare à me. Allhora il Giudeo disse, Datemene cinquanta mila. Rispose il giudice, Io non te ne darei il piu tristo danaio che tu havessi mai. Soggiunse il Giudeo, Datemi almeno i miei dieci mila ducati, che maladetta sia l' asia et la terra. Disse il giudice, Non m' intenditu? io non te ne vuo dar nessuno; se tu glie la vuoi levare, sì gle la leva; quanto che no, io te farò protestare e annullare le carte tue. Talche chiunque v' era presente, di questo faceva

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Upon this they go to the tribunal appointed for such judgments: and our judge speaks in favour of Ansaldo; and desiring that the Jew may stand forth, Now, says he, do you (to the Jew) cut off a pound of this man's flesh where you chuse. The Jew ordered him to be stripped naked; and takes in his hand a razor, which had been made on purpose. Giannetto seeing this, turning to the judge, This, says he, is not the favour I asked of you. Be quiet, says he, the pound of flesh is not yet cut off. As soon as the Jew was going to begin, Take care what you do, says the judge, if you take more or less than a pound, I will order your head to be struck off: and I tell you beside, that if you shed one drop of blood you shall be put to death. Your paper makes no mention of the shedding of blood; but says expressly, that you may take a pound of flesh, neither more nor less; and if you are wise, you will take great care what you do. He immediately sent for the executioner to bring the block and axe; and now, says he, if I see one drop of blood, off goes your head. The

grandissima allegrezza, e ciascuno si faceva beffe di questo Giudeo dicendo, Tale si crede uccellare, ch' e uccellato. Onde veggendo il Giudeo, ch' egli non poteva fare quello ch' egli havrebbe voluto, prese le carte sue, et per istizza tutte le tagliò, et così fu liberato messere Ansaldo, et con grandissima festa messer Giannetto lo rimendò à casa; et poi prestamente prese questi centi mila ducati, e andò à questo giudice, e trovollo nella camera che s' acconciava per volere andar via. Allhora messer Giannetto gli disse, Messere, voi havete fatto à me il maggior servizio, che mai mi fosse fatto; et però io voglio che voi portiate questi danari à casa vostra: però che voi gli havete ben guadagnati. Rispose il giudice, Messer Giannetto mio, à voi sia gran mercè, ch' io non n' ho di bisogno; portategli con voi, sì che la donna vostra non dica, che voi habbiate fatto male masseritia. Disse messer Giannetto, Per mia fe ch' elta è tanto magnanima, et tanto cortese, et tanto da bene, che se io ne spendessi quattro cotanti che questi, ella sarebbe contenta; però ch' ella voleva ch'io ne arecassi molto piu che non sono questi. Soggiunse il giudice, Come

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Jew began to be in great fear, and Giannetto in as great joy. At length the Jew, after much wrangling, told him, You are more cunning than I can pretend to be; however, give me the hundred thousand ducats, and I am content. No, says the judge, cut off your pound of flesh according to your bond; I will not give you a farthing: why did not you take the money when it was offered? The Jew came down to ninety, and then to eighty thousand, but the judge was still resolute. Giannetto told the judge to give what he required, that Ansaldo might have his liberty: but he replied, Let me manage him. Then the Jew would have taken fifty thousand: he said, I will not give you a penny. Give me at least, says the Jew, my own ten thousand ducats, and a curse confound you all. The judge replies, I will give you nothing: if you will have the pound of flesh, take it; if not, I will order your bond to be protested and annulled. Every one present was greatly pleased; and deiding the Jew, said, He who laid traps for others, is caught himself. The Jew

vi contentate voi di lei? Rispose messer Giannetto: E' non è creatura al mondo, à cui io voglia meglio che allei; perch' ella è tanto savia e tanto bella, quanto la natura l' havesse potuta far piu. Et se voi mi volete fare tanta gratia di venire à vederla, voi vi maraviglierete dell' honore ch' ella vi farà, et vedrete s' egli è quel ch' io dico ò piu. Rispose il giudice, Del venire con voi non voglio, però che io ho altre facende; ma poi che voi dite ch' ella è tanto da bene, quando la vedrete, salutatela per mia parte. Disse messer Giannetto, Sarà fatto; ma io voglio che voi togliate di questi danari. Et mentre che e' diceva queste parole, il giudice gli vide in ditto uno anello, onde gli disse, Io vuo questo anello, e non voglio altro danaio nessuno. Rispose messer Giannetto, Io son contento, ma io ve lo dò mal volentieri; però che la donna mia me lo donò, et disse mi ch' io lo portassi sempre per suo amore: et s' ella non me lo vedrà, crederà ch' io l' abbia dato à qualche femina, et così si cruccierà con meco, et crederà ch' io sia innamorato, e io voglio allei che à me medesimo. Disse il giudice, E' mi par esser certo, ch' ella vi

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seeing he could gain nothing, tore in pieces the bond in a great rage. Ansaldo was released, and conducted home with great joy by Giannetto. The hundred thousand ducats he carried to the inn to the lawyer, whom he found making ready to depart. You have done me, says he, a most important service, and I entreat you to accept of this money to carry home, for I am sure you have earned it. I thank you, replied the lawyer, I do not want money; keep and carry it back to your lady, that she may not have occasion to say, that you have squandered it away idly. Says Giannetto, My lady is so good and kind, that I might venture to spend four times as much, without incurring her displeasure; and she ordered me, when I came away, to bring with me a larger sum. How are you pleased with the lady? says the lawyer. I love her better than any earthly thing, answers Giannetto: Nature never produced any woman so beautiful, discreet, and sensible, and seems to have done her utmost in forming her. If you will do me the favour to come

vuole tanto bene, ch' ella vi crederà questo ; et voi le direte, che l' havete donato à me. Ma forse lo volavate voi donare à qualche vostra manza antica qui? Rispose messer Giannetto, Egli è tanto l' amore et la fe ch' io le porto ; che non è donna al mondò, à cui io cambiassi ; tanto compiutamente è bella in ogni cosa : et così si cavò l' anello di dito, et diello al giudice: e poi s' abbracciarono facendo riverenza l' un all' altro. Disse il giudice, Fatemi una gratia. Rispose messer Giannetto, Domandate. Disse il giudice : Che voi non restiate qui, andatene tosto à vedere quella vostra donna. Disse messer Giannetto: E' mi pare cento mila anni ch' io la riveggia, et così presero commiato. Il giudice entrò in barca e andossi con Dio: et messer Giannetto fece cene et desinari, et donò cavalli et danari a que' suoi compagni, et così fe più di festa, et mant ennè corte, et poi prese comiato da tutti i Vinitiani, et menossene messere Ansaldo con seco, et molti de

and see her, you will be surprised at the honours she will shew you ; and you will be able to judge whether I speak truth or not. I cannot go with you, says the lawyer, I have other engagements ; but since you speak so much good of her, I must desire you to present my respects to her. I will not fail, Giannetto answered ; and now, let me entreat you to accept some of the money. While he was speaking, the lawyer observed a ring on his finger, and said, If you will give me this ring, I shall seek no other reward. Willingly, says Giannetto ; but as it is a ring given me by my lady, to wear for her sake, I have some reluctance to part with it, and she may think, not seeing it on my finger, and will believe, that I have given it to a woman that I love, and quarrel with me, though I protest I love her much better than I love myself. Certainly, says the lawyer, she esteems you sufficiently to credit what you tell her, and you may say you made a present of it to me ; but I rather think you want to give it to some former mistress here in Venice. So great, says Giannetto, is the love and reverence I bear to her, that I would not change her for any woman in the world, she is so accomplished in every article. After this he takes the ring from

suoi compagni antichi se n' andarono con lui; et quasi tutti gli huomini e le donne per tenerezza lagrimarono per la partita sua; tanto s' era portato piacevolmente nel tempo ch' egli era stato à Vinegia con ogni persona; et cosi si partì et tornossi in Belmonte. Ora avviene che la donna sua giunse piu di innanzi, et fe vista d' essere stata al bagno, et rivestissi al modo femminile, et fece fare l' apparecchio grande, et coprire tutte le strade di zendado, et fe vestire molte brigate d' armeggiatori. Et quando messer Giannetto, et messere Ansaldo giunsero, tutti i baroni e la corte gli andarono incontra, gridando, Viva il signore, viva il signore. E come e' giunsero nella terra, la donna corse ad abbracciare messere Ansaldo, e finse esser' un poco crucciata con messer Giannetto, à cui voleva meglio che à se. Fecesi la festa grande di giostrare, di armeggiare, di danzare et di cantare per tutti i baroni et le donne et donzelle che v' erano. Veggendo messer Giannetto

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his finger, and presents it to him; and embracing each the other, I have still a favour to ask, says the lawyer. It shall be granted, says Giannetto. It is, replied he, that you do not stay any time here, but go as soon as possible to your lady. It appears to me a thousand years till I see her, Giannetto answered: and immediately they take leave of each other. The lawyer embarked, and left Venice. Giannetto made entertainments, and presents of horses and money to his former companions; and having made a great expense for several days, he took leave of his Venetian friends, and carried Ansaldo with him, and some of his old acquaintance accompanied them. Everybody shed tears at his departure, both men and women; his amiable deportment had so gained the good-will of all. In this manner he left Venice, and returned to Belmonte.

The lady arrived some days before; and having resumed her female habit, pretended to have spent the time at the baths; and now gave orders to have every thing prepared, and the streets lined with tapestry, and filled with men armed for the tiltings and exercises. And when Giannetto and Ansaldo were landed, all the Court went out to meet them, crying, Long live our

che la moglie non gli faceva così buon viso com' ella soleva, andossene in camera, et chiamolla et disse, Che hai tu ? et volsela abbracciare. Disse la donna, Non ti bisogna fare queste carezze, ch' io so bene, che à Venegia tu hai ritrovate le tue manze antiche. Messer Giannetto si comincio à scusare. Disse le donna, Ov' è l' anelle ch' io ti diedi ? Rispose messer Giannetto, Cio ch' io mi pensai, me n' è incontrato, et dissi bene, che tu te ne penseresti male. Ma io ti giuro per la fe ch' io porto à Dio e à te, che quello anello io lo donai à quel giudice che mi diè viuta la quistione. Disse la donna, Io to giuro per la fe ch' io porto à Dio e à te, che tu lo donasti à una femina, e io lo so ; et non ti vergogni di giurarlo. Soggiunse messer Giannetto, Io prego Iddio che mi disfaccia del mondo, s' io non ti dico il vero, et più ch' io lo dissi col giudice insieme, quano egli me lo chiese. Disse la donna, Tu vi ti potevi ancho rimanere, et qua mandare messere Ansaldo, et tu goderti

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sovereign lord ! long live our sovereign lord ! When they arrived at the palace, the lady ran to embrace Ansaldo ; but feigned anger against Giannetto, though she loved him excessively : yet the feastings, tilts and diversions went on as usual, at which all the lords and ladies assisted. Giannetto seeing that his wife did not receive him with her accustomed good countenance, called her, and inquiring the reason, would have saluted her. She told him, she wanted not his caresses : I am sure, says she, you have been lavish of them to some of your former mistresses at Venice. Giannetto began to make excuses. She asked him where was the ring she had given him ? It is no more than what I expected, cries Giannetto, and I was in the right to say you would be angry with me ; but, I swear by all that is sacred, and by your dear self, that I gave the ring to the lawyer who gained our cause. And I can swear, says the lady, with as much solemnity, that you gave the ring to a woman ; and I know it certainly : therefore swear no more. Giannetto said, If what he had told her was not true, he wished every misfortune to fall on him, that might destroy him ; and that he said all this to the lawyer, when he asked for the ring. The lady

con le tue manze, che odo che tutte piangevano quando tu ti partisti. Messer Giannetto comincio à lagrimare, e à darsi assai tribulatione, dicendo, Tu fai sacramento di quel che non è vero, et non potrebbe essere. Dove la donna veggendolo lagrimare, parve che le fosse dato d' un coltello nel cuore, e subito corse ad abbracciarlo, facendo le maggiori risa del mondo ; e mostrogli l' anello, e dissegli ogni cosa, com' egli haveva detto al giudice, et come ella era stata quel giudice, e in che modo glielo diede. Onde messer Giannetto di questo si fece la maggior maraviglia del mondo ; et veggendo ch' egli era pur vero, ne cominciò à fare gran festa. E uscito fuor di camera lo disse con alcuno de suoi baroni et compagni, et per questo crebbe et multiplicò l' amore fra loro due. Dapoi messer Giannetto chiamò quella cameriera che gli haveva insegnato la sera che non beesse, et diella per moglie à messere Ansaldo ; et così stettero lungo tempo in allegrezza et festa, mentre che durò la lor vita.

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replied, You would have done better to stay at Venice with your mistresses, and have sent Ansaldo here ; for I hear they all wept when you came away. Giannetto's tears began to fall, and in great sorrow he assured her that what she supposed could not possibly be true. The lady seeing his tears, which were daggers in her bosom, ran to embrace him, and in a fit of laughter shewed the ring, told every thing which he had said to the lawyer ; that she was herself the lawyer ; and how she obtained the ring. Giannetto was greatly astonished, finding it all true, and was highly delighted with what he had heard ; and went out of the chamber, and told the story to the nobles and to his companions ; and this heightened greatly the love between him and his lady. He then called the damsel who had given him the good advice the evening not to drink the liquor, and gave her to Ansaldo for a wife ; and they spent the rest of their lives in great felicity and contentment.



*Of a Jew, who would for his debt have  
a pound of the flesh of a Christian.*

[From the Orator of Alex. Silvayn, Englished by L. P.,  
4to, 1596.]



*Jew unto whom a Christian Marchant ought nine hundred crownes, would have summoned him for the same in Turckie: the Merchant because he would not be discredited, promised to pay the said summe within the tearme of three months, and if he paid it not, he was bound to give him a pound of the flesh of his bodie. The tearme being past some fiftene daies, the Jew refused to take his money, and demaunded the pound of flesh: the ordinarie Judge of that place appointed him to cut a just pound of the Christians flesh, and if he cut either more or lesse, then his owne head should be smitten off: the Jew appealed from this sentence, unto the chiefe judge, saying:*

IMPOSSIBLE is it to breake the credite of trafficke amongst men without great detriment unto the commonwealth: wherefore no man ought to bind himselfe unto such covenants which hee cannot or not accomplish, for by that means should no man be to be deceived, and credit being maintained,



every man might be assured of his owne ; but since deceit hath taken place, never wonder if obligations are made more rigorous and strict then they were wont, seeing that although the bonds are made never so strong, yet can no man be very certaine that he shal not be a loser. It seemeth at the first sight, that it is a thing no lesse strange than cruel, to bind a man to pay a pound of the flesh of his bodie, for want of money : Surely, in that it is a thing not usuall, it appeareth to be somewhat the more admirable, but there are divers others that are more cruell, which because they are in use seeme nothing terrible at all : as to bind al the bodie unto a most lothsome prison, or unto an intollerable slaverie, where not only the whole bodie but also al the sences and spirits are tormented, the which is commonly practised, not only betwixt those which are either in sect or Nation contrary, but also even amongst those that are all of one sect and nation, yea amongst neighbours and kindred, and even amongst Christians it hath ben seene, that the son hath imprisoned the father for monie. Likewise, in the Roman Commonwealth, so famous for laws and armes, it was lawfull for debt, to imprison, beat, and afflict with torments the free Citizens : How manie of them (do you thinke) would have thought themselves happie, if for a small debt they might have ben excused with the paiment of a pound of their flesh ? Who ought then to marvile if a Jew requireth so small a thing of a Christian, to discharge him of a good round summe ? A man may aske why I would not rather take silver of this man, then his flesh : I might alleage many reasons, for I might say that none but my selfe can tell what the breach of his promise hath cost me, and what I have thereby paid for want of money to my creditors, of that which I have lost in my credit : for the miserie of those men which esteeme their reputation, is so great, that oftentimes

they had rather indure any thing secretlie then to have their discredit blazed abroad, because they would not be both shamed and harmed. Nevertheless, I doe freely confesse, that I had rather lose a pound of my flesh, then my credit should be in any sort cracked : I might also say that I have need of this flesh to cure a friend of mine of a certaine maladie, which is otherwise incurable, or that I would have it to terrifie thereby the Christians for ever abusing the Jewes anie more hereafter : but I will onelie say, that by his obligation he oweth it me. It is lawfull to kill a souldior if he come unto the warres but an houre too late, and also to hang a theefe though he steale never so little : is it then such a great matter to cause such a one to pay a pound of his flesh, that hath broken his promise manie times, or that putteth another in danger to lose both credit and reputation, yea and it may be life and al for greife? were it not better for him to lose that which I demand, then his soule, already bound by his faith? Neither am I to take that which he oweth me, but he is to deliver it me : And especiallie because no man knoweth better then he where the same may be spared to the least hurt of his person, for I might take it in such a place as hee might thereby happen to lose his life : what a matter were it then, if I should cut of his privie members, supposing that the same would altogether weigh a just pound? Or els his head, should I be suffered to cut it off, although it were with the danger of mine owne life? I beleieve I should not ; because there were as little reason therein, as there could be in the amends whereunto I should be bound : or els if I would cut off his nose, his lips, his eares, and pull out his eies, to make them altogether a pound, should I be suffered? Surely I thinke not, because the obligation dooth not specifie that I ought either to chuse, cut, or take the same, but that he ought to give me

a pound of his flesh. Of every thing that is sold, he which delivereth the same is to make waight, and he which receiveth, taketh heed that it be just: seeing then that neither the obligation, custome, nor law doth bind me to cut, or weigh, much lesse unto the above mentioned satisfaction, I refuse it all, and require that the same which is due should bee delivered unto me.

*The Christians Answer.*

It is no strange matter to here those dispute of equitie which are themselves most unjust; and such as have no faith at all, desirous that others should observe the same inviolable, the which were yet the more tollerable, if such men would bee contented with reasonable things, or at the least not altogether unreasonable: but what reason is there that one man should unto his own prejudice desire the hurt of another? as this Jew is content to lose nine hundred crownes to have a pound of my flesh, whereby is manifestly seene the antient and cruell hate which he beareth not only unto Christians, but unto all others which are not of his sect; yea, even unto the Turkes, who overkindly doe suffer such vermine to dwell amongst them, seeing that this presumptuous wretch dare not onely doubt, but appeale from the judgement of a good and just Judge, and afterwards he would by sophisticall reasons proove that his abomination is equitie: trulie I confesse that I have suffered fifteene daies of the tearme to passe, yet who can tell whether he or I is the cause thereof: as for me I thinke that by secret meanes he hath caused the money to bee delaied, which from sundry places ought to have come unto me before the tearm which I promised unto him; Otherwise, I would never have been so rash as to bind my selfe so strictly: but although he were not the cause of the fault, is it there-

fore said, that he ought to bee so impudent, as to goe about to proove it no strange matter that he should be willing to be paied with mans flesh, which is a thing more natural for Tigres, then men, the which also was never heard of: but this divell in shape of a man, secing me oppressed with necessitie propounded this accursed obligation unto me. Whereas hee alleageth the Romanes for an example, why doth he not as well tell on how for that crueltie in afflicting debtors over greevously, the Commonwealt h was almost overthrowne, and that shortly after it was forbidden to imprison men any more for debt. To breake promise is, when a man sweareth or promiseth a thing, the which he hath no desire to performe, which yet upon an extreame necessitie is somewhat excusable; as for me, I have promised, and accomplished my promise, yet not so soone as I would; and although I knew the danger wherein I was to satisfie the crueltie of this mischeevous man with the price of my flesh and blood, yet did I not flie away, but submitted my selfe unto the discretion of the Judge who hath justly repressed his beastlinesse. Wherein then have I falsefied my promise, is it in that I would not (like him), disobey the judgement of the Judge? Behold I will present a part of my bodie unto him, that he may pay himselfe, according to the contents of the judgement, where is then my promise broken? But it is no marvaile if this race be so obstinat and cruell against us, for they doe it of set purpose to offend our God whom they have crucified: and wherefore? Because he was holie, as he is yet so reputed of this worthy Turkish nation: but what shal I say? Their own bible is full of their rebellion against God, against their Priests, Judges, and leaders. What did not the verie Patriarks themselves, from whom they have their beginning? They sold their brother, and had it not been for one amongst them, they had

slaine him even for verie envie. How manie adulteries and abominations were committed amongst them? How manie murthers? Absalon did not he cause his brother to be murdered? Did he not persecute his father? Is it not for their iniquitie that God hath dispersed them, without leaving them one onlie foot of ground? If then, when they had newlie received their law from God, when they saw his wonderous works with their eies, and had yet their Judges amongst them, they were so wicked, what may one hope of them now, when they have neither faith nor law, but their rapines and usuries? And that they beleeve they do a charitable work, when they do some great wrong unto anie that is not a Jew? It may please you then most righteous Judge to consider all these circumstances, having pittie of him who doth wholly submit himselfe unto your just clemencie: hoping thereby to be delivered from this monsters crueltie.



### 3. *The Story of the Choice of Three Caskets.*<sup>1</sup>

[From the "*Gesta Romanorum*."]

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[STORY LXVI.]

ANCELMUS THE EMPEROUR.

ANCELMUS regnyd Emperour in the cite of Rome, and he weddid to wife the kynges doȝter of Jerusalem, the whiche was a faire womaȝ, and long dwelte in his company; but she neuer conceyvid, ne brouȝt forthe frute, and therof were lordis gretly heveid and sory. Happinge in a certeyne evenyng, as he walkide after his soper in a faire greene, and thoȝte of alle the worlde, and specially that he had noon heyr, and howe that the kyng of Naplis strongly therfore noyed him eche ȝere; and so, whenne it was nyȝt, he went to bedde, and tooke a slep, and dremyd this. He sawe the firmament in his most clernesse, and moore cler than it was wonyd to be, and the mone

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<sup>1</sup> [In the former edition, a comparatively modern edition of R. Robinson's translation was employed; but the text is now taken from Sir F. Madden's valuable edition, 1838, pp. 238-43.]

was more pale; and on a party of the mone was a faire colourid brid, and beside hire stooode too bestis, the whiche norisshid the brid with hire heete and brethe. After this come diuerse bestis and briddis fleyng, and thei song so swetly, that the Emperour was with the songe awakid. Thenne on the morowe the Emperour hadde gret merueille of this sweuene, and callid to him divinours, and lordis of alle the empire, and said to hem, "Deere frendis, tellithe me what is the interpretacione of my sweuene, and I shalle wel rewarde you; and but if 3e do, 3e shulle be dede." And then thai saide, "Lord, shew to vs thi dreame, and we shulle telle the the interpretacione of it." And then the Emperour tolde hem as is said before, fro bigynnyng to endyng. And then thei were glad, and with a gret gladnesse spake to him, and saide, "Ser, this was a goode sweuene; for the firmament that thou sawe so clere is the empire, the which hens forwarde shalle be in prosperitie; the paale mone is the emperesse, the whiche hath conceivid, and for hire conceivinge is the more discolourid; the litille bryd is the faire sone whom the emperesse shalle brynge forthe, when tyme comithe; the too bestis ben riche men and wise men, that shulle be obedient to thi childe; the other bestis ben other folke, that neuer made homage, and now shulle be subiet to thi sone; the briddis, that songe so swetly, is the empire of Rome, that shalle ioy of thi childis burthe; and, sir, this is the interpretacione of your drem." When the emperesse hurde this, she was glad y-nowe; and soone she bare a faire sone, and therof was maade moche ioy. And when the kynge of Naplis hurde that, he thowte to him selfe, "I haue long tyme holdyne werre ayenst the Emperour, and it may not be but that it wol be tolde to his sone, when that he comythe to his fulle age, howe that I haue fozt alle my lyfe ayenst his fadir. 3e," thowte he, "he is nowe a childe, and

it is goode that I procour for pese, that I may haue rest of him, when he is in his best, and I in my worst." So he wrote letteres to the Emperour, for pese to be had; and the Emperour seyng that he dude that more for cause of drede than of love, he sent him worde azen, and saide, that he would make him surte of pese, with condicione that he wolde be in his servitude, and zelde him homage alle his life, eche 3er. Thenne the kyng callid his conseil, and askid of hem what was best to do; and the lordis of his kyngdome saide, that it was goode to folowe the Emperour in his wille. "In the first 3e aske of him surte of pese; to that we say thus, thou hast a douzter, and he hathe a sone; late matrimony be maad bytwene hem, and so ther shalle be good sikirnesse; also it is goode to make him homage, and zelde him rentes." Thenne the kyng sent worde to the Emperour, and saide, that he wolde fulfille his wille in all poyntys, and 3ive his dozter to his sone in wife, yf that it were plesing to him. This answer likid wele the Emperour, but he sent worde azen, that he wolde not assent to matrimony, but if that his dozter hadde bene a virgine fro hire natiuite. The kinge was herewith hiely glad, for his dozter was suche a cleene virgyn. So letteres were maade of this couenaunt; and he maade a shippe to be ordeyned, to lede his dozter with a certayne of knyztis and ladeys to the Emperour, to be mareyd with his sone. And whenne thei were in the shippe, and hadde far passid fro the londe, ther rose vp a gret horrible tempest, and draynt alle that were in the ship, except the mayde. Thenne the mayde sette all hire hope strongly in God; and at the laste, the tempest sesid; but their folowide strongly a gret whale, to devowre this maide. And whenne she sawe that, she moche dradde; and whan the nyzt com, the maide dredynge that the whale wolde haue swole-



wide the ship, smot fire at a stone, and hadde gret plente of fire; and as longe as the fire laste, the whale dorst come no nere, but abowte cockis crowe the mayde, for gret vexacione that she hadde with the tempest; felle on slepe, and in hire slep the fire went out; and when it was out, the whale com nye, and swolewid bothe the ship and the mayde. And when the mayde felte that she was in the wombe of a whale, she smot, and maade gret fire, and greuously woundid the whale with a litille knyfe, in so moche that he drowe to the londe, and deyde; for that is the kynde, to drawe to the londe when he shall dye. And in this tyme there was an erle namyd Pirus, and he walkid in his disport by the see, and afore him he sawe the whale come towarde the lond. He gaderid gret helpe and strenght of men; [and] with diuerse instrementis thei smote the whale in euery party of hym. And when the dameselle hurde the gret strokys, she cryde with an hye voys, and saide, "Gentille siris, havithe pite of me, for I am the dowter of a kynge, and a mayde haue y-ben sithe I was borne." Whenne the erle hurde this, he mervellid gretly, and openyd the whale, and tooke out the dameselle. Thenne the maide told by ordre how that she was a kyngys dowter, and howe she loste hire goodis in the see, and how she sholde be mareyd to the sone of the Emperour. And when the erle hurde theise wordis, he was glad, and helde the maide with him a gret while, till tyme that she was wele confortide; and thenne he sent hire solemply to the Emperour. And whenne he sawe hire comynge, and hurde that she had tribulacions in the see, he hadde gret compasione for hire in his herte, and said to hire, "Goode dameselle, thou hast sufferid moche angre for the love of my soone, neuerthelese, if that thou be worthi to have him, I shalle sone preve." The Emperour late make iij. vesselles, and the first was of clene goolde,

and full of precious stonys owtewarde, and withinne fulle of deede bonys ; and it hade a superscripcione in theise wordis, *Thei that chese me shulle fynde in me that thei seruyde.* The secunde vesselle was alle of cleene siluer, and fulle of precious stonys ; and outwarde it had this superscripcione, *Thei that chesithe me, shulle fynde in me that nature and kynde desirithe.* And the third vesselle was of leed, and with inne was fulle of precious stonys ; and with oute was sette this scripture, *Thei that chese me, shulle fynde [in] me that God hathe disposid.* Theise iij. vessellys tooke the Emperour, and shewid the maide, seyinge, "Lo ! deere dameselle, here ben thre worthi vessellys, and thou chese on of theise, wherein is profit, and owithe to be chosyne, thenne thou shalt haue my sone to husbonde ; and if thou chese that that is not profitable to the, ne to noone othir, forsothe thenne thou shalt not haue hym." Whenne the dowter hurde this, and sawe the thre vessellys, she lifte vp hire yene to God, and saide, "Thowe, Lord, that knowist alle thinges, graunt me thy grace nowe in the nede of this tyme, *scil.* that I may chese at this tyme, wherthorowe I may ioy the sone of the Emperour, and haue him to husbond." Thenne she byhelde the first vesselle, that was so sotilly maad, and radde the suerscripcione ; and then she thowte, what haue I deservid for to haue so precious a vesselle, and tho3 it be neuer so gay with oute, I not howe fowle it is with inne ; so she tolde the Emperour that she wolde by no way chese that. Thenne she lokid to the secunde, that was of siluer, and radde the superscripcione ; and thenne she saide, "My nature and kynde askithe but dilectacions of the flessch ; forsothe ser," quod she, "and I refuse this." Then she lokid to the third, that was of leede, and radde the superscripcione ; and then she saide, "Sothely, God disposide neuer iville ; forsothe that which God hathe disposid wolle I take and chese."

And whenne the Emperour sawe that, he saide, "Goode dameselle, opyne nowe that vesselle, and see what thou hast fondyne." And whenne it was openyd, it was fulle of golde and precious stoonys. And thenne the Emperour saide to hire aȝen, "Dameselle, thou hast wisely chosen, and wonne my sone to thyn husbonde." So the day was sette of hire bredeale, and gret ioy was maade ; and the sone regnyde after the decease of the fadir, the whiche maad faire ende. *Ad quod nos perducat ! Amen.*



#### 4. *The Northern Lord.*

IN FOUR PARTS.

*To a pleasant new Tune.*



A NOBLE lord of high renowne  
Two daughters had, the eldest browne ;  
The youngest beautifull and faire.  
By chance a noble knight came there.

The father said, Kind sir, I haue  
Two daughters, & which do you crave ?  
One that is beautifull, he cryed,  
The noble knight he then replyed.

She's young, she's beautifull and gay,  
And is not to be giuen away ;  
But, as jewels are bought and sold,  
She shall bring me her weight in gold.

The price, methinkes, you need not grutch,  
Since I will freely giue as much  
With her owne sister ; if I can  
Finde out some other nobleman.

With that bespake the noble knight :  
More welcome is the beauty bright  
At that high rate, renowned lord,  
Then the other with a vast reward.

So then the bargain it was made ;  
But ere the money could be paid  
He borrow'd it of a wealthy Jew,  
The sum so large. The writings drew,

That if he failde, or miss'd his day,  
So many ounces he should pay  
Of his owne flesh, instead of gold.  
All was agreed ; the sum was told.

So he return'd immediately  
Vnto the lord, where he did buy  
His daughter deare, of beautie rare,  
And paid him downe the money there.

He bought her so : it was well knowne  
Vnto all men she was his owne.  
By her a son he did enioy,  
A noble sweete and comely boy.

At length the time of pay drew neare,  
Whenas the knight began to feare :  
He dreaded much the cruell Jew,  
Because the money then was dew.

His lady askt him why he griev'd ?  
He said, My jewell, I receiv'd  
Such a huge sum, and of a Jew,  
And with it I did purchase you.

But now the day of payment's come,  
I know not how to raise the summe ;  
He'll have my flesh, yea, weight for weight  
Which makes my grief and sorrow great.

Tush ! neuer feare, the dame reply'd :  
We'll cross the raging ocean wide,  
And so secure you from the fate.  
To her request he yeelded strait.

## PART II.

'Then hauing past the raging seas,  
They traual'd on, till by degrees  
Vnto the German court they came ;  
'The knight, his sonne, and comely dame.

Vnto the emperor he told  
His story of the summe of gold  
'That he had borrowd of a Iew,  
And that for feare of death he flew.

The emperor he did erect  
A court for them ; and shewd respect  
Vnto his guests, because they came  
From Britain, that blest land of fame.

As here he liued in delight,  
A Dutch lord told our English knight,  
That he a ton of gold would lay  
He could enioy his lady gay.

'This Lord from her, then, was to bring  
A rich and costly diamond ring,  
That was to proue and testifie  
How he did with his lady lye.

He tried, but neuer could obtaine  
Her fauour, but with high disdain  
She did abhor his base intent ;  
So to her chambermaid he went,

And told her, if she would but steale  
Her lady's ring, and so conceale  
The same, and bring it to him strait,  
She should enioy his whole estate.

In hopes of such a great reward  
The ring she stole ; and the Dutch lord

Did take it to the English knight,  
Who almost swounded at the sight.

Home goeth he to his lady strait :  
Meeting her at the pallace gate,  
He flung her headlong in the moate,  
And left her there to sinke or floate.

Soone afterward, in armour greene,  
She like a warlike wight was seene ;  
And in most gallant seemely sort  
She rode vnto the emperors court.

Now, when the emperor behild  
Her graue deportment, he was fill'd  
With admiration at the sight,  
Who call'd her selfe an English knight.

The emperor did then reply :  
An English knight's condemn'd to dye  
For drowning his false lady gay.  
Quoth she, Ile free him, if I may.

### PART III.

She to the emperor did ride,  
And said, Now let the cause be tryde  
Once more ; for Iue resolu'd to saue  
This noble gallant from the grave.

It was decreed, the court should set.  
The Dutch lord came, seeming to fret,  
About the ring ; as if in feare  
The truth would make his shame appeare.

And so it chanc'd ; for soone they call  
The maid, who on her knees did fall  
Before the judge, and did descry  
The Dutch lord's shamefull treachery.

The court declared it to be so :  
The lady too, for ought we know,  
May be aliue : therefore we stay  
The sentence till another day.

Now the Dutch lord gaue him the ton  
Of gold, that he had iustly wonne ;  
Which hauing done with shame and grieve,  
The English lord had some reliefe.

The Dutch lord, to reuenge the spight  
Upon our noble English knight,  
Did send a letter out of hand,  
And gaue the Jew to understand,

How he was in the German court :  
Therefore, vpon this good report,  
The Jew he crost the ocean wide,  
Intent on being satisfied.

Soone as he fixt his greedy eies  
Vpon the knight, in wrath he cries,  
Your hand and seale I haue : behold !  
Your flesh Ile haue instead of gold.

Then said the noble knight in greene :  
Sir, may not the deed be seene ?  
Behold it here ! replied the Jew,  
But I resolute to haue my due.

Lo ! then the knight began to reade.  
At last he said : I find in deede  
Nothing but flesh you are to haue.  
Answerd the Jew, That's all I craue.

The poore distressed knight was broght :  
The bloody-minded Jew he thought  
That day to be reuengde on him,  
And cut his flesh from euery limb.



The knight in greene said to the Jew.  
Theres nothing els but flesh your due :  
Then, see no drop of blood you shed,  
For if you do, you lose your head.

Now take your due with all my hart ;  
But with his blood we will not part.  
With that the Iew soone went his way.  
Nor had another word to say.

## PART IV.

No sooner were these troubles past  
But the wifes father came in hast,  
Determin'd for to haue his life  
For drowning his beloued wife.

Ouer the seas her father brought  
Many braue horses : one was bought  
By the disguised knight in greene,  
Which was the best that ere was seene.

They brought her lord from prison then.  
Guarded by many armed men,  
Vnto the place where he must dye ;  
And the greene knight was standing by.

Then from her side her sword she drew,  
And ran her gelding through and through.  
Her father askt, Why dost thou so ?  
I may ; it is mine owne, you know.

You sold your gelding, 'tis well knowne ;  
I bought it, making it mine owne,  
And may doe what I please with it.  
So then to her he did submit.

Here is a man arraign'd and cast,  
And brought to suffer death at last,  
Because your daughter deare he slue ;  
But if he did, concerns it you ?

You had your money, when you sold  
Your daughter for her weight in gold :  
Wherefore he might, as I haue showne,  
Do what him pleased with his owne.

Then, hauing changed her armour greene,  
And drest her selfe like to a queene,  
Her father and her husband strait  
Both knew her ; and their ioy was great.

Soone did they carry this report  
Vnto the famous German court,  
How the renowned English knight  
Had found at length his lady bright.

The emperor and his lords of fame  
With cheerfull harts did then proclaim  
An vniuersall ioy, to see  
This lady's life and libertie.



*A new Song, shewing the crueltie of Gernutus, a Jew who, lending to a merchant an hundred crowns, would have a pound of his fleshe, because he could not pay him at the time appointed.*

*To the tune of Blacke and Yellow.*



THE FIRST PART.

IN Venice towne not long agoe  
A cruel Jew did dwell,  
Which lived all on usurie,  
As Italian writers tell.

Gernutus called was the Jew,  
Which never thought to dye,  
Nor ever yet did any good  
To them in streets that lie.

His life was like a barrow hogge,  
That liveth many a day,  
Yet never once doth any good,  
Until men will him slay.

Or like a filthy heap of dung,  
That lyeth in a whoard ;  
Which never can do any good,  
Till it be spread abroad.

So fares it with the usurer,  
He cannot sleep in rest,  
For feare the thiefe will him pursue  
To plucke him from his nest.

His heart doth thinke on many a wile,  
How to deceive the poore ;  
His mouth is almost full of mucke,  
Yet still he gapes for more.

His wife must lend a shilling,  
For every weeke a penny,  
Yet bring a pledge, that is double worth,  
If that you will have any.

And see, likewise, you keepe your day.  
Or else you loose it all :  
This was the living of the wife,  
Her cow she did it call.

Within that citie dwelt that time  
A merchant of great fame,  
Which being distressed in his need,  
Unto Gernutus came :

Desiring him to stand his friend  
For twelve month and a day,  
To lend to him an hundred crownes :  
And he for it would pay

Whatsoever he would demand of him,  
And pledges he should have.  
No, (quoth the Jew with flearing lookes)  
Sir, aske what you will have.

No penny for the loane of it  
For one year you shall pay ;  
You may doe me as good a turne,  
Before my dying day.

But we will have a merry jcast,  
For to be talked long :  
You shall make me a bond, quoth he,  
That shall be large and strong :

And this shall be the forfeiture :  
Of your owne fleshe a pound,  
If you agree, make you the bond,  
And here is a hundred crownes.

With right good will ! the marchant says :  
And so the bond was made,  
When twelve month and a day drew on  
That backe it should be payd.

The marchants ships were all at sea,  
And money came not in ;  
Which way to take, or what to doe,  
To thinke he doth begin :

And to Gernutus strait he comes .  
With cap and bended knee,  
And sayde to him, Of curtesie  
I pray you beare with mee.

My day is come, and I have not  
The money for to pay :  
And little good the forfeiture  
Will doe you, I dare say.

With all my heart, Gernutus sayd,  
Commaund it to your minde :  
In thinges of bigger waight then this  
You shall me ready finde.

He goes his way ; the day once past  
Gernutus doth not slacke  
To get a sergiant presently ;  
And clapt him on the backe :

And layd him into prison strong,  
 And sued his bond withall;  
 And when the judgement day was come,  
 For judgement he did call.

The marchants friends came thither fast,  
 With many a weeping eye,  
 For other meanes they could not find,  
 But he that day must dye.

#### THE SECOND PART.

*Of the Jews crueltie; setting foorth the mercifulnesse of the Judge  
 towards the Marchant. To the tune of Blacke and Yellow.*

Some offered for his hundred crownes  
 Five hundred for to pay;  
 And some a thousand, two or three,  
 Yet still he did deny.

And at the last ten thousand crownes  
 They offered, him to save.  
 Gernutus sayd, I will no gold:  
 My forfeite I will have.

A pound of fleshe is my demand,  
 And that shall be my hire.  
 Then sayd the judge, Yet, good my friend,  
 Let me of you desire

To take the flesh from such a place,  
 As yet you let him live:  
 Do so, and lo! an hundred crownes  
 To thee here will I give.

No, no: quoth he; no: judgement here!  
 For this it shall be tride,  
 For I will have my pound of fleshe  
 From under his right side.

It grieved all the companie  
His crueltie to see,  
For neither friend nor foe could helpe  
But he must spoyled bee.

The bloudie Jew now readie is  
With whetted blade in hand,  
To spoyle the bloud of innocent,  
By forfeit of his bond.

And as he was about to strike  
In him the deadly blow :  
Stay (quoth the judge) thy crueltie ;  
I charge thee to do so.

Sith needs thou wilt thy forfeit have,  
Which is of flesh a pound :  
See that thou shed no drop of bloud,  
Nor yet the man confound.

For if thou doe, like murderer,  
Thou here shalt hanged be :  
Likewise of flesh see that thou cut  
No more than longes to thee :

For if thou take either more or lesse  
To the value of a mite,  
Thou shalt be hanged presently,  
As is both law and right.

Gernutus now waxt franticke mad,  
And wotes not what to say ;  
Quoth he at last, Ten thousand crownes,  
I will that he shall pay ;

And so I graunt to set him free.  
The judge doth answere make ;  
You shall not have a penny given ;  
Your forfeiture now take.

And at the last he doth demaund  
But for to have his owne.  
No, quoth the judge, doe as you list,  
Thy judgement shall be showne.

Either take your pound of flesh, quoth he,  
Or cancell me your bond.  
O cruell judge, then quoth the Jew,  
That doth against me stand !

And so with griping griev'd mind  
He biddeth them fare-well.  
“Then” all the people prays’d the Lord,  
That ever this heard tell.

Good people, that doe heare this song,  
For trueth I dare well say,  
That many a wretch as ill as hee  
Doth live now at this day ;

That seeketh nothing but the spoyle  
Of many a wealthey man,  
And for to trap the innocent  
Deviseth what they can.

From whome the Lord deliver me,  
And every Christian too,  
And send to them like sentence eke  
That meaneth so to do.



TWELFTH NIGHT.

## INTRODUCTION.



It is not necessary to say much of Barnaby Rich's "History of Apollonius and Silla," and of its connection with "Twelfth Night." The novel was originally published in 1581, 4<sup>o</sup>, and we give the following exact transcript of the tract, because only a single perfect copy of that date is known:—"Riche his Farewell to Militarie profession: conteinyng verie pleasaunt discourses fit for a peaceable tyme: Gathered together for the onely delight of the courteous Gentlewomen, bothe of Englande and Irelande, for whose onely pleasure thei were collected together, and unto whom thei are directed and dedicated by Barnabe Riche, Gentleman. *Malim me divitem esse quam vocari.* Imprinted at London, by Robart Walley, 1581." The extreme rarity of this edition of the book is proved by the fact that neither Ames, Herbert, nor Dibdin, has included it in any list of works from Waley's press. It was reprinted in 1606, 4<sup>o</sup>; and in a manuscript note to his copy of that impression Malone speaks of a copy of 1583: it may then have been republished, as the work could not fail to have been popular; but no such edition appears to exist in

any public or private collection, and it is not at all impossible that Malone mistook, and meant the impression of 1581, as he does not seem to have been aware of any in that year. It is among Bishop Tanner's books, at Oxford, and it is therefore included in the folio Catalogue of the printed works in the Bodleian Library.<sup>1</sup> Our re-impression has been made from the edition of 1581.

It was supposed until lately that Shakespeare, in composing "Twelfth Night," had employed the edition of 1606, because Malone conjectured that that play was not written, at the earliest, until 1607 (Mal. Shaksp., by Boswell, ii. 441). It turns out, however, that "Twelfth Night" was in being in 1602 ("Hist. of Engl. Dram. Poetry and the Stage," i. 327), having been acted on February 2 in that year, in the Middle Temple Hall: consequently Shakespeare, as far as he was indebted to Rich's story, must have resorted to an earlier impression than that of 1606. It was formerly a question, whether our great Dramatist was not under obligation to two Italian comedies, both called "Gl' Inganni," and in both of which characters and incidents occur similar to those in "Twelfth Night." One was by Nicolo Secchi, the other by Curzio Gonzaga. The part of the plot in which Viola, disguised as a page, is made the medium of courtship between her lover and her rival, is common to various old novels and dramas in different languages: our readers will here-

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<sup>1</sup> It has been reprinted entire in the Shakespeare's Society's Series, 8°, 1846.

after find that it belongs to the story of Felismena, in the "Diana" of Montemayor, which appeared in English in 1598. Mr Hunter subsequently discovered in a comedy called "Gli Ingannati," first printed 1550, and often afterwards, a far greater resemblance to the English play. But, after all, Mr Dyce is probably right in assuming that Shakespeare derived his knowledge of these dramatic incidents, which he has turned to his own purposes, not from any of the Italian productions themselves, but from some intermediate English work of fiction, no longer known, in which they were embodied. An analysis of the "Inganni" and "Ingannati" is contained in "Farther Particulars regarding Shakespeare and his Works," 8°, 1839, and in Hunter; and the "Ingannati" has been translated into English by Mr J. L. Peacock, 12°, 1862.<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> See further Dyce's introduction to "Twelfth Night," edit. of Shakespeare, 1868, iii. 324-5, but (better) Hunter's "New Illustrations," i. 391.



## *Apolonius and Silla.*



**D**URING the tyme that the famous Citie of Constantinople remained in the handes of the Christians, emongst many other noble menne, that kepte their abiding in that flourishing Citie, there was one whose name was Apolonius, a worthie Duke, who beyng but a verie yong man, and euen then newe come to his possessions whiche were verie greate, leued a mightie bande of menne, at his owne proper charges, with whom he serued against the Turke, duryng the space of one whole yere, in whiche tyme although it were very shorte, this yong Duke so behaued hym selfe, as well by prowesse and valiaunce shewed with his owne handes, as otherwise, by his wisdom and liberalitie, vsed towards his Souldiors, that all the worlde was filled with the fame of this noble Duke. When he had thus spent one yeares seruice, he caused his Trompet to sounde a retraite, and gatheryng his companie together, and imbarkyng them selues he sette saile, holdyng his course towards Constanti-  
nople: but beeyng vpon the Sea, by the extremitie of a tempest whiche sodainly fell, his fleete was de-  
seucured some one way, and some an other, but he hym selfe recouered the Ile of Cypres, where he was

worthily receiued by Pontus Duke and governour of the same Ile, with whom he lodged, while his shippes were newe repairyng.

This Pontus that was Lorde and gouernour of this famous Ile, was an auncient Duke, and had twoo children, a soonne and a daughter, his sonne was named Siluio, of whom hereafter we shall haue further occasion to speake, but at this instant he was in the partes of Africa, seruyng in the warres.

The daughter her name was Silla, whose beautie was so perelesse, that she had the soueraintie emongest all other Dames, aswell for her beautie as for the noblenesse of her birthe. This Silla hauing heard of the worthinesse of Apolonius, this yong Duke, who besides his beautie and good graces, had a certaine naturall allurement, that beeyng now in his companie in her fathers courte, she was so strangely attached with the loue of Apolonius, that there was nothyng might content her but his presence and sweete sight, and although she sawe no maner of hope, to attaine to that she moste desired : Knowing Apolonius to be but a geaste, and readie to take the benefite of the next Winde, and to departe into a straunge Countrey, whereby she was bereued of all possibilitie euer to see hym againe, and therefore striued with her self to leaue her fondenesse, but all in vaine, it would not bee, but like the foule whiche is once Limed, the more she striueth, the faster she tieth her self. So Silla was now constrained perforce her will to yeeld to loue, wherefore from tyme to tyme, she vsed so greate familiaritie with hym, as her honour might well permitte, and fedde him with suche amorous baites as the modestie of a maide could reasonably afforde, whiche when she perceiued, did take but small effecte, feelyng her self so muche out ragged with the extremitie of her passion, by the onely countenance that she bestowed vpon Apolonius, it might haue been

well perceiued, that the verie eyes pleaded vnto hym for pitie and remorse. But Apolonius commyng but lately from out of the feelde, from the chasyng of his enemies, and his furie not yet thoroughly desolved, nor purged from his stomacke, gaue no regarde to these amorous entisementes, whiche by reason of his youth, he had not been acquainted with all. But his minde ranne more to heare his Pilotes bryng newes of a merrie winde, to serue his turne to Constantinople whiche in the ende came very prosperously: and giuing Duke Pontus heartie thanks for his greate entertainment, takyng his leaue of hym self, and the Ladie Silla his daughter, departed with his companie, and with a happie gaale ariued at his desired porte: Gentlewomen accordyng to my promise, I will heare for breuities sake, omit to make repetition of the long and dolorous discourse recorded by Silla, for this sodaine departure of her Apolonius, knowyng you to bee as tenderly harted as Silla her self, whereby you maie the better coniecture the furie of her Feuer.

But Silla the further that she sawe her self bereued of all hope, euer any more to see her beloued Apolonius, so muche the more contagious were her passions, and made the greater speede to execute that she had premeditated in her mynde, whiche was this: Emongest many seruantes that did attend vppon her, there was one whose name was Pedro, who had a long time waited vpon her in her Chamber, whereby she was well assured of his fidelitie and trust: to that Pedro therefore she bewraied first the feruencie of her loue borne to Apolonius, coniuring him in the name of the Goddes of Loue her self, and bindyng hym by the duetie that a Seruante ought to have, that tendereth his Mistresse safetie and good likyng, and desiryng hym with teares tricklyng doune her cheekes, that he would giue his consent to aide and assiste her, in that she had determined, whiche was for that she was fully

resolved to goe to Constantinople, where she might againe take the vewe of her beloued Apolonius, that hee accordyng to the trust she had reposed in hym, would not refuse to giue his consent, secretly to conuaye her from out her fathers Courte accordyng as she should giue hym direction, and also to make hym self partaker of her iourney, and to waite vpon her, till she had seen the ende of her determination.

Pedro perceiuyng with what vehemencie his Ladie and Mistresse had made request vnto hym, albeeit he sawe many perilles and doubttes, dependyng in her pretence, notwithstanding, gaue his consent to be at her disposition, promisyng her to further her with his beste aduice, and to be readie to obeye whatsoever she would please to commaunde him. The match beyng thus agreed vpon, and all thynges prepared in a readinesse for their departure: It happened there was a Gallie of Constantinople, readie to departe, whiche Pedro vnderstandyng came to the Captaine, desiryng him to haue passage for hym self, and for a poore maide that was his sister, whiche were bounde to Constantinople vpon certaine vrgent affaires, to whiche request, the Captaine graunted, willyng hym to prepare aborde with all speede, because the winde serued hym presently to departe.

Pedro now commyng to his Mistres and tellyng her how he had handeled the matter with the Captaine: she likyng verie well of the deuise, disguisyng her self into verie simple atyre, stole awaie from out her fathers Court, and came with Pedro, whom now she calleth brother aboarde the Galleye, where all thynges beyng in readinesse and the winde seruyng verie well, they launched forthe with their Oores, and set saile, when thei were at the Sea, the Captaine of the Galleye takyng the vewe of Silla, perceiuyng her singular beautie, he was better pleased in beholdyng of her face, then in takyng the height either of the



Sunne or Starre, and thinkyng her by the homelinessse of her apparell, to be but some simple maiden, callyng her into his Cabin, he beganne to breake with her after the Sea fashion, desiryng her to vse his owne Cabin for her better ease : and duryng the tyme that she remained at the Sea, she should not want a bedde, and then wisperyng softly in her eare, he saied, that for want of a bedfellow, he hym self would supplie that rome. Silla not beyng acquainted with any suche talke, blusshed for shame, but made hym no aunswere at all, my Captaine feelyng suche a bicker- yng within him self, the like whereof he had never indured vpon the Sea : was like to bee taken prisoner aboard his owne Shippe, and forced to yeeld hym self captiue without any Cannon shot, wherefore to salue all sores, and thinkyng it the readiest waie to speed, he began to breake with Silla in the waie of mariage, tellyng her how happie a voiage she had made, to fall into the likyng of suche a one as him- self was, who was able to keepe and maintaine her like a gentilwoman, and for her sake would likewise take her brother into his fellowship, whom he would by some meanes prefarre in suche sorte, that bothe of them should haue good cause to thinke them selues thrise happie, she to light of suche a housbande, and he to light of suche a brother. But Silla, nothyng pleased with these prefermentes, desired hym to cease his talke, for that she did thinke her self indeede to bee to vnworthie suche a one as he was, neither was she minded yet to marrie, and therefore desired hym to fixe his fancie vppon some that were better worthie than her self was, and that could better like of his curtesie then she could dooe, the Captaine seeyng hymself thus refused, beyng in a greate chafe, he saied as followeth.

Then seeyng you make so little accompte of my curtesie, proffered to one that is so far vnworthie of it, from henceforthe I will vse the office of my

auctoritie, you shall knowe that I am the Captaine of this Shippe, and haue power to commaunde and dispose of thynges at my pleasure, and seying you haue so scornfully reiecte<sup>d</sup> me to be your loiall housbande, I will now take you by force, and vse you at my will, and so long as it shall please me, will kepe you for myne owne store, there shall be no man able to defende you, not yet to perswade me from that I have determined. Silla with these wordes beyng stroke into a great feare, did thinke it now too late, to rewe her rashe attempte, determined rather to dye with her owne handes, then to suffer herself to be abused in suche sorte, therefore she moste humbly desired the Captaine so muche as he could to saue her credite, and seying that she must needes be at his will and disposition, that for that present he would depart, and suffer her till night, when in the darke he might take his pleasure, without any maner of suspicion to the residue of his companie. The Captaine thinking now the goole to be more then half wonne, was contented so farre to satisfie her request, and departed out leauyng her alone in his Cabin.

Silla, beyng alone by her self, drue out her knife readie to strike her self to the harrt, and fallyng vpon her knees, desired God to receiue her soule, as an acceptable sacrifice for her follies, which she had so wilfully committed, crauyng pardon for her sinnes, and so forthe continuing a long and pitifull reconciliation to GOD, in the midst whereof there sodainly fell a wonderfull storme, the terrour whereof was suche, that there was no man but did thinke the Seas would presently haue swallowed them, the Billowes so sodainly arose with the rage of the winde, that they were all glad to fall to heauing out of water, for otherwise their feeble Gallie had neuer bin able to haue brooked the Seas; this storme continued all that daie and the next night, and thei beyng driuen to put

romer before the winde to keepe the Gallie a hed the Billowe, were driuen vpon the maine shore, where the Gallie brake all to peeces, there was euery man prouidyng to saue his own life, some gat vpon Hatches, Boordes, and Casks, and were driuen with the waues to and fro, but the greatest number were drowned, amongst the whiche Pedro was one, but Silla her self beyng in the Caben as you have heard, tooke holde of a Chest that was the Captaines, the whiche by the onely prouidence of GOD brought her safe to the shore, the which when she hed recoucred, not knowyng what was become of Pedro her manne, she deemed that bothe he and all the rest had been drowned, for that she sawe no bodie vpon the shore but her self, wherefore, when she had a while made greate lamentations, complainyng her mishappes, she beganne in the ende to comforte herselfe with the hope, that she had to see her Apolonius, and found such meanes that she brake open the Chest that brought her to lande, wherin she found good store of coine, and sondrie sutes of apparell that were the captaines, and now to preuent a number of iniuries, that might bee proffered to a woman that was lefte in her case, she determined to leaue her owne apparell, and to sort her self into some of those sutes, that beyng taken for a man, she might passe through the Countrie in the better safetic, & as she changed her apparell, she thought it likewise conuenient to change her name, wherefore not readily happenyng of any other, she called her self Siluio, by the name of her owne brother, whom you haue heard spoken of before.

In this maner she trauailed to Constantinople, where she inquired out the Palace of the Duke Apolonius, and thinking her self now to be both fitte and able to plaie the seruing-man, she presented her self to the duke crauyng his seruice, the duke verie willyng to giue succour vnto strangers, perceiuyng him to bee a

proper smogue young man, gaue hym entertainment : Silla thought her self now more then satisfied for all the casualties that had happened vnto her in her iourney, that she might at her pleasure take but the vew of the Duke Apolonius, and aboue the reste of his seruantes was verie diligent and attendaunt vpon hym, the whiche the Duke perceiuyng, beganne likewise to growe into good likyng with the diligence of his man, and therefore made hym one of his Chamber, who but Siluio then was moste neate about hym, in helpyng of hym to make hym readie in a mornyng in the setting of his ruffes, in the keepyng of his Chamber, Siluio pleased his maister so well that aboue all the reste of his seruantes aboute him, he had the greatest credite, and the Duke put him moste in trust.

At this verie instaunt, there was remainyng in the Cittie a noble Dame a widowe, whose houseband was but lately deceased, one of the noblest men that were in the partes of Grecia, who left his Lady and wife large possessions and greate liuinges. This Ladies name was called Iulina, who besides the aboundance of her wealth, and the greatnesse of her reuenues, had likewise the soueraigntie of all the Dames of Constantinople for her beautie. To this Ladie Iulina, Apolonius became an earnest suter, and accordyng to the maner of woers, besides faire woordes, sorrowfull sighes, and piteous countenaunces, there must bee sendyng of louyng letters, Chaines, Bracelets, Brouches, Rynges, Tablets, Gemmes, Juels, and presentes I knowe not what: So my Duke, who in the tyme that he remained in the Ile of Cypres, had no skill at all in the arte of Loue, although it were more then half proffered vnto hym, was now become a scholler in Loues Schoole, and had alreadie learned his first lesson, that is, to speak pitifully, to looke ruthfully, to promise largely, to serue diligently, and to please carefully : Now he was learnyng his seconde

lesson, that is to reward liberally, to giue bountifully, to present willyngly, and to write lovyngly. Thus Apolonius was so busied in his newe studie, that I warrant you there was no man that could chalenge hym for playng the truant, he followed his profession with so good a will : And who must bee the messenger to carrie the tokens and loue letters, to the Ladie Iulina, but Siluio his manne, in hym the Duke reposed his onely confidence, to goe betweene hym and his Ladie.

Now gentilwomen, doe you thinke there coulde haue been a greater torment devised wherewith to afflicte the harte of Silla, then her self to bee made the instrumente to woorke her owne mishapp, and to plaie the Attorney in a cause, that made so muche againste her self. But Silla altogether desirous to please her maister, cared nothyng at all to offende her selfe, followed his businesse with so good a will, as if it had been in her owne preferment.

Iulina now hauyng many tymes, taken the gaze of this yong youth Siluio, perceiuing hym to bee of suche excellent perfect grace, was so intangeled with the often sight of this sweete temptation, that she fell into as greate a likyng with the man, as the maister was with her self : And on a tyme Siluio beyng sent from his maister, with a message to the Ladie Iulina, as he beganne very earnestly to sollicit in his maisters behalfe, Iulina interruptyng hym in his tale, saied : Siluio it is enough that you haue saied for your maister, from henceforthe either speake for your self, or saie nothyng at all. Silla abashed to heare these wordes, began in her minde to accuse the blindness of Loue, that Iulina neglectyng the good will of so noble a Duke, woulde preferre her love vnto suche a one, as Nature it self had denaied to recompence her likyng.

And now for a tyme, leauyng matters dependyng

as you haue heard, it fell out that the right Siluio indeede (whom you haue heard spoken of before, the brother of Silla,) was come to his Fathers Courte into the Ile of Cypres, where vnderstanding, that his sister was departed, in maner as you haue heard coniectured, that the very occasion did proceade of some liking had betwene Pedro her man (that was missyng with her) and her self, but Siluio who loved his sister, as dearly as his owne life, and the rather for that she was his naturall sister, bothe by Father and Mother, so the one of them was so like the other, in countenance and fauour, that there was no man able to descerne the one from the other by their face, sauynge by their apparell, the one beyng a man, the other a woman.

Siluio therefore vowed to his father, not onely to seeke out his sister Silla, but also to reuenge the villanie, whiche he conceiued in Pedro, for the carryng awaie of his sister; and thus departyng, hauyng trauailed through many Cities and Tounes, without hearyng any maner of newes of those he wente to seeke for, at the laste he arriued at Constantinople, where as he was walkyng in an euenyng for his owne recreation, on a pleasaunte greene yarde, without the walles of the Citie, he fortunied to meete with the Ladie Iulina, who likewise had been abroad to take the aire, and as she sodainly caste her eyes vppon Siluio, thinkyng hym to bee her olde acquaintaunce, by reason thei were so like one an other, as you haue heard before, saied vnto hym, sir Siluio, if your haste be not the greater, I praie you let me haue a little talke with you, seyng I haue so luckely mette you in this place.

Siluio wonderyng to heare hym self so rightlie named, beeyng but a straunger, not of aboue twoo daies continuance in the Citie, verie courteouslie came towarde her, desirous to heare what she would saie.

Iulina commaunding her traine somthyng to stande backe, saied as followeth. Seyng my good will and frendly loue, hath been the onely cause to make me so prodigall to offer, that I see is so lightly reiected, it maketh me to thinke, that men bee of this condition, rather to desire those thynges, whiche thei can not come by, then to esteeme or value of that, whiche bothe largely and liberallie is offered vnto theim, but if the liberalitie of my proffer, hath made to seme lesse the value of the thing that I ment to present, it is but in your owne c[on]cept, consideryng how many noble men there hath been here before, and be yet at this present, whiche hath bothe serued, sued, and moste humbly intreated, to attaine to that, whiche to you of my self, I haue freely offred, and I perceiue is dispised, or at the least verie lightly regarded.

Siluius wonderiing at these woordes, but more amazed that she could so rightlie call him by his name, could not tell what to make of her speeches, assuring hym self that she was deceiued, and did mystake hym, did thinke notwithstanding, it had been a pointe of greate simplicitie, if he should forsake that, whiche Fortune had so fauourably proffered vnto hym, perceiuyng by her traine, that she was some Ladie of greate honour, and vewyng the perfection of her beautie, and the excellencie of her grace and countenance, did thinke it vnpossible that she should be despised, and therefore aunswered thus.

Madame, if before this tyme, I haue seemed to forgett my self, in neglectyng your courtesie, whiche so liberally you haue ment vnto me : please it you to pardon what is paste, and from this daie forewardes, Siluius remaineth readie preste to make suche reasonable amendes as his abilitie maie any waies permit, or as it shall please you to commaunde.

Iulina the gladdest woman that might bee, to heare

these ioyfull newes, saied : Then my Siluio see you faile not to Morowe at night to Suppe with me at my owne house, where I will discourse farther with you, what amendes you shall make me, to whiche request Siluio gaue his glad consente, and thus thei departed verie well pleased. And as Iulina did thinke the tyme verie long, till she had reapte the fruite of her desire : so Siluio he wishte for Haruest before Corne could growe, thinkyng the tyme as long, till he sawe how matters would fall out, but not knowyng what Ladie she might bee, he presently (before Iulina was out of sight) demaunded of one that was walkyng by, what she was, and how she was called, who satisfied Siluio in euery poincte, and also in what parte of the tounne her house did stande, the whereby he might enquire it out.

Siluio thus departing to his lodging, passed the night with verie vnquiet sleapes, and the nexte Mornyng his mynde ran so muche of his Supper, that he neuer cared, neither for his Breakfast, nor Dinner, and the daie to his seemyng passed away so slowelie, that he had thought the statelie Steedes had been tired, that drawe the Chariot of the Sunne, or els some other Iosua had commaunded them againe to stande, and wished that Phaeton had been there with a whippe.

Iulina on the other side, she had thought the Clocke setter had plaid the knaue, the daie came no faster forewardes, but sixe a clocke beeyng once stroken, recouered comforte to bothe parties ; and Siluio hastenyng hymself to the Pallace of Iulina, where by her he was frendly welcomed, and a sumptuous supper beeyng made readie, furnished with sondrie sortes of delicate dishes, thei satte theim doune, passyng the Supper tyme with amarous lokes, louyng countenances, and secret glaüces conueighed from the one to the other, whiche did better satisfie them, then the feedyng of their daintie dishes.



Supper tyme beeyng thus spent, Iulina did thinke it verie vnfitly, if she should tourne Siluio to go seeke his lodgyng in an euenyng, desired hym therefore, that he would take a bedde in her house for that Night, and bringyng hym vp into a faire Chamber, that was verie richely furnished, she founde suche meanes, that when all the reste of her housholde seruauntes were a bedde and quiet, she came her self to beare Siluio companie, where concludyng vppon conditions, that were in question betweene them, they passed the night with suche ioye and contentation, as might in that conuenient tyme be wished for, but only that Iulina, feedyng too muche of some one dishe about the rest, receiued a surfet, whereof she could not bee cured in fourtie wekes after, a naturall inclination in all women whiche are Subiecte to longyng, and want the reason to vse a moderation in their diet: but the Mornyng approchyng, Iulina took her leaue, and cōueighed her self into her owne chamber, and when it was faire daie light, Siluano makyng hym self readie, departed likewise about his affaires in the towne, debatyng with hymself how thynges had happened, beyng well assured that Iulina had mistaken hym, and therefore for feare of further euilles, determined to come no more there, but tooke his iourney towards other places in the partes of Grecia, to see if he could learne any tidynges of his sister Silla.

The duke Apolonius hauyng made a long sute and neuer a whit the nerer of his purpose, came to Iulina to craue her direct aunswere, either to accept of hym, and of suche conditions as he proffered vnto her, or els to giue hym his laste farewell.

Iulina, as you haue heard, had taken an earnest penie of an other, whom he [she] had thought to be the Dukes man, was at a controuersie in her self, what she might doe: one while she thought, saying her occasion serued so fitt to craue the Duke's good will,

for the mariyng of his manne, then againe, she could not tell what displeasure the Duke would conceiue, in that she should seeme to preferre his man before hym self, did thinke it therefore beste to conceale the matter, till she might speake with Siluio, to vse his opiniõ how these matters should be handled, and herevpon resoluyng her self, desiryng the duke to pardon her speeches, saied as followeth.

Sir Duke, for that from this tyme forwardes I am no longer of my self, hauing giuen full power and authoritie ouer to an other, whose wife I now remaine by faithfull vowe and promise: And albeeit, I knowe the world will wonder, when thei shall vnderstande the fondnesse of my choice, yet I trust you your self will nothyng dislike with me, sithe I haue ment no other thing, then the satisfiing of myne owne contentation and likyng.

The Duke hearyng these woordes, aunswered: Madam, I must then content my self, although against my wil, hauing the Lawe in your owne handes, to like of whom you liste, and to make choise where it pleaseth you.

Iulina giuing the Duke greate thankses, that would content himself with suche pacience, desired hym likewise, to giue his free consent and good will, to the partie whom she had chosen to be her housebande.

Naie surely Madam (q[uoth] the Duke) I will neuer giue my consent, that any other man shall enioye you but my self, I haue made too greate accompt of you, then so lightly to passe you awaie with my good will: But seeyng it lieth not in me to let you, hauyng (as you saie) made your owne choise, so from hence forwardes I leaue you to your owne likyng, alwaies willyng you well, and thus will take my leaue.

The Duke departed towardes his owne house verie sorrowfull, that Iulina had thus serued hym, but in the meane space that the Duke had remained in the

house of Iulina, some of his seruantes fell into talke and conference, with the seruantes of Iulina, where debatyng betwene them, of the likelihood of the Mariage, betweene the Duke and the Ladie, one of the seruantes of Iulina saide: that he had neuer sawe his Ladie and mistres, vse so good countenaunce to the Duke hym self, as she had doen to Siluio his manne, and began to report with what familiaritie and courtesie she had receiued hym, feasted hym, and lodged hym, and that in his opinion, Siluio was like to speede before the Duke or any other that were suters.

This tale was quickly brought to the Duke hymself, who makyng better enquire into the matter, founde it to be true that was reported, and better considering of the woordes, whiche Iulina had vsed towards hymself, was verie well assured that it could be no other then his owne manne, that had thrust his Nose so farre out of ioynte, wherefore without any further respect, caused hym to be thrust into a dongeon, where he was kept prisoner, in a verie pitifull plight.

Poore Siluio, hauyng gotte intelligence by some of his fellowes, what was the cause that the Duke his maister did beare suche displeasure unto hym, deuised all the meanes he could, as well by meditation [meditation] by his fellowes, as otherwise by petitions, and supplications to the Duke, that he would suspende his Iudgemente, till perfecte prooffe were had in the matter, and then if any maner of thyng did fall out againste him, wherby the Duke had cause to take any greef, he would confesse hymself worthie not onely of imprisonmente, but also of most vile and shamefull death: with these petitions he daiely plied the Duke, but all in vaine, for the duke thought he had made so good prooffe, that he was throughlie confirmed in his opinion against his man.

But the Ladie Iulina wonderyng what made Siluio,

that he was so slacke in his visitation, and why he absented hym self so long from her presence, beganne to thinke that all was not well, but in the ende, perceiuyng no decoction of her former surfette, receiued, as you haue heard, and findyng in her self, an vn-wonted swellng in her bellie, assuryng her self to bee with child, fearyng to become quite bancroute of her honour, did thinke it more then tyme to seeke out a Father, and made suche secret searche, and diligent enquirie, that she learned the truthe how Siluio, was kepte in prison, by the Duke his Maister, and mindyng to finde a present remedie, as well for the loue she bare to Siluio, as the maintaunaunce of her credit and estimation, she speedily hasted to the Pallace of the Duke, to whom she saied as followeth.

Sir Duke, it maie bee that you will thinke my commyng to your house in this sorte, doeth something passe the limites of modestie, the whiche I protest before GOD, proceadeth of this desire, that the worlde should knowe how iustly I seke meanes to maintaine my honour, but to the ende I seeme not tedious with prolixitie of woordes, not to vse other then direct circumstaunces, knowe sir, that the loue I beare my onely beloued Siluio, whom I doe esteeme more then all the Iewells in the worlde, whose personage I regard more then my owne life, is the onely cause of my attempted iourney, besechyng you, that all the whole displeasure, whiche I vnderstand you haue conceiued against hym, maie be imputed vnto my charge, and that it would please you louingly to deale with him, whom of my self I haue chosen rather for the satisfaction of mine honest likyng, then for the vaine preheminences or honourable dignities looked after by ambitious myndes.

The Duke hauing heard this discourse, caused Siluio presently to be sent for, and to be brought before hym, to whom he saied: Had it not been

sufficient for thee, when I had reposed myself in thy fidelitie, and the trustinesse of thy seruice, that thou shouldest so traiterously deale with me, but since y<sup>t</sup> tyme haste not spared, still to abuse me with so many forgeries, and periured protestations, not onely hatefull vnto me, whose simplicitie thou thinkest to bee suche that by the plotte of thy pleasaunt tongue, thou wouldest make mee beleeeue a manifest vntrothe, but moste habominable bee thy doynges in the presence and sight of God, that hast not spared to blaspheme his holy name, by calling hym to bee a witnesse to maintaine thy leasynges, and so detestably wouldest forswear thyself, in a matter that is so openly knowne.

Poore Siluio whose innocencie was suche y<sup>t</sup> he might lawfully sweare, seing Iulina to be there in place, aunswered thus :

Moste noble Duke, well vnderstandyng your conceiued greefe, moste humbly I beseeche you patiently to heare my excuse, not mindyng thereby to aggravate or heape vp youre wrathe and displeasure, protestyng before God, that there is nothing in the worlde, whiche I regarde so much, or dooe esteeme so deare, as your good grace and fauour, but desirous that your grace should know my innocencie, and to cleare my self of suche impositions, wherewith I knowe I am wrongfully accused, whiche as I vnderstande should be in the practisyng of the Ladie Iulina, who standeth here in place, whose acquitaunce for my better discharge, now I moste humbly craue, protestyng before the almightie God, that neither in thought, worde, nor deede, I haue not otherwise vsed my self, then accordyng to the bonde and duetie of a seruaunte, that is bothe willing & desirous, to further his Maisters sutes, which if I haue otherwise saied then that is true, you Madame Iulina, who can verie well deside in the depthes of all this doubt, I

moste humbly beseche you to certifie a ttothe, if I haue in any thyng missaid, or haue otherwise spoke, then is right and iust.

Iulina hauyng heard this discoorse whiche Siluio had made, perceiuing that he stode in greate awe of the Dukes displeasure, aunswered thus: Think not my Siluio that my commyng hither is to accuse you of any misdemeanour towards your Maister, so I dooe not denaie, but in all suche Imbassages wherein towards me you haue been imployed, you haue vsed the office of a faithfull and trustie messenger, neither am I ashamed to confesse, that the first daie that mine eyes did beholde, the singuler behaiour, the notable curtesie, and other innumerable giftes wherwith my Siluio is endued, but that beyonde all measure my harte was so inflamed, that impossible it was for me, to quenche the feruente loue, or extinguishe the least parte of my conceiued torment, before I had bewraied the same vnto hym, and of my owne motion, craued his promised faithe and loialtie of marriage, and now is the tyme to manifest the same vnto the worlde, whiche hath been done before God, and betwene our selues: knowyng that it is not needefull, to keepe secret that, whiche is neither euill doen, nor hurtfull to any persone, therefore (as I saied before) Siluio is my housbande by plited faithe, whom I hope to obtaine without offence, or displeasure of any one, trustyng that there is no manne, that will so farre forget hym self, as to restraine that, whiche God hath left at libertie for euery wight, or that will seeke by crueltie, to force Ladies to marrie otherwise, then accordyng to their owne likyng. Feare not then my Siluio to keepe your faith and promise, whiche you haue made vnto me, and as for the reste: I doubte not thynges will so fall out, as you shall haue no maner of cause to complaine.

Silvio amased to heare these woordes, for that Iulina by her speeche, semed to confirme that, whiche hé<sup>e</sup> moste of all desired to bee quite of, saied: Who would haue thought that a Ladie of so greate honour and reputation, would her self bee the Embassadour, of a thyng so preiuditiall, and vncomely for her estate, what plighted promises be these which bee spoken of: Altogether ignoraunt vnto me, whiche if it bee otherwise then I haue saied, you Sacred Goddes consume me straight with flashyng flames of fire. But what woordes might I vse to giue credite to the truthe, and innocencie of my cause? Ah Madame Iulina! I desire no other testimonie then your owne honestie and vertue, thynking that you will not so muche blemishe the brightnesse of your honour, knowyng that a womã is or should be the Image of curtesie, continencie, and shamfastnesse, from the whiche so sone as she stoopeth, and leaueth the office of her duetie and modestie, besides the degradation of her honour, she thrusteth her self into the pitte of perpetuall infamie, and as I can not thinke you would so far forgette your self, by the refusall of a noble Duke, to dimme the light of your renowne and glorie, whiche hitherto you haue maintained, emongest the beste and noblest Ladies, by suche a one as I knowe my self to bee, too farre vnworthie your degree and callyng, so most hūbly I beseeche you to confesse a trothe, whereto tendeth those vowes and promises you speake of, which speeches bee so obscure vnto me, as I knowe not for my life how I might vnderstande them.

Iulina somethyng nipped with these speeches, saied, and what is the matter that now you make so little accoumpte of your Iulina, that beeyng my housbande in deede, haue the face to denaie me, to whom thou art contracted by so many solemne othes: what arte thou ashamed to haue me to thy wife? how

muche oughtest thou rather to be ashamed to breake thy promised faith, and to haue despised the holie and dreadfull name of GOD, but that tyme constraineth me to laye open that, whiche shame rather willeth I should dissemble and keepe secret, behold me then here Siluio whom thou haste gotten with childe, who if thou bee of suche honestie, as I trust for all this I shall finde, then the thyng is doen without preiudice, or any hurte to my conscience, considering that by the professed faith, thou diddest accoumpt me for thy wife, and I receiued thee for my spouse and loyall housbande, swearyng by the almightie God, that no other then you haue made the cōquest and triumphe of my chastitie, whereof I craue no other witnesse then your self, and mine owne conscience.

I praie you Gentilwomen, was not this a foule ouersight of Iulina, that would so precisely sweare so greate an othe, that she was gotten with childe by one, that was altogether vn furnishte with implementes for suche a tourne. For Gods loue take heede, and let this bee an example to you, when you be with childe, how you sweare who is the Father, before you haue had good prooffe and knowledge of the partie, for men be so subtile, and full of sleight, that God knoweth a woman may quickly be deceiued.

But now to returne to our Siluio, who hearyng an othe sworne so deuinely that he had gotten a woman with childe, was like to beleue that it had bin true in very deede, but remembryng his owne impediment, thought it impossible that he should committe suche an acte, and therefore half in a chafe, he saied, What lawe is able to restraine the foolishhe indiscretion of a woman, that yeeldeth her self to her owne desires, what shame is able to bridle or withdrawe her from her mynd and madnesse, or with what snaffell is it possible to holde her backe, from the execution of



her filthinesse, but what abomination is this, that a Ladie of suche a house should so forget the greatnesse of her estate, the aliaunce whereof she is descended, the nobilitie of her deceased housbande, and maketh no conscience to shame and slaunder her self, with suche a one as I am, beyng so farre vnfit and vnsemely for her degree, but how horrible it is to heare the name of God so defased, that wee make no more acompt, but for the maintenaunce of our mischifes, we fear no whit at all to forswear his holy name, as though he were not in all his dealinges moste righteous true and iuste, and will not onely laie open our leasings to the worlde, but will likewise punishe the same with moste sharpe and bitter scourges.

Iulina not able to indure hym to proceede any farther in his Sermon, was alreadie surprised with a vehement greefe, began bitterly to crie out, vtterying these speeches followyng :

Alas, is it possible that the soueraigne iustice of God, can abide a mischief so greate and cursed, why maie I not now suffer death, rather then the infamie whiche I see to wander before myne eyes. Oh happie and more then right happie had I bin, if inconstant fortune had not deuised this treason, wherein I am surprised and caught, am I thus become to be intangled with snares, and in the handes of hym, who inioying the spoyles of my honour, will openly depriue me of my fame, by makyng me a common fable to all posteritie in tyme to come. Ah Traitor and discourteous wretche, is this the recompence of the honest and firme amitie which I have borne thee, wherein I haue deserued this discourtesie, by louing thee more then thou art able to deserue? Is it I, arrant theefe is it I, vppon whom thou thinkest to worke thy mischiues, doest thou think me no better worthe, but that thou maiest prodigally waste my honour at thy pleasure, didest thou dare to adventure

vppon me, hauing thy conscience wounded with so deadly a treason: ah vnhappy and aboue all other most vnhappy, that haue so charely preserued myne honour, and now am made a praie to satisfie a yong mans lust, that hath coueted nothyng but the spoyle of my chastitie and good name.

Here withall the teares so gushed doune her cheekes, that she was not able to open her mouth to vse any farther speeche.

The Duke who stoode by all this while, and heard this whole discourse, was wonderfully moued with compassion towards Iulina, knowyng that from her infancie she had euer so honourably vsed her self, that there was no man able to detect her of any misdemeanour, otherwise then beseemed a Ladie of her estate, wherefore beyng fully resolved that Siluio his man had committed this villanie against her, in a greate furie drawyng his Rapier, he saied vnto Siluio:

How canst thou (arrant theefe) shewe thy self so cruell and carelesse to suche as doe thee honour, hast thou so little regard of suche a noble Ladie, as humbleth her self to such a villaine as thou art, who without any respecte either of her renowme or noble estate, canst be content to seeke the wracke and vtter ruine of her honour, but frame thy self to make such satisfaction as she requireth, although I knowe vnworthie wretche, that thou art not able to make her the least parte of amendes, or I sweare by god, that thou shalt not escape the death which I will minister to thee with myne owne handes, and therefore aduise thee well what thou doest.

Siluio hauyng heard this sharpe sentence, fell doune on his knees before the Duke crauyng for mercie, desiryng that he might be suffered to speake with the Ladie Iulina aparte, promising to satisfie her accordyng to her owne contentation.

Well (q[uoth] the Duke) I take thy worde, and

there with all I aduise thee that thou performe thy promis, or otherwise I protest before God, I will make thee suche an example to the worlde, that all Traitours shall tremble for feare, how they dooe seeke the dishonouryng of Ladies.

But now Iulina had conceived so greate greefe against Siluio, that there was muche a dooe to perswade her to talke with hym, but remembryng her owne case, desirous to heare what excuse he could make, in the ende she agreed, and beyng brought into a place seuerally by them selues, Siluio beganne with a piteous voice to saie as followeth :

I knowe not Madame, of whom I might make complaint, whether of you or of my self, or rather of Fortune, whiche hath conducted and brought vs both into so greate aduersitie, I see that you receiue greate wrong, and I am condemned againste all right, you in perill to abide the brute of spightful tongues, and I in daunger to loose the thing that I moste desire ; and although I could alledge many reasons to proue my saynges true, yet I referre my self to the experience and bountie of your minde. And here with all loosng his garmentes doune to his stomacke, and shewed Iulina his breastes and pretie teates, surmountyng farre the whitenesse of Snowe it self, sayng : Loe Madame, behold here the partie whom who haue chalenged to bee the father of your childe, see I am a woman the daughter of a noble Duke, who onely for the loue of him, whom you so lightly haue shaken of, haue forsaken my father, abandoned my Countrie, and in maner as you see am become a seruing man, satisfiying my self, but with the onely sight of my Apolonius, and now Madame, if my passion were not vehement, & my tormentes without comparison, I would wish that fained greefes might be laughed to scorne, & my desēbled paines to be rewarded with floutes. But my loue beyng pure, my trauaile con-

tinuall, & my greefes endlesse, I trust Madame you will not onely excuse me of crime, but also pitie my destresse, the which I protest I would still haue kept secrete, if my fortune would so haue permitted.

Iulina did now thinke her self to be in a worse case then euer she was before, for now she knewe not whō to challenge to be the father of her child, wherfore, when she had told the duke the very certantie of the discou[r]se, which Siluio had made vnto her, she departed vnto her owne house, with suche greefe and sorrowe, that she purposed neuer to come out of her owne doores againe aliue, to be a wonder and mocking stocke to y<sup>e</sup> worlde.

But y<sup>e</sup> Duke more amased, to heare this straūge discourse of Siluio came vnto him, whō when he had viewed with better consideratiō, perceiued in deede that it was Silla, the daughter of Duke Pontus, and imbrasing her in his armes, he saied :

Oh the braunche of all vertue and the flowre of curtesie it self, pardon me I bes[e]che you of all suche discourtesies, as I haue ignorantlie committed towardes you : desiring you that without farther memorie of auncient greefes, you will accept of me, who is more ioyfull and better contented with your presence, then if the whole worlde were at my commaundement. Where hath there euer bin founde suche liberalitie in a Louer, which hauyng been trained vp and nourished emongest the delicacies and banquettes of the Courte, accompanied with traines of many faire and noble ladies liuing in pleasure, and in the midst of delightes, would so prodigallie aduenture your self, neither fearing mishapps, nor misliking to take suche paines, as I knowe you haue not been accustomed vnto. O liberalitie neuer heard of before ! O facte that can neuer bee sufficiently rewarded ! O true Loue moste pure and vnfained : here with all sendyng for the moste arti-

ficiall woorkmen, he prouided for her sundrie sutes of sumptuous apparell, and the Marriage daie appointed, which was celebrated with greate triumphe through the whole Citie of Constantinople, euery one prasing the noblenesse of the Duke, but so many as did behold the excellent beautie of Silla, gaue her the praise aboue all the rest of the Ladies in the troupe.

The matter seemed so wonderfull and straunge that the brute was spreade throughout all the partes of Gretia, in so much that it came to the hearyng of Siluio, who as you haue heard, remained in those partes to enquire of his sister, he beyng the gladdest manne in the worlde, hasted to Constantinople, where comming to his sister he was ioyfullie receiued, and moste louynglie welcomed, and entertained of the Duke, his brother in Lawe. After he had remained there twoo or three daies, the Duke reuealed unto Siluio, the whole discourse how it happened, betweene his sister and the Ladie Iulina, and how his sister was chalenged, for getting a woman with childe: Siluio blushyng with these woordes, was stricken with greate remorse to make Iulina amendes; vnderstanding her to bee a noble Ladie, and was lefte defamed to the worlde through his default, he therefore bewraied the whole circumstaunce to the Duke, whereof the Duke beyng verie ioyfull, immediatlie repaired with Siluio to the house of Iulina, whom they found in her chamber, in great lamentation & mourning. To whom the Duke saide, take courage Madam for beholde here a gentilman, that will not sticke, bothe to father your childe and to take you for his wife, no inferiour person, but the sonne and heire of a noble Duke, worthie of your estate and dignitie.

Iulina seyng Siluio in place, did know very well that he was the father of her childe, and was so ravished with ioye, that she knewe not whether she

*APOLONIUS AND SILLA.*

~~were~~ awake, or in some dreame. Siluio imbracyng her in his armes, crauyng forgiuenesse of all that was past: concluded with her the mariage daie, which was presently accomplished with greate ioye and contentation to all parties: And thus Siluio hauyng attained a noble wife, and Silla his sister her desired houseband, they passed the residue of their daies with suche delight, as those that haue accomplished the perfection of their ienemies.

END OF VOL. I.